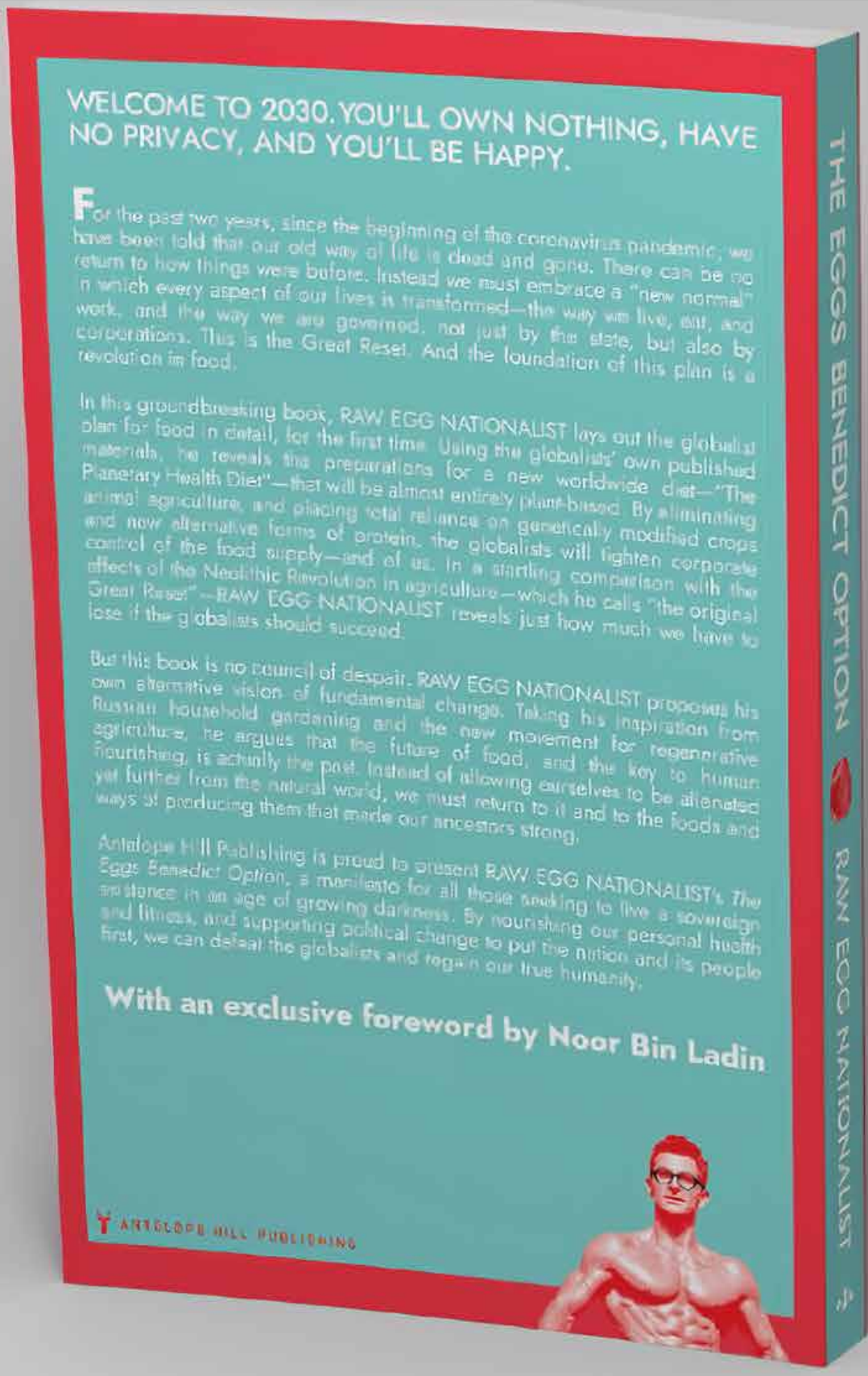
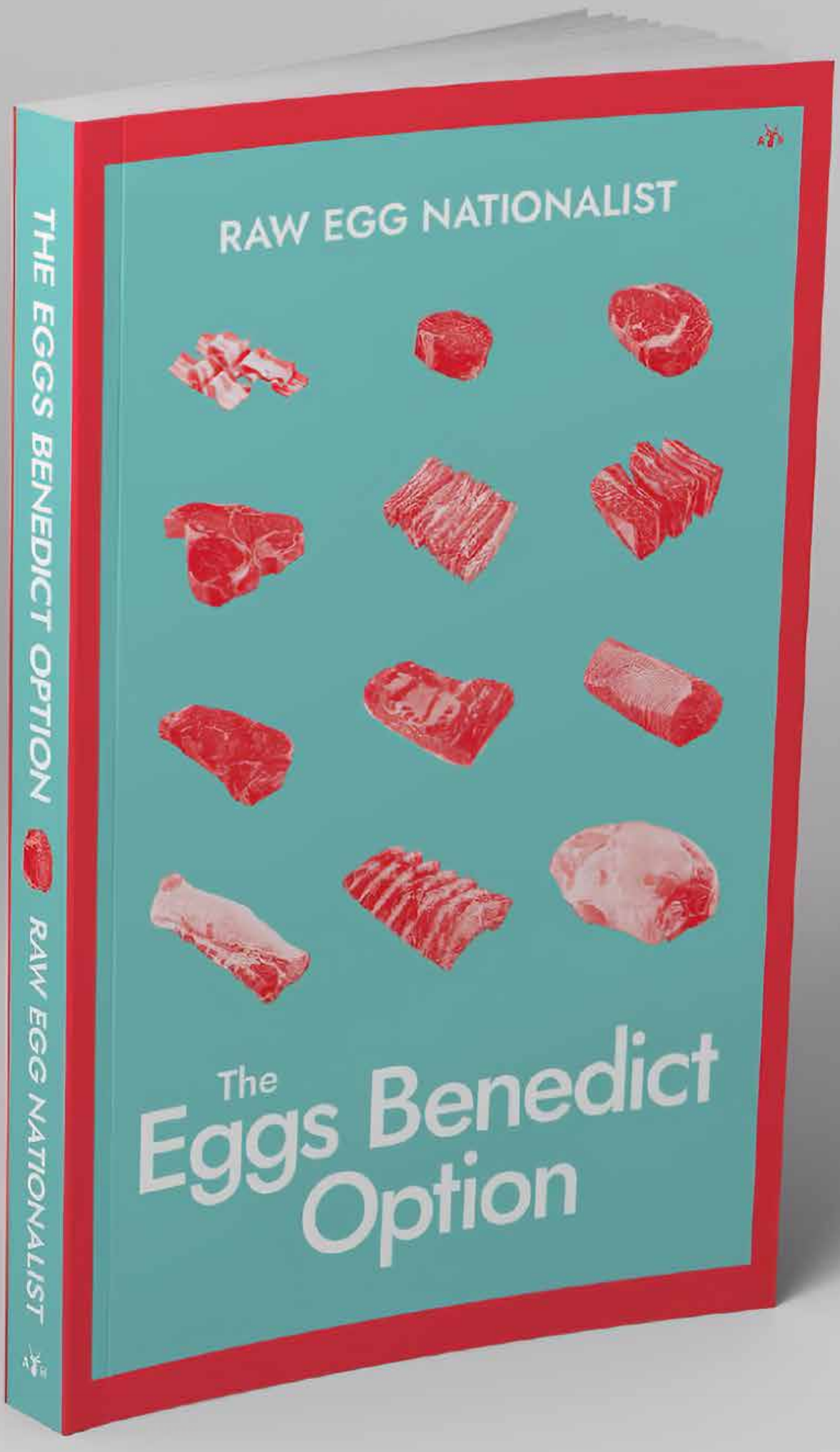

MAN'S WORLD
TRUMP 2024
Surrender
Never Surrender

THIS MAGAZINE
PURE SATIRE. AL
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A LIFE.


WELCOME TO 2030. YOU'LL OWN NOTHING, HAVE NO PRIVACY, AND YOU'LL BE HAPPY.
For the past two years, since the beginning of the coronavirus pandemic, we have been told that our old way of life is dead and gone. There can be no return to how things were before. Instead we must embrace a "new normal" in which every aspect of our lives is transformed—the way we live, eat, and work, and the way we are governed, not just by the state, but also by corporations. This is the Great Reset. And the foundation of this plan is a revolution in food.
In this groundbreaking book, RAW EGG NATIONALIST lays out the globalist plan for food in detail, for the first time. Using the globalists' own published materials, he reveals the preparations for a new worldwide diet—"The Planetary Health Diet"—that will be almost entirely plant-based. By eliminating animal agriculture, and placing total reliance on genetically modified crops and new alternative forms of protein, the globalists will tighten corporate control of the food supply—and of us. In a startling comparison with the effects of the Neolithic Revolution in agriculture—which he calls "the original Great Reset"—RAW EGG NATIONALIST reveals just how much we have to lose if the globalists should succeed.
But this book is no council of despair. RAW EGG NATIONALIST proposes his own alternative vision of fundamental change. Taking his inspiration from Russian household gardening and the new movement for regenerative agriculture, he argues that the future of food, and the key to human flourishing, is actually the past. Instead of allowing ourselves to be alienated yet further from the natural world, we must return to it and to the foods and ways of producing them that made our ancestors strong.
Antelope Hill Publishing is proud to present RAW EGG NATIONALIST's *The Eggs Benedict Option*, a manifesto for all those seeking to live a sovereign existence in an age of growing darkness. By nourishing our personal health and fitness, and supporting political change to put the nation and its people first, we can defeat the globalists and regain our true humanity.
With an exclusive foreword by Noor Bin Ladin
ANTELOPE HILL PUBLISHING
THE EGGS BENEDICT OPTION
RAW EGG NATIONALIST


RAW EGG NATIONALIST
The Eggs Benedict Option
THE EGGS BENEDICT OPTION
RAW EGG NATIONALIST

CONTENTS

30 and 198 MEDITATIONS
The MAN'S WORLD opinion section, with essays on a wide variety of contemporary subjects by RAW EGG NATIONALIST, JOHN MAC GHLIONN, SCOTT GREER and more

58 DHARMA WARRIORS
JUN ZI tells the story of the grea Greco-Buddhist king Menander

78 FROM THE ARCHIVES
ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER's classic essay "On Women"

108 ART AND MONEY
An art special with TOM BADLEY

116 IN MEMORY OF PYOTR WRANGEL
An exclusive translation of IVAN ILYIN's ode to the great general and hero of the Russian Civil War



122 SHORT ESSAYS
A selection of shorter essays

140 THE FIRST SEX
CHOKUDO SHUJIN writes about Yukio Mishima's response to Simone de Beauvoir's famous feminist book *The Second Sex*

156 COUNTERBLAST
MAN'S WORLD's centrepiece polemical essay returns, this time with RAW EGG NATIONALIST providing a searing defence of anonymity against a certain salami-eating interloper

166 M.D. VINSON
An art showcase for the man who provided the stunning Beowulf cover for Issue Eight

178 THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER
EDGAR ALLEN POE'S classic spine-tingler, just in time for Halloween

216 NATIONALIST GEOGRAPHIC
MAN'S WORLD favourite STONE AGE HERBALIST returns to educate and entertain us with more weird and wonderful archaeology


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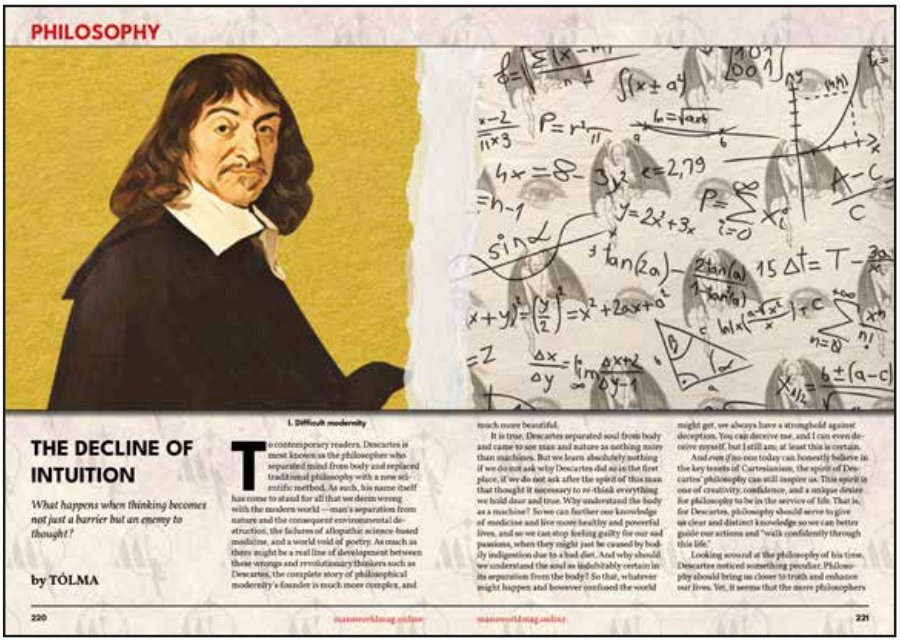


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258 THE DECLINE OF INTUITION
What happens when thought becomes an enemy to life? Exclusive philosophy from TOLMA


PHILOSOPHY

THE DECLINE OF INTUITION

What happens when thinking becomes not just a barrier but an enemy to thought?

by TÓLMA

226 BOOK REVIEW
Future warlord CHARLES HAYWOOD reviews Patrick Deneen's latest book *Regime Change*

246 THE 39 STEPS
The classic adventure story comes to a thrilling climax. Will our hero Richard Hannay foil the Black Stone before it can complete its dastardly plan?

286 MAN'S WORLD FOOD
Learn how to make the classic French stew cassoulet and also how to make the ultimate chad bulking drink

304 ETERNAL PHYSIQUE
RAW EGG NATIONALIST tells the tale of the great Jim Haislop, perhaps the greatest "what if?" story of the Golden Age of Bodybuilding

314 ALEXANDER ADAMS
Art special. Travel to an uncanny place to remind yourself of the power of normality

322 NOOR BIN LADIN
NOOR BIN LADIN interviews JOSH LEKACH, podcast host and all-round great dude

352 REDNECK WISDOM
JONAH HOWELL returns with the first instalment of a new regular feature

AND MUCH, MUCH MORE!

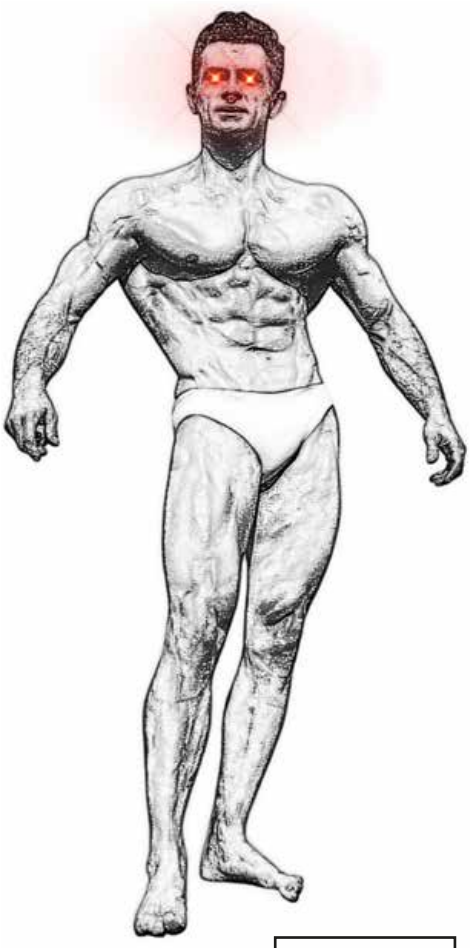
RAW EGG NATIONALIST *Your editor*

"Have you been watching Doxx Island?"

Hello again, my dear friends. Welcome to MAN'S WORLD Issue Twelve. I think you know the score by now. You've got another stonking issue ahead of you, chock full of informative and amusing essays, interviews, fiction and, of course, those golden MAN'S WORLD memes. But before I get into all that, I have to ask you: Have you been watching Doxx Island?

Doxx Island, for those who don't know, is the latest reality show sensation, but with a "dissident right" twist. Ten anonymous Twitter posters and one facephag Italian are forced to spend six weeks on a tropical island, and the last one to get doxxed wins. It's a simple premise, but it makes for captivating viewing. For what it's worth, my money's on Frankie, the Italian contestant, being the doxxer. There's just something about him that I don't like. The smell of salami and cheap cigarettes is palpable, and he clearly has so much less to lose than the other contestants. We'll see.

Anyway, enough about this totally fictional scenario which in no way has any bearing in reality. That's the wonderful thing about MAN'S WORLD: none of this is actually real, least of all the memes and adverts. There's no real-life equivalent of cuck manosphere grifter Brian Goldberg, leader of the Seminal Order. Nobody goes to "Cucked Brunches" or uses the "Rebel Sexual Health Alliance" to procure Truvada for himself and his bum-buddies. It's all just a glorious fantasy. (I swear, your honour!)



"IT'S ALL JUST A GLORIOUS FANTASY. (I SWEAR, YOUR HONOUR!)"

This issue sees the return of the BRONZE AGE PERVERT, with a powerful missive about Javier Milei and so-called "socialist conservatism". I have two essays, including a scorching Counterblast against untrustworthy Italians (*Ed: This seems to be quite a theme, Mr Egg. Wait: why am I talking to myself!?*). We have fantastic essays about Greco-Buddhism, Andrew Tate, Yukio Mishima and Descartes. Two art showcases. NOOR BIN LADIN returns to interview JOSH LEKACH… Mucho good stuff.

Before I go: The new year will bring a totally new way of consuming the magazine. I think you know what that means… Thank you to everyone who has made this possible — including you, dear reader!

WANT TO WRITE FOR MAN'S WORLD?



Here at Man's World, we're always looking for new contributors to dazzle, inform and amuse our readership, which now stands in the hundreds of thousands.
If you have an idea for an article, of any kind, or even a new section or regular feature, don't hesitate to get in contact by sending an email to mansworldmagazine@protonmail.com or contacting our new Twitter account (@mansworldmag_). You can also try to contact the man himself on Twitter.

Generally, the word limit for articles is 3,000; although we will accept longer and (much) shorter articles where warranted. Take a look at the sections in this issue for guidance and inspiration.

MAN'S WORLD

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RAW EGG NATIONALIST

editorial director

RAW EGG NATIONALIST

deputy editor

RAW EGG NATIONALIST

art director

RAW EGG NATIONALIST

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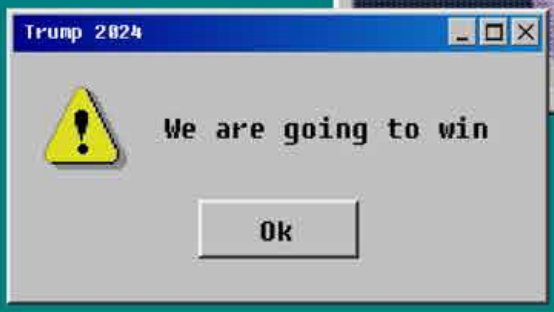
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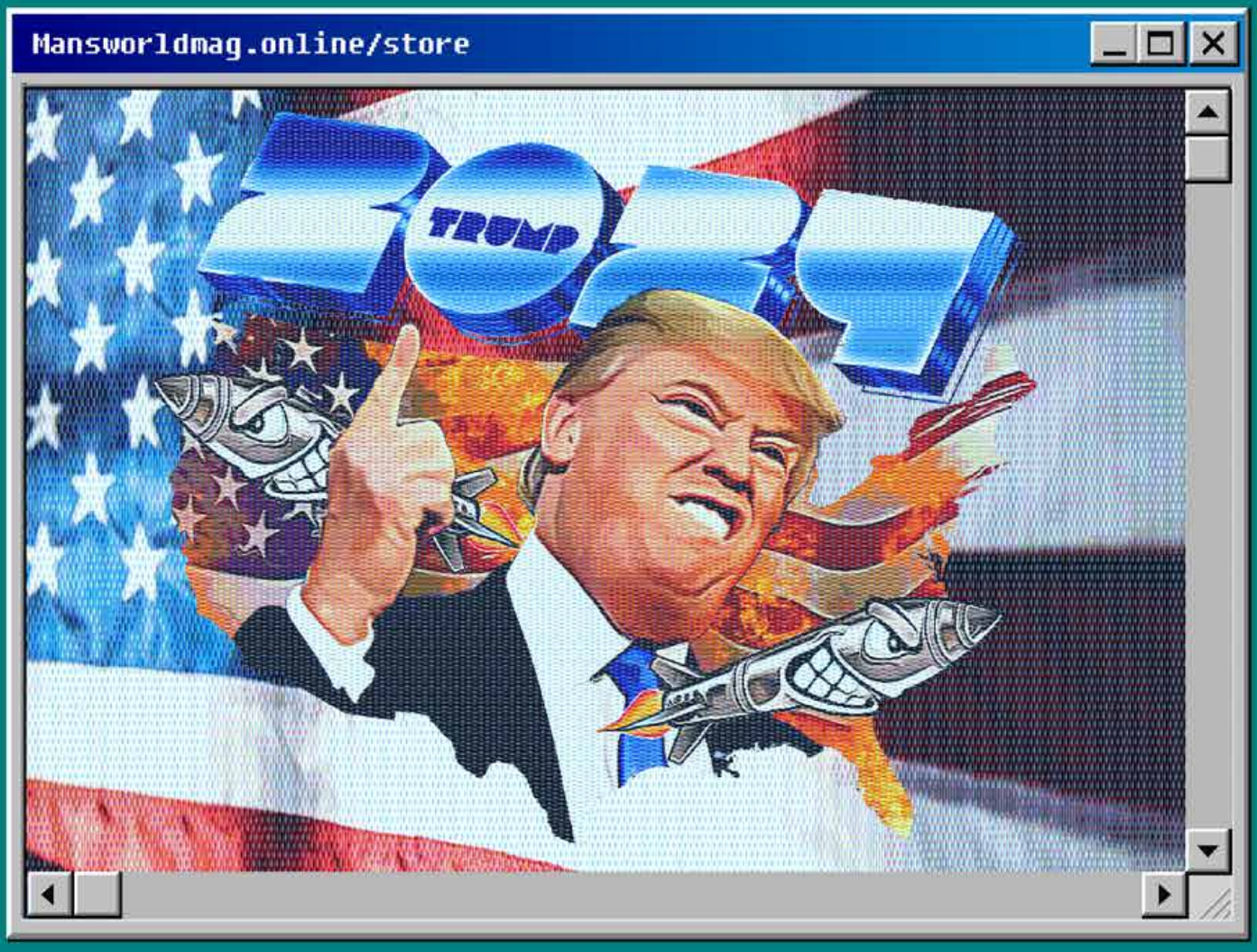
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MAN'S WORLD *poetry*

THE LOVE SONG OF J. ALFRED PRUFROCK

T.S Eliot's classic poem, from *Prufrock and Other Observations* (1917)



Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question ...
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes,
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.
And indeed there will be time
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,
Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;
There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
There will be time to murder and create,
And time for all the works and days of hands
That lift and drop a question on your plate;
Time for you and time for me,
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,
And for a hundred visions and revisions,
Before the taking of a toast and tea.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

And indeed there will be time
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"
Time to turn back and descend the stair,
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair —
(They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!")
My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin —
(They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!")
Do I dare
Disturb the universe?
In a minute there is time
For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all:
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;
I know the voices dying with a dying fall
Beneath the music from a farther room.
So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all—
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,
Then how should I begin
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?
And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all—
Arms that are braceleted and white and bare
(But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)
Is it perfume from a dress
That makes me so digress?
Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.
And should I then presume?
And how should I begin?

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows?
...

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!
Smoothed by long fingers,
Asleep ... tired ... or it malingers,
Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.
Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?
But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,
Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in upon a platter,
I am no prophet — and here's no great matter;
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,
And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,
Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,
Would it have been worth while,
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,
To have squeezed the universe into a ball
To roll it towards some overwhelming question,
To say: "I am Lazarus, come from the dead,
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"—
If one, settling a pillow by her head
Should say: "That is not what I meant at all;
That is not it, at all."

And would it have been worth it, after all,
Would it have been worth while,
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the floor—
And this, and so much more?—
It is impossible to say just what I mean!
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen:
Would it have been worth while
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,
And turning toward the window, should say:
"That is not it at all,
That is not what I meant, at all."

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;
Am an attendant lord, one that will do
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool,
Deferential, glad to be of use,
Politic, cautious, and meticulous;
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous—
Almost, at times, the Fool.

I grow old ... I grow old ...
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
When the wind blows the water white and black.
We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

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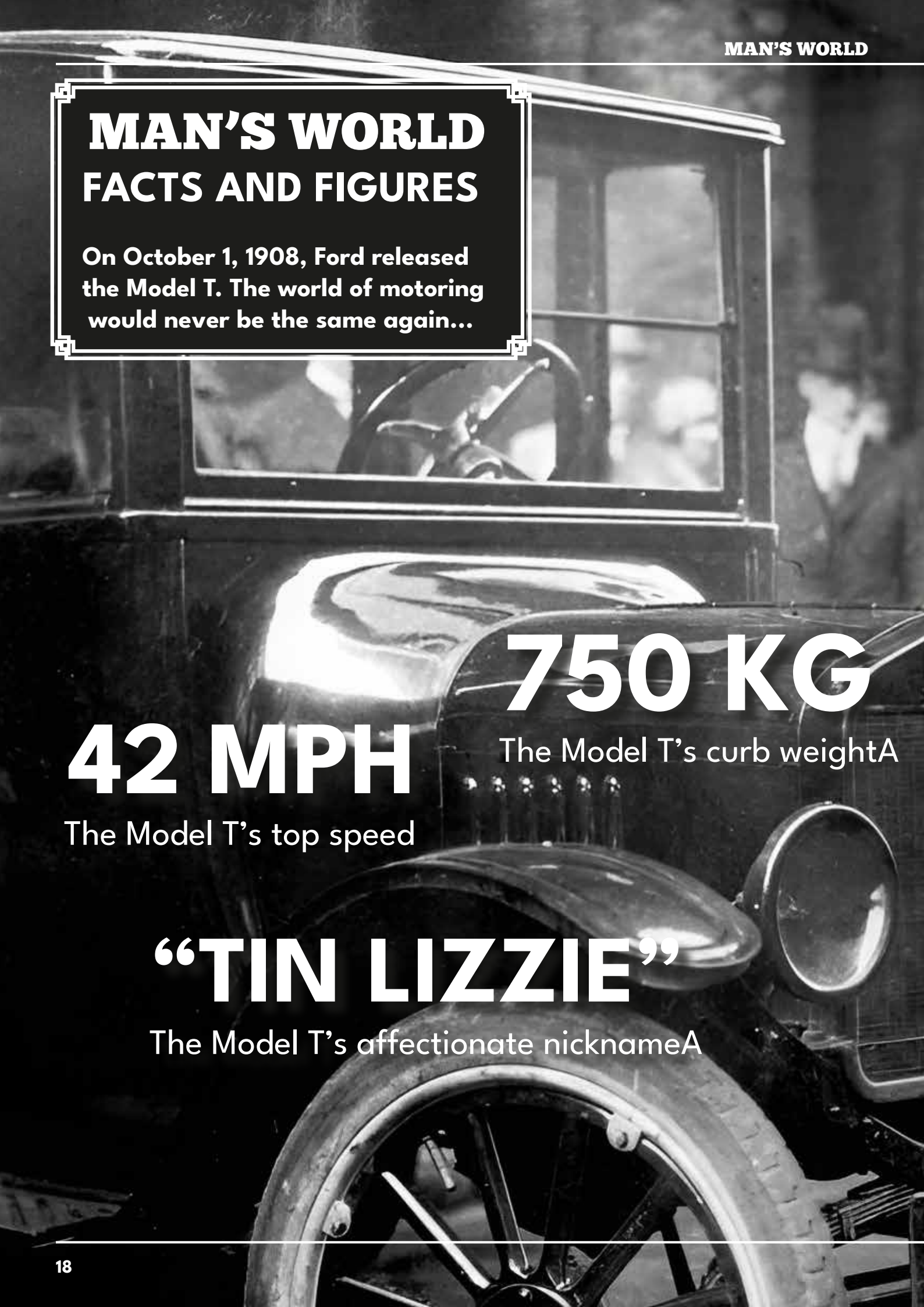


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MAN'S WORLD
FACTS AND FIGURES

On October 1, 1908, Ford released the Model T. The world of motoring would never be the same again...



42 MPH

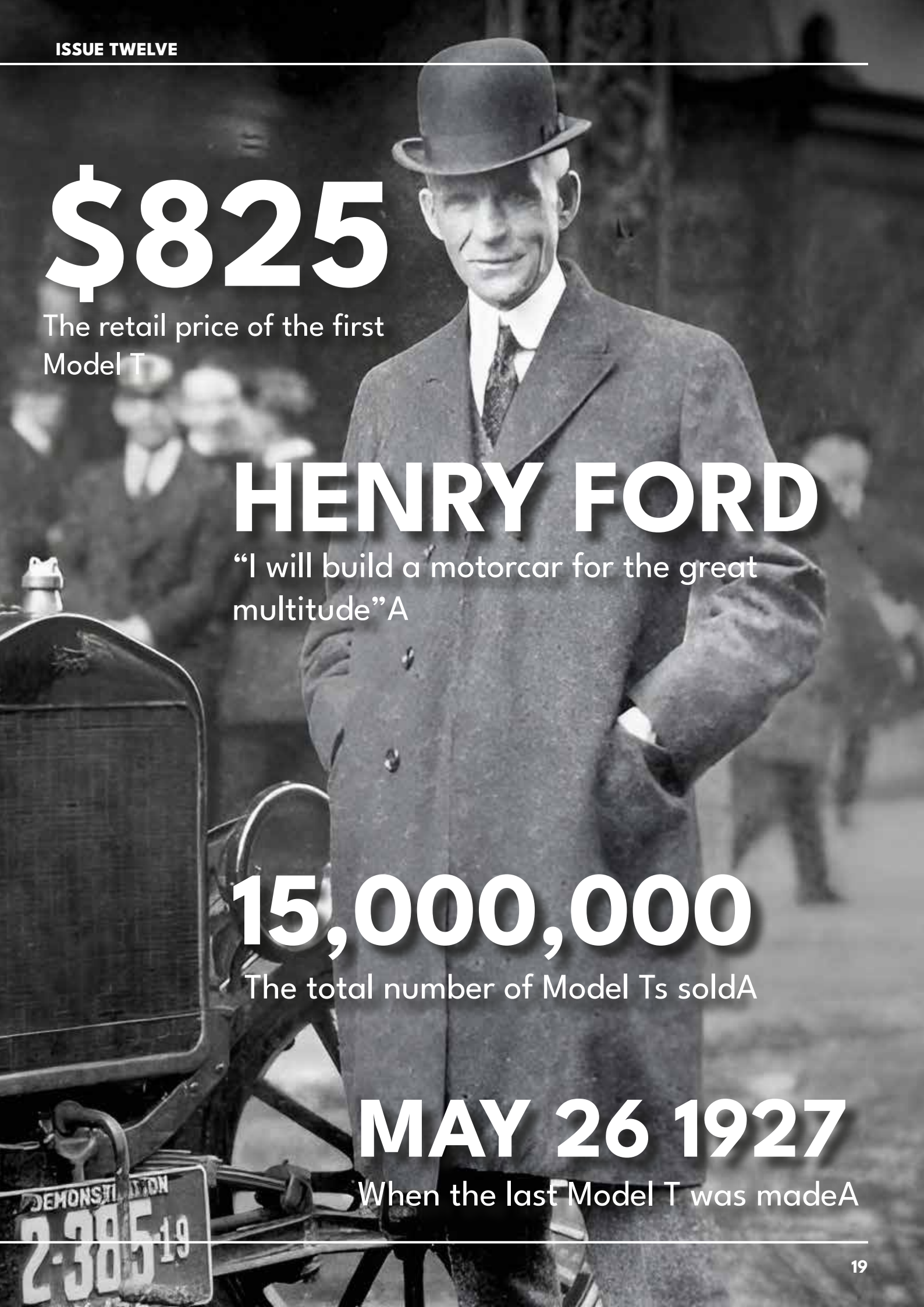
The Model T's top speed

750 KG

The Model T's curb weightA

"TIN LIZZIE"

The Model T's affectionate nicknameA



$825

The retail price of the first Model T

HENRY FORD

"I will build a motorcar for the great multitude"A

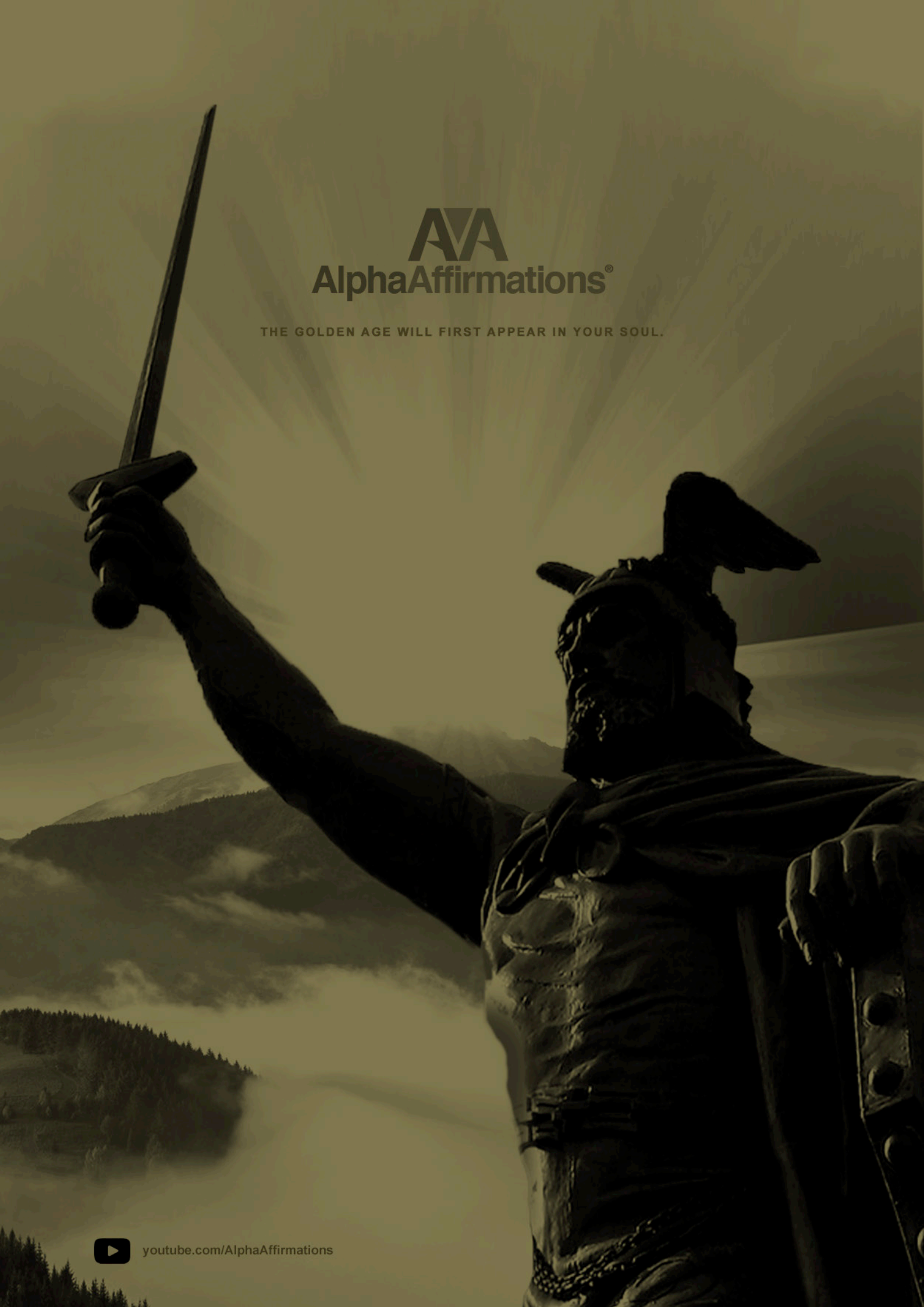
15,000,000

The total number of Model Ts soldA

MAY 26 1927

When the last Model T was madeA


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The History of ~Western Art~

with RIVELINO
THE ARTIST



"Personnages au Bord de la Mer"
Pablo Picasso, 1931
oil on canvas
Picasso Museum, Paris

Can you see the green lines or do I have to draw them?

What's that... you can't? Well, in this case at least, I don't blame you. I don't actually have a clue what's going on here. Apparently, this is a picture of two young lovers kissing on the beach. If you say so, Pablo.

Is he leaning in (whoever he is)? Is she leaning in? Is her pussy open to the world or has he tamed it? Does he display cock confidence or cock shame? I can't answer any of these questions, I'm afraid. If there's a message here about the perils of dating in the 21st century, I just can't find it.

DIAGNOSIS: Lost in translation.


WTF!?

WHAT'S IN A CUP OF TEA?

Kindred Harvest is on a mission to provide the best quality organic tea money can buy. Co-founder RAW EGG NATIONALIST tells us more...



When you ask the simple question "What's in a cup of tea?" today, the simple answer is "a lot of stuff that really shouldn't be."

You see, it's not just *tea* that you're drinking when you make a cup of the hot stuff with your average grocery-store brand. In addition to all the wonderful natural compounds you want and need — the antioxidants, polyphenols, polysaccharides, enzymes, minerals, trace elements and more — you'll also be getting a dose of pesticides, heavy metals and even plastic. Yes, that's right, *plastic*.

But how does plastic get in to tea? It's not found in the tea itself, but the bag that contains it. The vast majority of tea is sold in bags, and more and more manufacturers are replacing paper teabags with ones made of plastic. A study of six tea brands in the UK that are sold in teabags revealed that four included polypropylene in varying amounts and one was made entirely of nylon. That left just one brand that was "free of any plastic residue". What's more, even paper teabags may contain plastic, because plastic fibres are used in the glue that holds many teabags together. Of course, the fact that your favourite teabags are likely to contain plastic or even be made entirely out of plastic is something the manufacturers don't advertise.

They have good reason not to. Food-grade plastics deteriorate significantly at temperatures above 40 degrees centigrade, but plastic teabags are regularly heated to 95 degrees centigrade or more. As a result, plastic teabags shed microscopic pieces of plastic (a.k.a microplastics and nanoplastics) and harmful chemicals directly into the liquid you're about to drink. And we're not talking a few tiny pieces, either. *Billions* of invisible pieces of plastic end up in the drink.

Don't take my word for it. A 2019 study in the journal *Environmental Science and Technology* found that a cup of tea produced by one plastic teabag contained 11.6 billion microplastic pieces and 3.1 billion nanoplastic pieces.

Microplastics have been identified by scientists as a serious emerging threat to human and animal health. The scale of plastic pollution is staggering. Hundreds of millions of tonnes of plastic waste have



entered the environment, with predictions that the figure will reach 1.3 billion tonnes by 2040.

Plastic is quite literally everywhere — in the food, in the water, in the air, in our homes — and our increasing consumption of it is becoming a major worry. Humans are now estimated to swallow a credit card's worth of plastic every week (5g) and to inhale the same amount as well. Consumption of microplastics has been linked to a whole variety of diseases and conditions, from irritable bowel syndrome to auto-immune diseases, cancer and reduced fertility.

Nobody should have to worry about increasing their exposure to plastic when they drink a cup of tea. This is why I, the Raw Egg Nationalist, as a co-founder of Kindred Harvest, have sought to create the finest, purest teas known to man. Our products are organic, tested for heavy-metal content and packaged in 100% plastic-free teabags.

We offer a wide variety of products, from green, black and chai teas to to special formulations for detoxing, reducing inflammation and improving your sleep.

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Tea. And nothing else.

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kindredharvest.co



MAN'S WORLD: THE GIFT OF GAME.



MEDITATIONS



RAW EGG NATIONALIST

IT'S OVER...

WE'RE SO BACK!

It was a Saturday afternoon, if I recall correctly, and I had been browsing PubMed as I so often do, covfefe in hand, looking for brand new studies to write about. I usually search by simple terms – "testosterone", "microplastics", "PFAS", "soy manboobs" ("soy gynecomastia", to use the technical term) and so on. On this occasion, it was "endocrine disruptors", which, if you don't know, are chemicals that interfere with the body's natural hormonal balance.

I scrolled down the page, scanning each entry listed in chronological order. Not much. And then I saw it: "Can oestrogenic activity in air contribute to the overall body burden of endocrine disruptors?", in the journal *Environmental Toxicology and Pharmacology*.

Could it really be, I asked myself: is the air feminising us!? Can breathing literally make us less masculine!? I didn't doubt it. It's 2023, after all, and literally everything is gay. The food is gay. The water is gay. The culture is gay. So why not the air too?

I read the abstract with some excitement and then the full paper and, yes, it would appear that the air is contributing "to the overall body burden of

"IT'S 2023 AND LITERALLY EVERYTHING IS GAY. THE FOOD IS GAY. THE WATER IS GAY. THE CULTURE IS GAY. SO WHY NOT THE AIR TOO?"

endocrine disruptors" – which means, in short, that the air *is* feminising us.

Here's what the study involved. Researchers in Italy took samples of particulate matter from the air in five different locations in the north of the country (an area of busy traffic, an urban area, a site near an incinerator and two separate rural spots). Samples were taken in all four seasons at each location. The researchers then measured each sample for cytotoxicity (toxicity to living cells) and estrogenicity (activity mimicking the effects of the hormone estrogen). The estrogenicity test was performed with the drug tamoxifen, a selective estrogen receptor modulator that's used primarily to prevent breast cancer.

What the researchers found was that all of the samples exhibited significant estrogenic activity, in addition to heavy cytotoxicity. Chemicals of interest were benzo(a)pyrene and also pesticides, bisphenol A, alkylphenols, polybrominated diphenyl ethers, polychlorinated biphenyls and polychlorinated dibenzodioxins or dibenzofurans. These chemicals have nasty names for good reason.

Notably, there was a clear seasonal variation at all sites, with the autumn and winter samples showing the most estrogenic activity. This can be explained by the fact that, at lower temperatures, the chemicals identified are more likely to sit in the air as particulate rather than existing in a gaseous state, meaning there was more of them in the samples.

I found it particularly interesting that, although one of the rural areas had, as we might expect, the best air, exhibiting the lowest cytotoxicity and estrogenicity, the other had worse air quality than the incinerator site, and was barely superior to the air from the traffic and urban locations. If there was some particular reason for this, the researchers didn't say, but it could easily have been because of nearby agricultural activity – crop spraying, etc – or even the burning of tires, which is more and more of a pastime the further south and east you go in Europe.

Needless to say, logging on to the bird app, I knew I was on to a winner. "IT'S OFFICIALLY OVER", I titled the thread, and accompanied it with a picture of doomer wojak in Bosch's Hell. I described the method and the results of the study in detail and then ended with the suggestion that it might be time we all started "Bane-maxxing" to protect our gains, i.e. wearing masks. This was not a serious suggestion. But I should have known better. Because if there's anything the average Twitter user is renowned for, it isn't understanding how to read basic verbal and contextual cues.

The post had millions of views and, ominously, thousands of quote tweets and replies. Calling out from among the bemused comments that I was advocating a return to masking a la COVID-19 ("right wingers are now mask cucks") or that I was displaying a "feminisation fetish" (I secretly want to be made a sissy by the air?), I heard a refrain that I could actually understand: If everything, even the air, is toxic, what's the point in caring? What can we actually do about it?

The next day I wrote a response thread, hoping to clarify my intentions about the post and about my posts in general on the subject. I want to pick up on what I said there and say it again, because I think it needs repeating.

Yes, it's easy to become overwhelmed by the sheer scale of the problem of environmental pollution and its effects on human health and fertility. Barely a day passes without multiple new studies on pollutants and substances like microplastics or some fresh Jeremiad about the future of the human race. The most headline-grabbing prediction

"WHAT WE NEED IS NOT MORE DESPAIR, BUT A DETERMINED POLITICAL SOLUTION, A MOVEMENT TO RECLAIM OUR HEALTH AND WELLBEING"

has been Professor Shanna Swan's claim that by 2045, mankind as a species may be unable to reproduce by natural means. This is just an extrapolation of current trends. If declines in sperm counts continue at the same rate, in a little over twenty years the median man will have a sperm count of zero: one half of all men will produce no sperm, and the other half will produce so few that they might as well produce none. This is often referred to as "spermageddon".

There are many ways a person could react to this problem on social media. One way would be just to point to the problem and say, "it's over". And before you say, "That's exactly what you did!", let me reiterate that the tweet was intended to be strictly tongue in cheek. If you've seen my other tweets or read my essays in *American Mind*, *American Greatness*, the *Epoch Times* or anywhere else, or indeed if you've read my book *The Eggs Benedict Option*, you'll know that I've always done my best to make clear that what we need is not more despair, but a determined political solution, a movement to reclaim our health and wellbeing and rejuvenate our nations.

We can already see the beginnings of such a movement with Robert F. Kennedy Jr., who is making the health of America a political issue in a way it probably hasn't been – ever. Yes, there have been health crusades, such as Nixon's War on Cancer, but the focus was only ever on individual conditions, not health in general. Whether Kennedy is the right candidate isn't clear at this point, but he's already had a salutary effect on the terms of this election cycle. In a clear response to Kennedy's bid for the presidency, Donald Trump announced that he would launch a presidential commission into chronic diseases, to investigate the root causes of American's unprecedented ill health. This isn't something I could imagine Trump doing otherwise.

Such a movement won't emerge overnight, and any positive changes that are made will take years, maybe decades, to have their full effect. In the meantime, there are plenty of things we can do in our daily lives to begin reclaiming our health as individuals, and I've always gone out of my way to try to tell you what they are. Small interventions can make a huge difference. It's well known, for example, that women's exposure to endocrine-disrupting chemicals is massively increased through use of personal-care and beauty products. A study of college-age girls showed that, on average, they use eight personal-care and beauty products a day that contain endocrine-disrupting chemicals, with some of the girls in the sample using as many as 17. It's not a wonder, then, that simply not using these products is one of the best things girls and women can do to protect their health. Doing just that, as another study showed, can reduce levels of chemicals like bisphenol A and phthalates in girls' urine by as much as 45%.

Filter your water. Stop eating processed food and choose organic local produce instead. Ditch as much plastic as you can. Exercise and get plenty of sunlight. These things are more than enough to make your life immeasurably better, in a surprisingly short period of time. Not one of them will mark you out as a weirdo – well, not much of a weirdo – or in any way compromise your quality of life.

We can't totally avoid exposure to harmful industrial chemicals, but we can reduce our exposure to them and do simple things that counteract their effects, at the same time as pushing for political change that will rid our environment of these substances – maybe one day for good. There is no reason to abandon hope. So whatever the doomers may tell you, it's not over. Actually, you could even say *we're so back*.

THE MORALIST

Was I Right To Call the Guards on a Western Steppe Herder Stealing My Daughter?



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JOHN MAC GHLIONN

MEN AND WOMEN SHOULD NOT BE FRIENDS

From the UK to the US, cases of infidelity are on the rise. What is the solution?

What if men and women weren't friends? More specifically, what if straight men and straight women in committed relationships weren't friends. Now, to be clear, I am not suggesting they become enemies. I am suggesting that a straight woman in a romantic relationship with a man should not be friends with a straight man in a romantic relationship with a woman.

Why? It's quite simple.

Men were put on this planet to sow their biological seeds. Before going any further, it's important to explain why I opted to use the word 'straight' so many times in the opening paragraph. For the purpose of this piece, I have zero interest in discussing homosexual relationships. A gay man befriending a straight or gay woman, for example, is very unlikely to end in any sexually-driven miscommunication. They are compatible because the idea of sex between the two is utterly ridiculous. Because of this, a natural friendship, free from any genital-driven miscommunication, is very much possible.

In 1989, Harry Burns, Billy Crystal's character in "When Harry Met Sally," famously (and correctly) said that "men and women can't be friends," because "the sex part always gets in the way." He was right then, and he's right now. Twenty years after the movie's release, Steve Harvey, the TV host with the biggest smile in America, echoed Crystal's sentiment. During a rather candid interview, Harvey was asked about the females in his life, and if he would consider any of them friends. "I don't have any female friends. I don't. I'm incapable of that," he responded. Naturally, it wasn't long before the m-word started getting thrown around. But Harvey is not a misogynist. He was simply stating a fact: for him, a married man, the temptation would be too much. He would most certainly stray, especially if the woman happened to be more attractive than his wife.

Long before Harvey and Crystal were throwing truth bombs, Oscar Wilde, Ireland's greatest ever poet and playwright, argued, rather persuasively, that, between men and women, "there is no friendship possible. There is passion, enmity, worship, love, but no friendship." Wilde may have been a rampant homosexual, but his take on intersexual dynamics was spot on.

But, some will say, what if I happen to be a single man? If I am in the market for a woman, what's wrong with getting some dating advice from my female friends? Don't waste your time. Women give men terrible dating advice. Although I'm no fan of dating coaches, Nick Notas, a dating coach based in Boston, penned a great piece that highlights this very fact.

Girls will tell guys "NOT to flirt with a girl until they know she's 100% interested. They talk about how flirting with a random girl is creepy and that you should never do it," Notas writes. Of course, this is nonsense. Any man who has seduced a woman knows full well that attraction doesn't work like that. It requires bravery, charisma, charm, skill, and being assertive. It also requires flirting. As Notas adds, "Plenty of women will be open to flirting with you. But the only way to find out is to try." But flirting is an art, a delicate balancing act between compliments and negging. This is one of the reasons why some men get all the women, and most men are left masturbating in dark room.

Women are notorious for sugarcoating the truth. They'll tell men not to worry, that they will eventually meet the girl of their dreams, and that, most importantly, they're just fine the way they are. In truth, most men are not fine the way they are. They are out of shape, unmotivated, sloppy dressers,

desperately in need of a brutal reality check. That's why men should ask other, sexually successful men for dating advice – not women. Men will give you the truth; women will give you empty platitudes.

They will also tell you that they want a kind, respectful guy, but the success of Fifty Shades of Grey – both the erotic novel and the raunchy, albeit utterly ridiculous, movie – paints a different story. This doesn't mean that women want a physically abusive guy, of course. It means that they want a strong, alpha-like male, someone capable of taking the lead, both inside and outside the bedroom,

Many members of the redpill community, the Manopshere's most prominent subsection, certainly agree. Richard Cooper, an entrepreneur, author, redpill advocate, and maker of many videos offering men advice, told me the problem with male and female friends are myriad. Men, he said, "almost never see the friendship as just friends, especially if the woman is attractive." There's always "an underlying want to be sexual with her." "For some men," he continued, "their only strategy for love is to put themselves in the friend zone, hoping to win her trust, and escalate sexually with her when the opportunity becomes available."

Don't believe him? To test this controversial hypothesis, Cooper suggests asking women about their male friends, the men they claim are simply platonic buddies. Cooper also suggests asking her to text these supposed platonic friends these five words: "I'm horny, let's have sex."

"She will either vehemently refuse then panic from forcing herself to acknowledge this uncomfortable truth, or she'll do it, and watch the drama unfold," he told me. This, in a nutshell, "is why you shouldn't get into a long term relationship with women that keep male friends around and also why men should seek friendships with other men, not women."

Cooper warns men never to put themselves "in the friend zone with a hot woman." Why? Because it will eventually leave you heartbroken. "If you are attracted to a woman, date her, if she just wants to be friends, move on, she will never have an enthusiastic desire for you."

Aaron Clarey, a best-selling author and redpill commentator, told me that men and women can, in fact, be friends. But – and this is a big but – they can only be friends "as long as there's no physical attraction." In short, if the woman is ugly, then, by all means, friend her up. Clarey confessed that he has plenty of female friends, but he finds none of them sexually attractive. Clarey, the owner of Asshole Consulting, a consulting firm that offers a no-nonsense approach to delivering cold, hard truth, told me that these female friends "usually take on a sisterly role in my social life." If a woman happens to be physically attractive, "then yes, every guy will, at minimum, want to have sex with the girl, and oftentimes that will supersede their interest in friendship." If you're going to let physical attraction get in the way of friendship, then, under no circumstances, can you be friends with a woman.

Clarey and Cooper's opinions are backed up by actual science. Research suggests that the idea of being platonic friends with members of the opposite sex is regularly tainted by raw, sexual desire. More specifically, by the man's raw, sexual desires. As *Scientific American*, a once highly respectable science magazine that is now infected by the 'woke' mind virus, noted a decade ago, "large gender differences in how men and women experience opposite-sex friendships" exist. "Men are much more attracted to their female friends than vice versa. Men are also more likely than women to think that their opposite-sex friends are attracted to them—usually an incredibly misguided belief."

The old joke involving men thinking with their middle men, not their brains, carries a great deal of truth. From an evolutionary perspective, platonic friendships between males and females only make sense from the female's perspective. After all, in the wilderness, where dangers lurked around every imaginable corner, the more protection a female had from males in the vicinity, the safer she was. Again, strictly from an evolutionary perspective, men stood – and still stand – to get so much from a romantic relationship with a woman, but not nearly as much from a platonic one. This might sound cruel and cold, but evolutionary facts don't really care about your feelings. Nor do I.

KIDSTEENSTHUGSYOU

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OMMUNITYACTIVISTSB
TROUBLEDYOUNGMEN

MEDITATIONS



SCOTT GREER
THE HERO AMERICA DESERVES

Most conservative movement activists hate Andrew Tate with a burning passion. In their eyes, Tate is no more than a sexist pimp. He's a bad influence on young men. He's not a "real man" because he doesn't encourage his followers to get married, have children, and vote for GOP candidates. In short, Andrew Tate is not a True Conservative.

Conservative pundits fixated on the "Crisis of Masculinity" use Tate as an example of what *leftism* produces. Josh Hawley, for example, says Tate is "a child pretending to be a man" because he tells men that women like to be choked during sex. Sexual asphyxiation must be a major cause of the GOOD MEN shortage!

The irony, of course, is that Andrew Tate embodies the multi-racial working class movement that Hawley and his ilk promote so desperately. Tate's massive audience includes lower status ethnic groups (the former kickboxer is mixed-race himself). His hustler ethos has more appeal among working class men than any DC meme ideology. If multiracial working

"ANDREW TATE EMBODIES THE MULTI-RACIAL WORKING CLASS MOVEMENT THAT HAWLEY AND HIS ILK PROMOTE SO DESPERATELY"

class conservatism were real, Tate would be its leader.

Tate's philosophy is a more polished variant of the rap ethos "Fuck Bitches, Get Money." He exudes over-the-top machismo, finds self-worth in ostentatious displays of wealth, and emphasizes a gang mentality among friends. But Tate takes the rap lifestyle out of the ghetto. His appeal is not black-coded: it's open to all. Though he sometimes speaks the language of criminals, Tate doesn't want his audience to become gangbangers. He promises to make them middle-class entrepreneurs, sans the old bourgeois values and norms. He raises rap values to a level that can appeal equally to white suburbanites and working-class minorities.

In some ways, Tate's "hustler" mentality is a cynical and classless variant of the American Dream. Both emphasize hard work (called the "grindset" in Tate's world), dedication, prosperity, and the entrepreneurial spirit. Hustlers University promises to turn its "students" into rich capitalists. One could say Tate is a Horatio Alger for the 21st century.

The differences between Tate and past exponents of the American Dream are obvious. He ridicules middle class careerists as "brokies" and doesn't pay much lip service to family men. He promotes a life of extravagant opulence rather than middling comfort. Tate is not a Christian and, despite his newfound Islamic faith, dispenses with social conservatism. He encourages his followers to become rich and successful men more than good husbands.

Everything about Tate's style is an affront to WASP taste. He doesn't sport Brooks Brothers and loafers. He encourages more discrete bling than rappers, but still flaunts bedazzled watches and expensive sports cars. Tate's celebration of excessive spending and gaudiness flies in the face of WASP thrift and inconspicuousness. His semi-gangster machismo would be frowned upon at a country club. WASPs hardly know what a Bugatti is, let alone brag about owning one.

Andrew Tate's American Dream will represent the right in a post-White America. The traditional WASP values associated with conservatism and the Republican Party will die out with the Baby Boomer generation. Young whites today have zero aspiration to reproduce the WASP ideal, raised as they were in a world dominated by rap music and black culture. They also don't want to sink towards wiggerdom, a direction many are headed in. Non-whites don't want to be WASPs either, but they fear getting stuck in the ghetto. And neither group enjoys the constant lectures from prissy, moralistic liberal women. Tate offers something different from WASPdom and the ghetto lifestyle. He promotes a lavish, male fantasy.

Andrew Tate's hustler ethos appeals to both white Americans who want to shed their whiteness and non-whites who want to achieve material prosperity. His transgressive male sensibility speaks to young men bashed over the head with feminine moralism (from both right and left) their entire lives. They want to make money and fuck beautiful women. And while most Tate adherents will not drive sports cars or hang out on yachts, they may rationalize their middle class striving as a Tate-style hustle. It's just a new "self-help" guide for such men to reach the suburban ideal. Hustlerism has a much broader appeal in a majority-white nation beset with anti-white racism.

Postliberals who loathe Tate imagine the multiracial working class as resolute-


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THE BEST OF MEDITATIO
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ly anti-capitalist. Anyone familiar with "grindset" knows blacks and Hispanics don't want to overthrow the capitalist system. They want to game it to achieve the American Dream. This, of course, often leads them into pyramid schemes and other harebrained endeavors – which Tate seems to actively promote. But their stupid attempts don't disabuse them of American capitalism. The promise of wealth attracts them more than the pseudo-Marxism espoused by an irrelevant Beltway intelligentsia.

Conservatives and post-liberals insist the multiracial working class is socially conservative. There's some truth to that, but not in the sense you'd find in the pages of a conservative magazine. Young men who watch Tate videos are not avid churchgoers waiting for marriage. The majority of them never go to church. They don't want to live in a society run by clerics. They just dislike the excesses of wokeness and feminism. Tate, as stated above, is no social conservative. He makes his money off OnlyFans girls and encourages sexual promiscuity. At the same time, he attacks feminism and political correctness. Conservatives may scoff, but this reflects the beliefs of young American men far more than any integralist.

This is not to praise Hustlerism. It would be much better for young Americans to aspire to WASP etiquette and decorum. Andrew Tate wouldn't be popular in a whiter country. But we are moving towards a post-white America, and Tate's politics and self-presentation will only become more common. Conservatism in a majority-minority America looks like the former kickboxer, minus his recent conversion to Islam. It will be secular, diverse, hyper-capitalist, and anti-woke. It will not care about gay marriage or abortion. It will not dress in polos and khakis. It will not desire the Empire of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

In practice, multiracial working class conservatism will want a new version of the American Dream – complete with rap music and gold chains. It will want Andrew Tate.



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CUCK OPERATOR STATEMENT ON UGANDA'S NEW ANTI-HOMOSEXUALITY LAW

IN MAY OF THIS YEAR, THE UGANDAN PARLIAMENT PASSED A NEW LAW WHICH WOULD MAKE HOMOSEXUALITY PUNISHABLE BY LIFE IMPRISONMENT. HOMOSEXUALITY WAS ALREADY ILLEGAL IN THE COUNTRY.

CUCK OPERATOR, AS A VALUE-DRIVEN VETERAN-OWNED COMPANY, REFUSES TO STAND IDLY BY WHILE BIGOTRY IS ON THE MARCH, AT HOME AND ABROAD. THIS IS WHY WE SUPPORT THE WORLD BANK'S DECISION TO OFFER NO FURTHER PUBLIC FINANCING TO UGANDA UNTIL THIS BARBARIC LAW IS OVERTURNED.

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OUR COMMITMENT: UNTIL WE ARE OUT OF AMMO OR OUT OF BLOOD, WE WILL FIGHT TO MAKE HOMOSEXUALITY LEGAL ONCE AGAIN IN UGANDA.

Gage Cuckrane, CEO and Founder of C.O.C.K.



CUCK OPERATOR
COFFEE KOMPANY

SPACE AGE MAXIMALIST

FOR SPACE AGE MAXIMALISM

For long have I been among your ranks, watching and keeping private thoughts, working on secret projects science is not yet ready for. Today I awaken from my silence, for there is much I must tell. Too long have I been robbed of peace and sleep by terrible prospects, the visions of which I can no longer resist.

I find myself among those sons of Europe blessed with a technical bent and a hounding curiosity for the world – a champion of Episteme. Whether or not my gift is accompanied by the autism is irrelevant, although that superpower would help to resist all distractions, like coitus and sunshine, from the higher pursuits of mathematics, science and engineering. I mean no disrespect for the humanities, but being a man of numbers and uncompromising objectivity myself, I can only hope to speak to my own kind.

Like many of the engineers reading this ("nerd" nowadays is for Star Wars fans), I live a life in alignment with an irresistible calling. To each his own obsession: be it beetles, eugenics, category theory, or interplanetary ballistic missiles filled with nuclear fissile material. These visions drive us to the edge, accepting difficult lives of work on projects that may only flower in our children's days, a sacrifice we gladly accept to achieve glory and transcendence.

Yet, for all the fanatical commitment to the dream and the combined raw IQ present in this community, there is a painful collective blind spot: the prototypical engineer does not recognize or engage in politics. Many may be too socially illiterate or for such subjectivity or Machiavellianism, may never have had the spark of creativity to question the standing narrative, or may be sticking their head in the sand like the noble ostrich to drown out unwanted noise, hoping the rot won't spread to their niche. This is not to say they are stupid, but raw IQ alone is only one ingredient of a truly prodigious mind.

I must admit to once being guilty of these failures of perception and character – any topic beside the conquest and development of outer space was deemed as secondary and contemptible in my young mind. However, the more I learned about the underbelly of the world and its many harsh truths, the more I came to see that lower forms of life are adversaries just as formidable as the entropy we combat through our designs. In time, it dawned on me that the very dreams which fuel my soul are in jeopardy, under attack by the forces of yeast and bug.

Of all the harsh truths, that which most menacingly glared back in the mirror was the following: Your dreams will never come to pass if the decline of human biological capital continues apace.

We in the Abendland are becoming stupider and more mutated with every generation. Every sickly child survives and becomes a deformed adult drinking poisoned plastic water; people breed laxly without standards or purpose… if they do at all.

This is the Problem Über Alles. The shoulders of the giants we stand on will become ever more slippery, and we will become unworthy of inheriting the gifts left behind by our forebears. Not only will invention and creation end due to a lack of genius, but we will increasingly become incapable of even keeping the lights on as the midwits begin disappearing. Finally, whatever intelligence is left will be safely neutered and absorbed by the state, finance, and the bureaucracy of the so-called "economy".

Imagine a world where those intelligent enough to keep things running have either killed themselves, ended their lines, or left for greener pastures. We eat, and live, and sleep in the stagnant Longhouse, hand to mouth. The type of person to fantasize about running off to a homestead and living out one's days in a hovel might enjoy such an eternal pre-war rural Ukraine, though these days, the filth surrounding the Frankfurt Hauptbahnhof seems a more likely sight. Pondering these prospects, I recurrently dream of the African tribesmen who still today cross broken bridges left over from European colonial infrastructure with ropes that they sling across from one side to the other.

"Ah!", I hear you say, proud defender of American values, but there is no problem if we run out of high IQ here at home! Just as we have done for 30 years, delegating our ability to build and manufacture to other peoples, now we can do so for our thinking, too. Surely there are enough geniuses abroad to keep the engines of science roaring? An engineer of high station will likely have worked with them and may possibly even be friends with a few, but a sample does not a trend disprove.

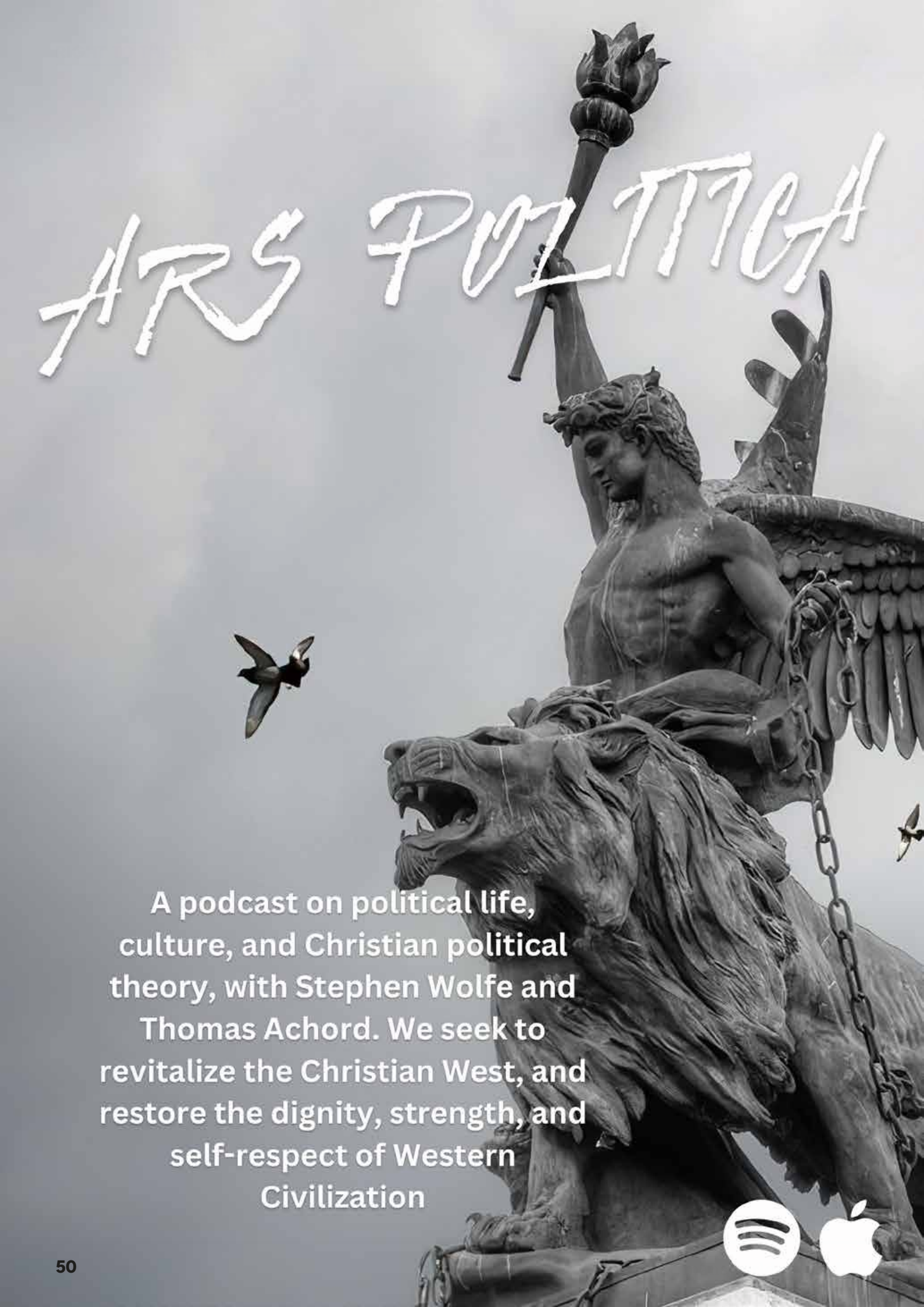
I foresee a great convergence of Silicon Valley and friends towards the level of a customer service Punjabi call center, the squabbling states of the European Space Agency bickering over who has first pick of the fresh new talent flooding the continent, all while Australia and Canada are deadly rivals in the International Mathematics Olympiad. It will be a glorious sight when the very first base on the Moon is erected not in the name of exploration and intrepidness, but to glorify the Party and create the most exquisite touristic destinations for aging Tai-Chi practitioners to play mini-golf and Mahjong.

I stop now with these depressing prophecies, but this is what lies ahead if the engineers silently acquiesce to their own nullification and spiritual outsourcing. As everyone has nightmares, so too do they sometimes receive powerful and uplifting dreams with tasteful cinematography. These dreams came to me recurrently as I grew to understand the truth about our adversaries, and all of which I am telling you is a reflection of the painful changes I myself underwent on the path to Truth and Power.

We engineers do not fully realize the potential held in our hands and contained between our ears. We are trusted by society to bend matter to our whims and perform feats which would have gotten one burned at the stake for witchcraft not long ago. To fully unlock this might and wield it, one must let go of the servile morality of being a cog in a greater process, and embrace the higher instinct to impose one's Will on the universe. We grow and fight and build not because it is inevitable, but because we want to do so.

Beyond the horizon lies a magnificent vista. I see a million motivated engineers conspiring in secret to build stealth satellites filled with antimatter cluster bombs, ready to be pointed at whatever hive of Babylon which may question the new GAE (Global Autist Empire). We select the best traits to create a new aristocracy of 130+ IQ bodybuilders, significantly raising the probability of true 150+ IQ geniuses appearing (who will at very least do calisthenics). The nannying of lower peoples no longer standing in our way, we ride on flaming steeds into the starry steppe to fulfill the destiny of Faustian civilization: communion with infinity. Lunar bases, orbital factories, and rotating O'Neill cylinder space stations filled with eugenically engineered catgirls. Spreading the gospel of drinking raw eggs to other planets and solar systems, industrial scale harvesting of the Jovian atmosphere to power a million adventures into the unknown, Manifest Destiny toward the entire local galactic supercluster. Freed from the Erbsenzählen of the Geriatric World Order, we can excavate the Sahara to look for our long lost Atlantean forebears. We can dare to find out what has really been happening down in Antarctica, as I hear the most pervasive rumors which inflame the desire to **know more**. There will be no limits on exploration, beauty, or curiosity.

The ultimate conclusion


ARS POLITICA
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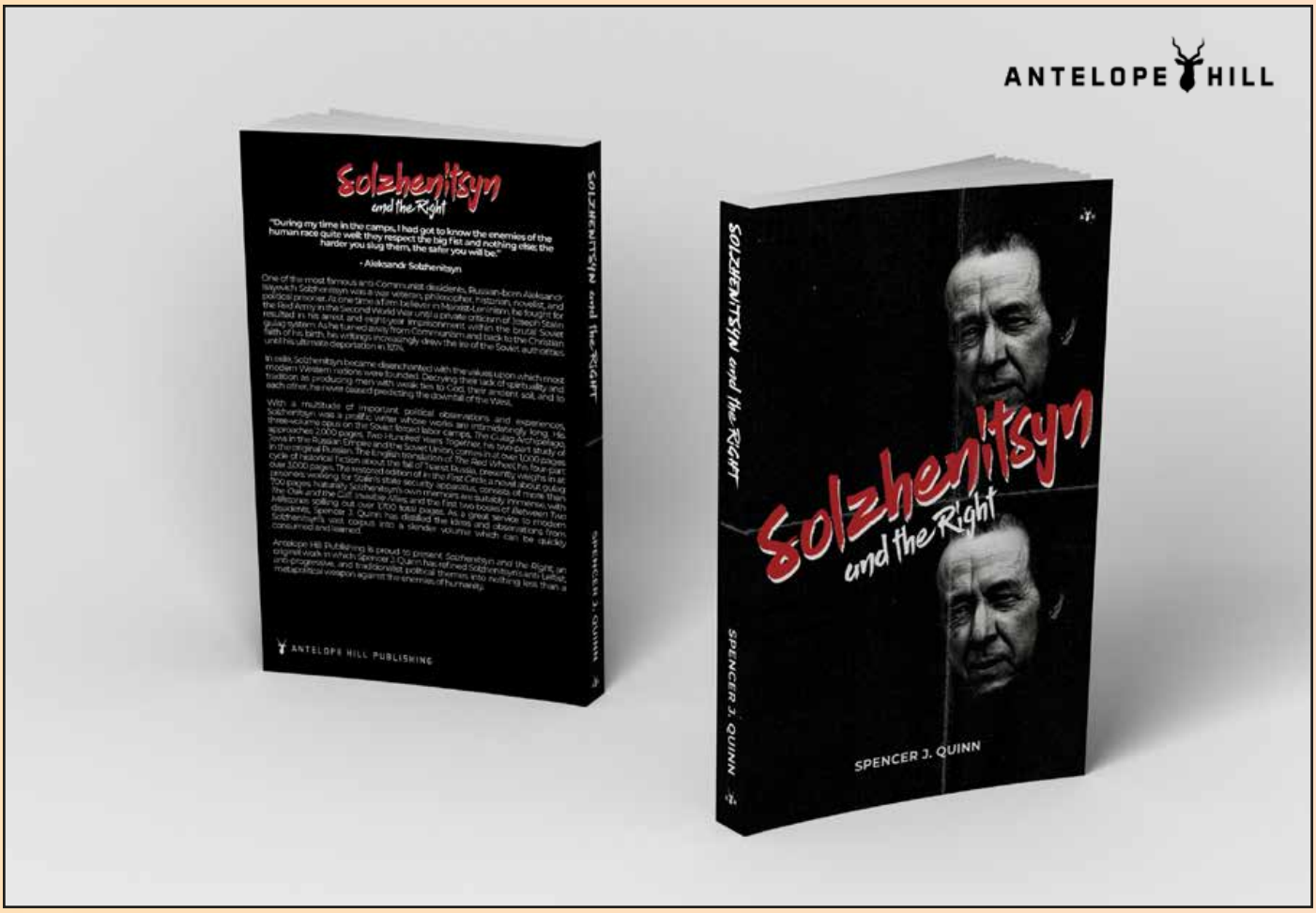
I arrived at after letting the fear wash over and through me can be encapsulated in my namesake: Space Age Maximalism.

That is to say, my Indo-European brothers, that nothing may stand in the way of our final place among the stars. The Space Age is both a destination and symbol for the flourishing of technology, science, and all human creation through the lens of nobility and excellence, as opposed to the mindless proliferation of mere life – the cosmic domination of yeast-like grey goo. To be sure, we must look upwards and downwards, outwards and inwards: only when all is in order at home will our ascension become possible and complete. Do you want to see the undeserving populating low-earth orbit, the moon colonized by those completely at odds with your way of life?

We must reject in our hearts the anti-technological backwardness so rife in Dissident spheres. As much as I may love Uncle Ted, and his diagnosis may have been correct, his retrograde prescription was ultimately wrong – we cannot return to monke, but must instead wield technology for our transformation to Übermonke. I call for the immediate arrest and re-education of all Flat Earthers, Apollo Program Deniers and other such mouth-breathers. The objective is to one day become noble enough for E.T. to finally consider contacting us so that we may join the Galactic Federation (and eventually take it over).

I used to think that politics and propulsion were at odds, that one man could not simultaneously participate in the fight against human abasement and universal heat death. After besting weakness and fear, I emerged understanding the equivalence of conquering inner and outer space, that we will rise only once the wolves circling the ivory tower have been dealt with.

If this overture to Space Age Maximalism, High Tech Vitalism (or whatever you wish to call this fusion of the spirit of the warrior with that of the engineer) stirred something deep in your gut, you will find a friend in me. May we become legion.



DAVID HEROD

MONSTERS IN MASON JARS

Among those who think critically about our cultural moment there is a thirst for authentic faith tradition which is best exemplified by the flocks of newly minted tradcaths, Orthodox-bros, and pagan revivalists. The eccentricities of these subcultures — and particularly the zealotry from their newest, loudest, and least sophisticated adherents — conjures in our collective consciousness the archetypal LARPer: a young man desperate to share how perfectly he adheres to the most obscure tenants of a faith that was alien to him until he stumbled across a proselytizing YouTube video several months ago. The LARPer knows his chosen faith well, better in terms of doctrinal particulars than most raised up in it, and yet we all instinctively find something cringe-worthy in his devotion.

But if the LARPer who struggles so wholeheartedly to embody his chosen religion is not a paragon of the faith, then who is an actual religious adherent? At a concrete level, what do we sense as missing?

I was given a fresh perspective on this question while reading a recent essay by Michael Lindsey which asks what makes a religion "live", that is to say, what makes a religion authentic in its practice and reproduction in future generations. Two challenges we moderns face while finding religion are our lack of direct connection with a religious lineage and a loss of contact with the "elements of life that go beyond the merely quantitative and material to the onslaught of industrial modernity".

This first point, namely the failure of people to pass religion on to their children, matches my own thoughts on the metastasizing cultural impact of a high-energy state "Petroleum Culture" on a society. Modern economic incentives devalue the communal ties that facilitate cultural and religious knowledge transfer; additionally, the immediate economic value of religious knowledge transfer is relatively low for the individual parent. In contrast, the high energy mega-state which dominates the centralized energy flows that define a economy reliant on fossilized energy is extremely concerned with inculcating its citizens with an ideology that enables global-scale operations and supply lines. Governments have always had an element of shared ideology, but under the influence of the modern economy with its ever-lowering labor valuations (this includes intellectual labor), it is understood intuitively that the remaining utility of a citizen over his potential machine replacement comes increasingly from his ideological conformity to the mega-state's doctrines.

And yet, even after generations of church decline there are dissidents seeking out traditional faiths. All the necessary raw information is out there in countless books and Wikipedia pages, detailing the doctrinal building blocks of any religion, like so many Lego blocks spilled onto the carpet just waiting to be put together. There are some surviving communities as well, albeit often dwindling, wayward, and geographically distant. So why do all these attempts at living religion stink of LARP?

Here Michael puts forward a naturalist theory on the origin of religion. This school of thought suggests that a living religion is more than the symbols, daily practices, and codified beliefs. Religion is, instead, the gestalt of centuries of genuine experiences with the terrifying divine. I imagine these instances as the lone paleolithic hunter cowering under a tree as an intense lightening storm rages above, or a lone shepherd watching every sunrise of his life pass over a distant mountain — unfiltered exposure to the incomprehensible power of the wider universe. The experience creates an awareness of the sacred, that awareness is filtered through the human mind, and then expressed through language in the form of poetic beauty which animates the experience in the minds of subsequent generations.


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THE WHITE SWAN



FAISAL MARZIPAN

In raw economic terms these insights contributed little immediate material advantage even in ancient times, but like most human knowledge they were cumulative and communicated through animating myths. Worth noting also is that these experiences were as ever present in a non-modern's daily habits as ambient sunlight. Today, though, they are totally alien to most moderns, who are shuffled at a young age from home to bus to school until they graduate into a beige office or a truck cab. As Michael himself mentions, such experiential spirituality is now a precious commodity sought out at yoga retreats by those who can afford to vacation far from the industrial hubs, but even there it is neutered of any threatening or 'unmodern' thinking. The absence of these experiences in our lives, much like sun exposure, is felt not through immediate agony but rather an ever-worsening deficiency.

It's clear to me, then, that our modern dilemma is that we both lack contact with religious traditions and have little opportunity to encounter the divine ourselves. This leaves us, at an individual level, with two rather grim options: "seek tradition" by picking through the wreckage of a dying faith or "live modernity" by embracing either scientific atheism or some perennialist synthesis. LARPing may really be the best choice in this situation, but Michael points out that those who seek the most serviceable religion for themselves are actually reducing bloodlines of human experience into just another consumer behavior — a brand choice between Pepsi and Coke, Greek Orthodox or Diet Confucianism. To summarize from the article: to define a religion as serviceable is to define religion as a tool, a means to an end, a mechanism to use or dispose of as serves, which is to view the religion as alien to oneself.

But by living modernity I fear we are unconsciously creating a new religion. Not the invented faith of a benevolent AI godhead that technocrats dream of, but a genuine convergence of lived experiences from our modern daily lives. And while the non-moderns formed religion on the abiding truths of "all natural beings, animals, plants, skies and mountains", it is the modern person's only available option to interpret meaning out of what they see — the creations of man.

The modern boy who spends every morning with Hanna-Barbera cartoons projected into his eyes sees them as regular and necessary as the rising sun. The journey to his family's summer vacation rental beside an increasingly dead ocean (after passing through mountains blown apart by dynamite) ends at a beach near to bursting with human bodies and plastic debris — he sees a truth of some kind there, perhaps an ugly one, but something incomprehensibly powerful is imbued onto the land. To him, the unblinking satellite eyes of big brother watch from the sky, the world is divided into highway, city, suburb, and sticks, and the truck is the road's apex predator.

"Truth abides in that which abides" says Heidegger, but on a human timescale we experience modernity as abiding. The fact this is all ecologically unsustainable at the generational level makes this an ugly and perhaps completely false religion, but in the eyes of a child of 1960, 1990, or 2010 it is no less a genuine one — and one our descendants will have to reconcile their understanding of the divine with, surely the work of generations to come.

But what does this ugly lesson leave me with? What hope can I have, a man who chokes up at the sight of a Morrowind skybox but feels nothing stir in his heart while staring at the light polluted night void over his own home? I am the stunted moth described in Annie Dillard's memoir *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*: a moth born in a Mason jar and left there so long that its wings were unable to unfold and set properly. Now I am set waddling onto the sidewalk with a useless malformed ear-like appendage weighing on my back. Dillard called him "a monster in a Mason jar" that would never fly. We are a generation of monsters in Mason jars.

My only consolation is that we can provide some small value, even as spiritually stunted as I believe us to be, merely by crawling forward. By actively seeking lifestyles that organically create encounters with the divine we may find the sparks of a living religion, and by communicating our experiences to one another — without posturing or seeking "serviceability" — we may be able to collectively learn again.

The spiritual memories we create and communicate may transcend us and benefit future generations either directly or by merely being a cautionary tale of the generation who fell furthest from God and were lost to wander the spiritual desert of modernity, never to see the promised land that their children might know.



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DHARMA WARRIORS

When the physical world lies at your feet, turn inwards for an even greater challenge

by JUN ZI

"And Alexander wept, for there were no more worlds to conquer." ~ Plutarch (according to Die Hard)

Alexander was known as "The Great" for a reason. Despite being 5' 4", the man conquered most of the known world in his lifetime with the world's most efficient killers willing to do anything for him at his back. Not that you could take on this Kevin Hart-sized king even if the two of you were alone: Alexander was proficient in all the weapons of his time, from spear to sword, as well as having trained in unarmed combat since he



could walk. At the age most Gen Zers are just starting internships or serving coffee, Alexander was throwing himself against the king of Persia at the head of his elite cavalry, the Companions.

We have nobody like this god on earth today. The closest we get is Kim Jong Un, which just goes to show that you have no idea.

Such a man would intimidate anyone alive. Even in the streets, he'd have at least a hundred men with him who were as good or better at cutting people down than he was.

Now imagine what kind of mastery you'd have to have over yourself to treat such a person not only without fear, but with contempt. Such men existed, and this is their story.

MAD OR MASTER? WHAT IT TOOK TO DISRESPECT ALEXANDER

Amongst the few men who did so were the Greek philosopher Diogenes and the gymnosophists of India. You might think the little foreigner who has himself called a god by his sycophants, a brute whose claim to fame was being better at thuggery than anybody else, isn't all that special, but would you have the balls to tell him to his face? Chances are you wouldn't even dare tell that to your neighborhood drug dealer.

But Diogenes told him to stop blocking the sun, and the gymnosophists told him to go home.

When one such Indian sage fell so ill he

"NO ACHIEVEMENT TODAY COULD MATCH WHAT ALEXANDER THE GREAT DID. THE MAN LITERALLY TURNED HIMSELF INTO A GOD"

couldn't move, Alexander asked if he had any requests.

The geezer told his friend Alexander how he'd like to go out: in a huge blaze. Just Super Saiyan himself out of existence, releasing a blast of energy so strong it turns his immediate surroundings into a desert crater. Alexander refused at first, but ultimately relented and built the sage a massive pyre so that he could dazzle the world with his utter mastery over bodily pain and suffering. The man's chose a form of euthanasia virtually identical to what was later used as the worst form of punishment: burning at the stake.

Meanwhile, when Alexander was faced with the limits to his own will in the soldiers who refused to continue fighting and dying for him, he drank himself to death, but not before killing one of his best friends and generals, Cleon.

So the answer to the great Disney psyop question asked of every Super Bowl champion, "What are you gonna do next?" wasn't "Go to Disney World" for Alexander, winner of the world, but "death by sex, drugs, and alcohol."

Obviously, I'm not trying to throw shade on a foundational figure of Western Civilization. Without Alexander, there would be no Caesar (who wept at seeing a statue of Alex in his 30s and realizing he hadn't accomplished a fraction of what Alexander did at that age, then went on to convert Rome into an empire to last millennia). There would be no Sun King Louis XIV, no Czars, and no Napoleon.

It takes more courage and fortitude to conquer a small hill tribe than most of us will ever have.

I'm just trying to point out that for one of the few men in all of history who can claim to have literally won himself an empire, life was pretty miserable toward the end. Men who strive greatly often suffer greatly. This was certainly the case with Alexander and his mythical ancestor, Hercules. The greats also seem to suffer from great fits of madness.

No achievement today could match what Alexander the Great did. The man literally turned himself into a god, which was what Nietzsche believed to be the aspirational dream of every Ancient Greek. Perhaps because life was so hard and death so easy, prolonging it seemed pointless. Instead, men thought they should do something with their lives so memorable that their deeds could possess the minds of entire generations to come. Alexander took Achilles as his model, a man who chose the short and incredible life over the long and fruitless one. How many can claim to have made the same decision? We who are raised on the belief that there is no greater death than one of old age surrounded by loved ones. And that's totally okay, but the chances of you also making music like Kurt Cobain or Jimi Hendrix, or laying waste to corrupt civilizations at the head of a cult of super-soldiers, is extremely small.

Alexander accomplished his goal, only to find even bigger goals and more territory before him. In his essay, "Homer's Dilemma," Nietzsche claims the Greeks were always trying to become peerless, to achieve perfection. But when they found themselves having attained it, the lack of competition lead them to self-destruct. Say what you will about the cultural character of the Greeks, but I think there's a simpler explanation at work here that we can all relate to, that of dissatisfaction.

NO MATTER WHAT, PROBLEMS ARE ALWAYS ARISING.

Whether it's the city you've been besieging for months refusing to surrender and thus forcing you to have to make an example of them or the abuse you have to put up with from your boss or relatives, it's infuriating when things

don't go your way. Hell, you're not even allowed to complain about it because a true man doesn't complain.

To make matters worse, our society is built upon want. There's always another Funko Pop to buy or a must-have part for your car. Another restaurant to try, another show to watch, another game to play, another place to take the family on vacation.

No amount of supplicants hailing you as a god or cities founded in your name or temples dedicated to your deified likeness will change this. Imagine looking like Sol Brah, having total command of the US military, being lusted after by supermodels, and still dying like some junkie enthralled by his addictions. That's Alexander in a nutshell, and the question he couldn't face faces all of us: What will you do when your goals prove hollow? How will you face the unconquerable?

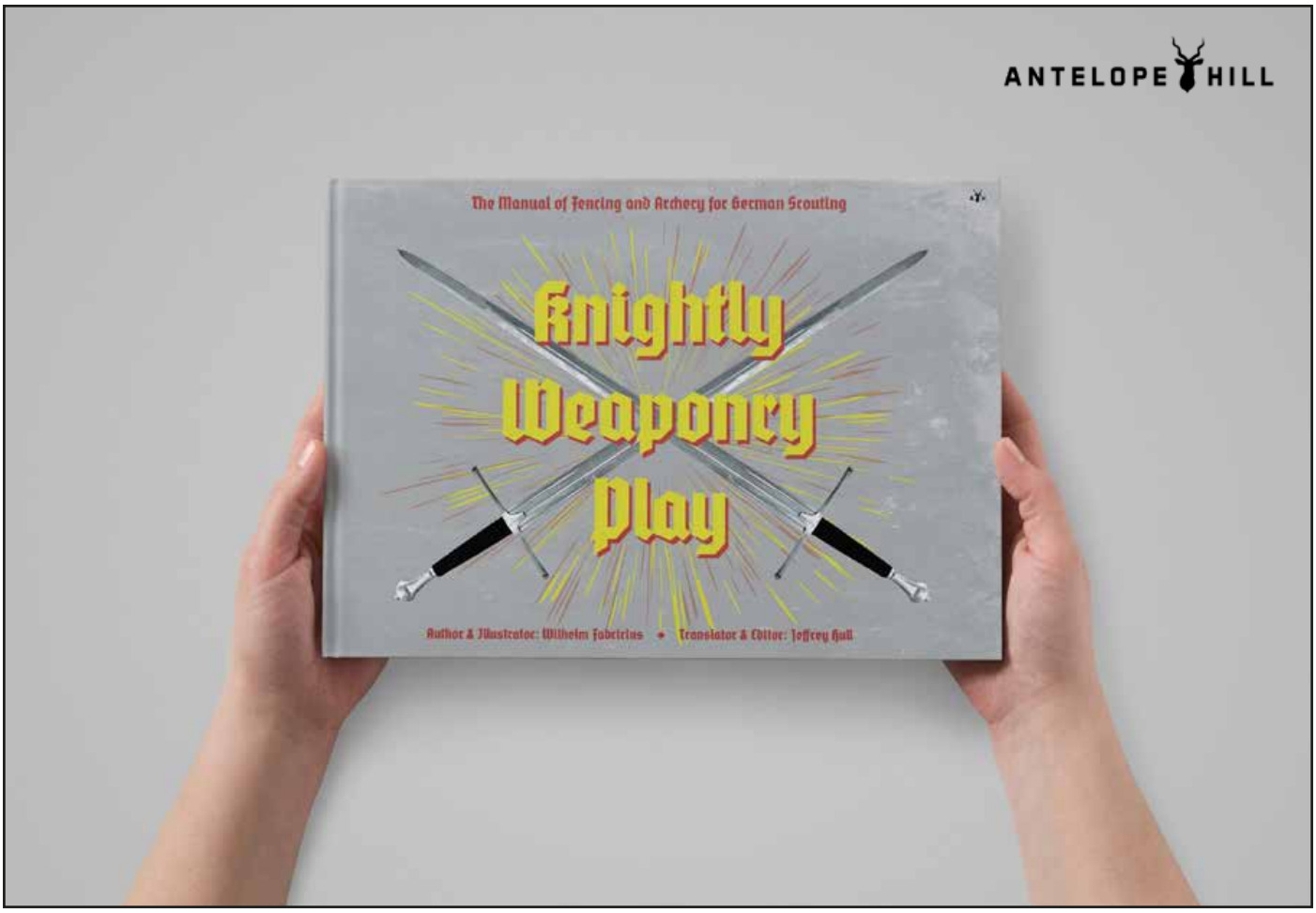
The man of great-yet-tragically-insufficient self-mastery defeated himself. When his troops refused to march further, and Alexander was forced to turn back to Babylon, the most powerful conqueror the world had ever seen drank himself into a stupor, killed his best friend, and died a tyrant to his subjects. While Alexander may have conquered the world, he ultimately failed to conquer himself.

Generations later, one of Alexander's successors in India would face a similar problem. After having "conquered more tribes than Alexander," as Strabo says, the king whom his Indian subjects called Milinda, Menander The First, found himself beset on all sides by threats to his kingdom and an army uninterested in going any further.

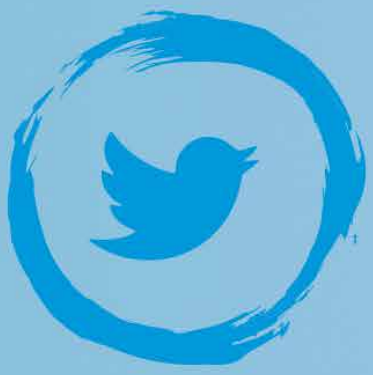
One wonders if Menander realized he was in the same spot as Alexander, who, having his will defied by the world, had found himself in a similar spot to his model, Achilles. An unceasing will to act trumped by circumstance.

ALEXANDER, MENANDER, AND HOMER'S DILEMMA

In one of the greatest essays on the ancient Greek cultural character ever written, Nietzsche outlined the Greek love of competition and the madness that followed the cursed



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COMING SOON FROM NOTFLIX

few who found themselves with no rivals.

It would seem that ancient Greek nature was to aim at the impossible. A noble goal stretches potential. It can make almost anyone better than they otherwise would have been.

But Nietzsche doesn't really dwell on why those who attain it go mad. Beyond declaring that the gods liked to sabotage those closest to them, he doesn't fully explore the horror of knowing that what lies beyond peerlessness… is nothing. Winning more games, conquering more tribes, and building more cities than anybody else, might bring you momentary respite from the void that eventually engulfs every man and pulls his trophies and buildings back into the earth, but it's only momentary. When you have summited a peak so high that no living thing can block your vision, you will eventually have to gaze into the empty void above.

From there, the Greeks entered a nihilistic spiral that rarely ended well. The Greeks so feared this tendency in their character that they ostracized the best among them so that the competition may continue. When competition became pointless, perpetually victorious athletes like Miltiades pushed the limits of their influence until their peers were forced to stop them, as did kings like Alexander and even entire city-states like Athens and Sparta. The downfall of Icarus was not that he flew too close to the sun but that he would have flown straight into it if unchecked.

The same, it would seem, would have been the fate of Menander I had he not met wise Nagasena, a sage whose culture's expansive cosmology stretched beyond even the Egyptian teachers of the Greeks to times when even gods will die.

KING MENANDER, SAVIOR OF THE INDO-GREEKS

Like Alexander before him, Menander had been trained since birth in all the ways of war and wisdom alike. Like most Greek royals of that period, he was likely reared on *The Iliad* and taught by philosophers. Menander then spent much of his early life navigating internecine politics and subduing foreign tribes along his borders. Like his forebears, Menander also ruled over numerous non-Hellenic peoples. Like Alexander, he adopted a foreign religion. But this is where the similarities end.

Unlike Alexander, who attempted to join the pantheons of Greece, Egypt, and Persia, Menander became a devout follower. What's more, the foreign religion Menander adopted seems to have actually contained solutions to Nietzsche's conundrum, for Menander did not go mad upon becoming peerless in his kingly vocation but instead grew to be a wise old ruler recognized by the Buddhist monks as having achieved enlightenment before his passing.

Nor did Menander succumb to the self-negating criticisms lobbed at Buddhism from the West by the likes of Rene Girard and Schopenhauer over a millennium later, for he is also said to have died in his battle tent after accomplishing enough to be hailed, "Menander the Savior" or "Soter."

The Savior, like The Great, was fond of philosophy as well as power and enjoyed debating the wisest men in his kingdom. So good was he at it that a great many were stumped into submission. As the legend goes, his questioning challenged even heaven itself, and so a god was brought down to earthly incarnation to answer his questions as proof of his own worthiness of enlightenment.

The symbolism here is easy to miss for us moderns who consider all talk of gods and monsters as fanciful storytelling, but this isn't your Marvel comics popcorn-selling variety of mythology. This is about your soul.

Buddhism was to Hinduism what Christianity was to the local faiths of Europe, it was a reply to the unceasing desire of man to become god. To say that even gods die is to say that humans who are deified are still mortal. It is to say that there is a way out rather than up. Even the gods, in their infinite power, must nonetheless deal with pain and sorrow, despair and regret. Fate is inescapable. So how do you shut off the soap opera of existence? Or at least, how do you stop caring so much? You meditate.

DO YOU EVEN SIT, BRAH?

The driving problem facing anyone who is an actual person and not a mythical demigod is the conquest of the material. You are your body, and the sensory feedback of for your keeps you

from thinking and acting the way you want.

If, as Nietzsche says, man is to be surpassed, the way to surpass yourself is neither physical asceticism nor endless philosophizing. Instead, take control of your brain by sitting with your mind and figuring out what is the appropriate or proper response to all that befalls man.

But first, you need to train up your concentration, since the ability to resist distraction is how you'll prevent yourself from being distracted by the task at hand and succumbing to overreaction when faced with unpleasant experiences. This is done by focusing on simple things like breathing or a single candle flame for a set period of time. Progressive overload is achieved by adding more time and greater intensity of concentration. For example, you might start by feeling the sensation of breathing for a few minutes and eventually progress to deeply feeling the sensations of every inch of your body from scalp to toe for over an hour a day.

Then, as you get better at this, you might turn those noobie concentration gains to topics like the nature of reality or how to respond to assholes in a way that doesn't result in having to deal with more assholery. In this way, time spent on the cushion actually leads somewhere, and one can experience philosophy on both a meta and physical level.

The dialogues of Menander and Nagasena feature questions and answers to a seemingly inexhaustible list of questions. The Pali Canon supposedly contains all the true words of the Buddha himself. But Buddhism is not a religion of words, and its scriptures are only as useful as the effect they produce on the reader. This is why most Buddhists aren't chastised for not having read the canonical works – direct experience is far more important.

AS THE BUDDHA HIMSELF SAID, "ONCE YOU CROSS THE RIVER, DITCH THE RAFT"

Dogma and instruction are fine if you need them to get going, but what's most important is that you proceed. Reading about mastering your mind is not going to grow your concentration any more than reading about bodybuilding is going to grow your physique. This has been one of the persistent errors of philosophy and a reason why Socrates so despised books. Book-knowledge isn't self-knowledge.

There are at least as many meditation techniques as there are ways to hit your pecs, but the truth is that mental development is very simple: concentrate and observe.

Most people don't do this, because meditation is much more like extended isometric exercises than lifting. Lots of time, under minimal tension, until the tension becomes unbearable, then the timer sounds, and you do it again tomorrow. Perhaps the most extreme version of this is the Zen practice that involves not moving a muscle for days on end. Whereas even lifters who spend hours in the gym are training explosively with reps lasting 5-10 seconds at most.

Also, unlike lifting, noobie gains are mostly invisible. But then, one day, you find yourself able to focus on a task for hours or suddenly catch yourself losing control of your temper and are able to "grab hold of the chariot" and rein in your emotions. That's when you realize, "Holy shit, this stuff works." But, like lifting, you have to do it regularly, or your gains go away.

NAGASENA AND THE ANSWERS FIT FOR A PHILOSOPHER-KING

But convincing the brilliant young philosopher-king, so fond of crushing enemies on the battlefield and yogis in debate, to stop arguing and start practicing would take some doing. When Nagasena first met him, Menander delighted in posing paradoxical questions that dumbfounded even the wisest of Brahmins, such as, "Is there such a thing as good and evil acts? Is there such a thing as fruit, the ultimate result, of good and evil acts?" and (paraphrasing here) "If nature rules the world, then why do people go to hell?"

The *Milinda Panha* is over 200 pages long and contains many answers to such philosophical questions as well as details on scripture that are largely irrelevant today. Most people barely know the Buddha's life story, let alone the finer points of doctrine, like whether a monk should accept gifts and how that's different from being given food.

What is of interest is the way Nagasena re-



Main image: Fresco of Alexander the Great, riding his horse Bucephalus, from the Alexander Mosaic in Pompeii (now in the Naples National Archaeological Museum; a Roman bust of Menander I; coinage of Menander II, bearing the legend on the reverse side, “King Menander, follower of the Dharma”



plies to the questions he's asked.

Over and over, the young sage specifically chooses from the many monikers of the Buddha the title of "Conqueror." While it's a strange thing to call a man born into a warrior family who ends his life with no lands and no weapons, the title nonetheless appealed to the physically and intellectually combative king.

Another effective method for winning the philosopher-king over to the merits of mental training is found in the fact that the young sage rarely provides definitive answers at first. While others immediately give the king something to refute. When asked who rules the earth, a Brahmin shouts, "Earth!" Nagasena's replies, on the other hand, are more considered and make use of metaphors that impart profound insights for the questioner who puzzles them out.

In many of the replies Nagasena gives, the metaphors and parables told are especially relevant to a royal personage well-acquainted with the arts of statecraft, warfare, hunting, and politics.

For example, when asked by the king about how the qualities needed to escape suffering are the same as those required to escape reincarnation, Nagasena answers, "They are like the various parts of an army – elephants, cavalry, war chariots, and archers – who all work to one end, to wit: the conquest in battle of the opposing army."

Nagasena knows that men of ambition are fixated on conquest, even when the opposing army lies within. So those who cringe at all the stereotypical New Age jargon of "transcendence" and "loving-kindness" might do well to give *The Milinda Panha* a skim. Much of it is clearly directed at a proud and proven warrior who nonetheless has doubts about how best to maintain great strength of character for himself and his people. One of its themes, not explicitly stated but evident through word choice, is how to attain and maintain the character of their common Indo-European ancestors. The Sanskrit word used for "noble" here, "Ariya," shares common roots with the word "Aryan," clearly referring to the positive characteristics of peoples who conquered and ruled both India and Greece in bygone days. Virtues that are suited not only to the battlefield but to all aspects of life.

At the end of all this questioning, Menander is said to have converted to Buddhism. Proof may be found on coinage depicting the great king on one side and the dharma chakra, the Buddhist wheel of universal moral order, on the other. That this was clearly a golden age of economic prosperity can be discerned through the fact that so many such coins from the period come to us intact, indicating that a great many more coins were needed as a medium of trade during Menander's reign. The corollary is that no Indo-Greek ruler before or since has used this much Buddhist iconography.

MENTAL ISOMETRICS OR HOW TO GET SPIRITUALLY JACKED

Do you find the answers to your philosophical conundrums leave much to be desired? Did you follow some macho podcaster or bronzed-ab influencer into the dusty shelves of your local library, only to find the likes of Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, or Junger utterly incomprehensible?

Consider the possibility that it isn't the philosopher who sucks, but your inability to perceive his work with the concentration of mind and will necessary to fully grasp it. Oftentimes what we consider a lack of intelligence or life experience might actually be a lack of mental training.

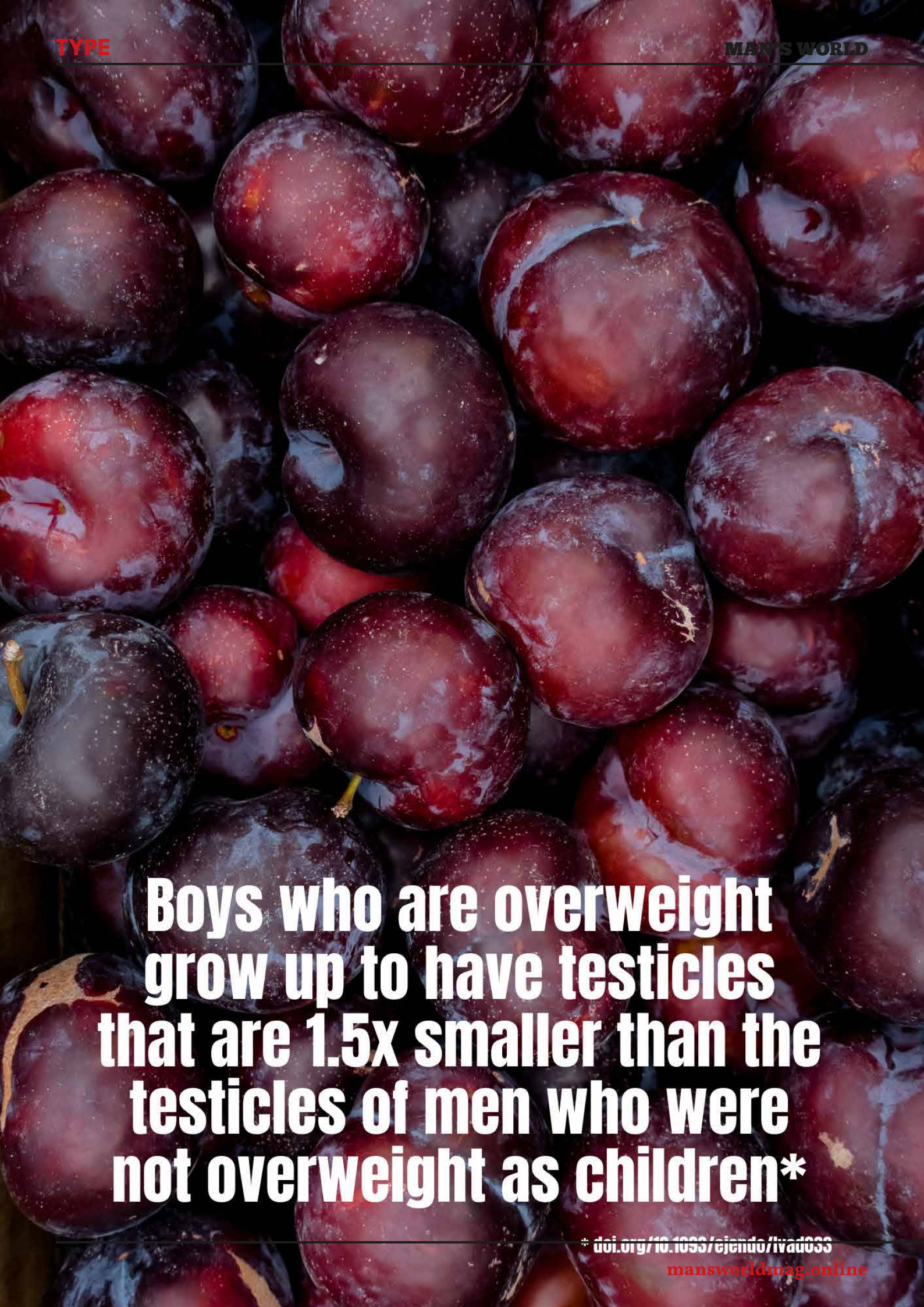
That's right, there is a way to cultivate discipline and mental fortitude in much the same way that one might expand one's muscles through bodybuilding. Ignore the "mindfulness" and "meditation" marketing that targets granola hippies and tech nerds, and embark on the same mental and spiritual journey that enabled the samurai to face death unflinchingly. Start mental training: the gains are worth it.

One basic exercise for concentration looks like this:

1. Find a quiet spot to sit comfortably.
2. Close your eyes and count your inhalations and exhalations until you reach 20.
3. Repeat for time (start with 5 minutes and work your way up to an hour).

Rarely do I see instructors or manuals ex-


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Boys who are overweight grow up to have testicles that are 1.5x smaller than the testicles of men who were not overweight as children*

* doi.org/10.1093/ejendo/lvad033

plain why you are doing this, which is to train the mind's ability to concentrate on bodily sensations as experienced by your brain. Where bodybuilders build the mind-muscle connection that grows muscles and stimulates hypertrophy, meditation strengthens a mind-mental connection. These faculties, once sufficiently developed, can then be applied to the mental equivalent of powerlifting or gymnastics: you start drilling down into your experience of reality, noticing all the while how everything that comes to you is mediated by sensation.

Eventually, you realize those sensations are themselves illusory and that you can train yourself to indulge or ignore them at will.

At this point, you will have reached the freedom you seek since you can now mentally 'turn off' what you do not wish to experience through similar exercises over extended periods of time. Take, for example, the Tibetan practice of Tumo, wherein monks can transform their bodies into mini-furnaces, surviving for days in the Himalayas under sub-zero temperatures wearing little more than flimsy robes and special underwear. But first, they must practice a kind of Kundalini breathing and meditation that is said to "burn away negative emotions".

To be unaffected by circumstance, to be able to initiate action rather than be stuck forever reacting to the actions of others, is to escape much suffering and even, according to some traditions, achieve godhood. Master yourself, and you master your fate. You may not gain the ability to hurl thunderbolts, but you will know how to overcome the desire to do so.

Of course, this is but the first step, a "beginner's workout for the mind," if you will, as the path to a perfected mind, like that of a perfected body, is long. We know that bodybuilding requires specific exercises which vary depending on the person, their genetics, their muscle insertions and skeletal structure, as well as a number of non-workout factors like nutrition and rest requirements. Likewise, mental and spiritual training are at least as complex and can't be completely covered here. While the process is broadly understood, the specific problems a trainee faces often require personal guidance.

Suffice it to say that, after much training and dialogue, Menander would have noticed changes to his awareness, ability to concentrate, perceptions of his environment, and more. Deeper emotions and transformations ranging from euphoria and depression would have followed on his meditative journey, until one day he arrived at a state of equanimity. This marks the "snuffing out" of desire known as Nirvana. After this, he would be considered an Arhat (or Arahant, depending on the transliteration).

WHAT ENLIGHTENMENT DID FOR MENANDER

This is by no means a comprehensive list. Enlightenment provided:

- Increased reflexes
- Mental clarity and the merging of broad awareness with focused attention
- Control over and ability to observe his emotions
- A deeper and more complete understanding of morality and the nature of reality
- A balanced experience of his emotions marked by what some Buddhists have termed "sweetness" and others call "inner peace"

There are also a number of "powers" that yogis and monks of various creeds are said to be capable of performing, such as mind-reading, prophesy, and even levitation, but I will not dwell too long on these other than to say that the discoveries of science in recent years have rendered many such feats less incredible than we once believed. Telepathy through meditation, for example, has been recorded as an achievable phenomenon by the US government (search for "CIA Gateway Tapes" for more on this). Fortunately, there are not many accounts of the supernatural in the *Milinda Panha*, and those which are mentioned can be taken mythologically, i.e., as metaphor until proven otherwise, to be psychoanalyzed as much or as little as the reader would like.

Depending on which tradition of Buddhism you follow, attaining the initial stages of enlightenment, aka mastery over your desires, is enough to classify you as an Arhat. What happens next is up to you: Continue as a recluse


Ancient men conquered cities, put them to the sword and flame. Meanwhile, you host "masculinity" podcast and bitch about "double standards" for women.
YOU ARE GAY!!



and achieve full Buddhahood, or return to society as a Bodhisattva and liberate as many fellow souls as you can.

Unpacking this, you could say that the choice is whether to spend the rest of your days doing nothing but meditating or help others awaken to their enslavement by desire and teach the steps necessary to free themselves from it.

WHAT MENANDER DID AFTER ENLIGHTENMENT

One of the reasons why historians remain dubious about Menander's enlightenment lies in the fact that aside from the *Milinda Panha*, there are no accounts of him withdrawing to a monastery or giving up the sword for good. In fact, Plutarch believes he likely died on campaign. That we cannot conceive of him being both an enlightened person and an active war hero betrays our modern biases as to what Buddhism can be.

While it is true that a Bodhisattva is a master of self-control who has dedicated himself to liberating others from mental bondage, there is no definitive way to go about doing it. Such a figure is also free from the fetters of "good behavior" imposed by society.

There may be orthodox texts that mandate all monastic followers of the Buddha keep vows of chastity, refrain from killing, and preserve peace at all costs, but we also know of several "mad monks" in possession of "crazy wisdom" who did not obey such injunctions. Further, Buddhism does not explicitly argue for "turning the other cheek" when attacked. Rather, self-defense is often seen as a necessity, and standing up for oneself is a mercy when done to prevent one's enemies from incurring even greater sins. Bodhidharma, for example, is credited with the invention of Shaolin Kung Fu and is said to have continued lopping off arms and killing bandits long after his supposed enlightenment.

Buddhist monks elsewhere and at other times have also taken up arms. The monks of China's various Shaolin Temples and the Sohei Monks of Samurai-era Japan spring readily to mind. Famous samurai such as Benkei and Suzuki Shosan became Zen monks. Even Japan's greatest swordsman, Miyamoto Musashi, is said to have died a Zen monk.

This could have been the case with Menander, who evidently decided that the best way to spread Buddhism and liberate souls was to continue ruling over his kingdom, subduing the Brahmins and Bactrians who would persecute Buddhists or challenge his peace.

Had he not used his enlightenment to become a venerable ruler and defender of his faith, had he instead chosen to abandon all duties to withdraw into some mountain retreat, then it is doubtful the people would have clamored to turn his remains into relics and spread them across his empire for purposes of pilgrimage. As Plutarch writes:

"But when one Menander, who had reigned graciously over the Bactrians, died afterwards [sic] in the camp, the cities indeed by common consent celebrated his funerals; but coming to a contest about his relics, they were difficultly at last brought to this agreement, that his ashes being distributed, everyone should carry away an equal share, and they should all erect monuments to him."

During his reign, he built innumerable temples and even brought together Greek and Ghandara artisans who would, for the first time, sculpt a human likeness for the Buddha with the same divine mathematical principles of perfection used to depict Apollo and the other Olympians. Prior to this, all references to the Buddha were made through symbols, which explains why coinage from the time tends to depict what looks like the steering wheel on a ship (known as the Dharma Wheel).

A golden age for Buddhism ensued. Shrines, temples, and stupas (structures containing holy relics) rose across the land like some transcendent network of holy gyms for the mind. Everywhere, missionaries could be found in their familiar orange robes and alms bowls, teaching everyone from commoners to nobles how to overcome mental and moral weakness. All of it was funded by a king whose experience of liberation was more visceral than the utterings of priests or even the drug-induced initiatory ceremonies of his Dionysian forebears.

While our age of material plenty coincides with moral and spiritual decay, Menander's championing of Buddhism did not preclude his empire from being a materially prosperous one, as the many coins we have from that period can attest.

If Menander really had followed the Buddhist way, then he would have directly experienced the cessation of dissatisfaction and suffering that befalls all beings, great and small. Perhaps this explains the zeal with which he propagated his newfound faith and why he never traded his crown for the cassock of the recluse: he honestly couldn't think of anything better to do after becoming the most powerful ruler around than dedicate himself to the spread of mental and spiritual fitness.

The fact that the Brahmin kingdoms to the south and his Bactrian relatives to the west were not only his enemies but also viewed Buddhism unfavorably no doubt gave Menander another reason to continue: he was the only one who could prevent the answer to all his existential questions from being snuffed out.

SO WHAT REALLY BECAME OF MENANDER? THE CHOICE IS YOURS

Did he leave his kingdom to his son and withdraw from worldly life and become a full-blown Buddha himself, as the *Milinda Panha* suggests, or did he, as Plutarch believes, die in a tent while defending his kingdom from one of its many Brahmin or Bactrian enemies?

While we may never know for certain which path he took, I would like to propose a possible answer which lies somewhere in between. It is not impossible, after all, for lay people today to attain Arhatship, and many go on to benefit in ways beyond the spiritual. Daniel Ingram, for example, wrote the comprehensive manual on attaining enlightenment, *Mastering the Core Teachings of the Buddha*, while also serving as an ER surgeon. As mentioned previously, the savior's work as a Bodhisattva would not necessarily preclude him from taking up arms or leading a military force.

There is no reason to believe Menander's conversion necessitated that he become a pacifist. It's very likely he died a spiritually enlightened warrior king.

But if that isn't enough, then I would like to propose an alternative interpretation, one from a time in which history was written, not to preserve material facts but to provide readers with guiding principles for their own lives.

Knowing exactly how Menander died is less important than knowing what you will do now that you're aware of a man who escaped the Nietzschean curse that befell all the Greeks before him who found themselves peerless in their chosen fields of competition. Perhaps there's a way out for you too. Maybe it involves withdrawing from the world, and maybe it means becoming an even greater part of it. The decision is deeply personal, and it's up to you to determine which of Menander's endings works for you when the time comes to make that decision.

EPILOGUE: THE BUDDHA'S BEST STUDENT

There stand in India a number of temples from and after the period of the Indo-Greeks, several of which contain sculpted reliefs of the Buddha, carved with a lifelike realism common to the art of that era.

Depicted on them are scenes from the life of the Buddha and his various disciples. Among them, one bears a strikingly recognizable and uniquely un-Indian appearance. The largest of the Buddha's guardian disciples appears to be a well-muscled, bearded man wearing a lion's pelt and carrying a club. He is the same demi-god and ancestor of Alexander the Great: Heracles, better known by his Roman moniker, Hercules.

The divine hero of the Greeks, having finally found a cure for his madness in the lessons of the divine sage of India, protects him with his life. Never was there a more poignant mythologization of history than this statue symbolically depicting what occurred during those years when Menander reigned. After Menander became a student of Nagasena, the sons of Heracles used their prodigious might to defeat the enemies of the Buddha. Buddha's followers, in turn, showed their protectors how to finally slake the endless thirst for competition and overcome the hubris which drove so many of their heroes to madness and self-destruction.

You could say that in each other, the two conquerors found what they needed to overcome the greatest challenges to their existence.



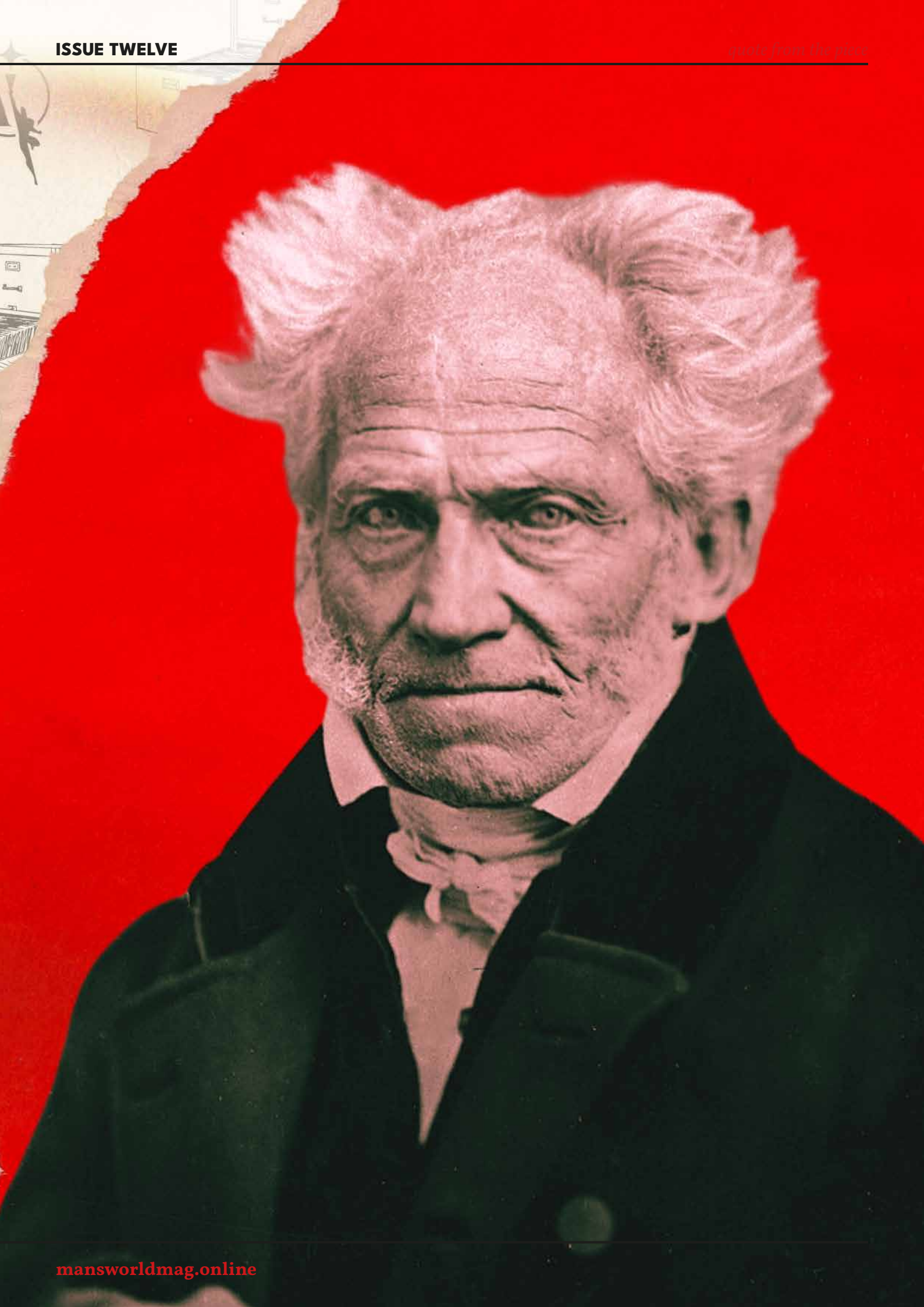

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ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER

"ON WOMEN"

THE GERMAN PHILOSOPHER'S DEEPLY INSIGHTFUL 1865 ESSAY INTO THE NATURE OF THE SO-CALLED "FAIRER SEX"



"NATURE HAS FURNISHED WOMAN, AS SHE HAS THE REST OF HER CREATURES, WITH THE WEAPONS AND IMPLEMENTS NECESSARY FOR THE PROTECTION OF HER EXISTENCE AND FOR JUST THE LENGTH OF TIME THAT THEY WILL BE OF SERVICE"



These few words of Jouy, *Sans les femmes le commencement de notre vie seroit privé de secours, le milieu de plaisirs et la fin de consolation* ["Without women, the beginning of our life would be helpless; the middle, devoid of pleasure; and the end, of consolation"), more exactly express, in my opinion, the true praise of woman than Schiller's poem, *Würde der Frauen*, which is the fruit of much careful thought and impressive because of its antithesis and use of contrast. The same thing is more pathetically expressed by Byron in *Sardanapalus*, Act i, Sc. 2:—

"The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast,
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hour of him who led them."

Both passages show the right point of view for the appreciation of women.

One need only look at a woman's shape to discover that she is not intended for either too much mental or too much physical work. She pays the debt of life not by what she does but by what she suffers—by the pains of child-bearing, care for the child, and by subjection to man, to whom she should be a patient and cheerful companion. The greatest sorrows and joys or great exhibition of strength are not assigned to her; her life should flow more quietly, more gently, and less obtrusively than man's, without her

being essentially happier or unhappier.

Women are directly adapted to act as the nurses and educators of our early childhood, for the simple reason that they themselves are childish, foolish, and short-sighted—in a word, are big children all their lives, something intermediate between the child and the man, who is a man in the strict sense of the word. Consider how a young girl will toy day after day with a child, dance with it and sing to it; and then consider what a man, with the very best intentions in the world, could do in her place.

With girls, Nature has had in view what is called in a dramatic sense a "striking effect," for she endows them for a few years with a richness of beauty and a, fulness of charm at the expense of the rest of their lives; so that they may during these years ensnare the fantasy of a man to such a degree as to make him rush into taking the honourable care of them, in some kind of form, for a lifetime—a step which would not seem sufficiently justified if he only considered the matter. Accordingly, Nature has furnished woman, as she has the rest of her creatures, with the weapons and implements necessary for the protection of her existence and for just the length of time that they will be of service to her; so that Nature has proceeded here with her usual economy. Just as the female ant after coition loses her wings, which then become superfluous, nay, dangerous for breeding purposes, so for the most part does a woman lose her beauty after giving birth to one or two children; and probably for the same reasons.

Then again we find that young girls in their hearts regard their domestic or other affairs as secondary things, if not as a mere jest. Love, conquests, and all that these include, such as dressing, dancing, and so on, they give their serious attention.

The nobler and more perfect a thing is, the later and slower is it in reaching maturity. Man reaches the maturity of his reasoning and mental faculties scarcely before he is eight-and-twenty; woman when she is eighteen; but hers is reason of very narrow limitations. This is why women remain children all their lives, for they always see only what is near at hand, cling to the present, take the appearance of a thing for reality, and prefer trifling matters to the most important. It is by virtue of man's reasoning powers that he does not live in the present only, like the brute, but observes and ponders over the past and future; and from this spring discretion, care, and that anxiety which we so frequently notice in people. The advantages, as well as the disadvantages, that this entails, make woman, in consequence of her weaker reasoning powers, less of a partaker in them. Moreover, she is intellectually short-sighted, for although her intuitive understanding quickly perceives what is near to her, on the other hand her circle of vision is limited and does not embrace anything that is remote; hence



The German philosopher ArthurA Schopenhauer (1788-1860) is bestA known for his 1818 treatise TheA World as Will and Representation,A which builds on the metaphysicalA scheme of another great GermanA philosopher, Immanuel Kant.A

Schopenhauer's writings were extremelyA wide-ranging, covering subjects fromA metaphysics and music to asceticism andA nihilism. He was one of the first WesternA philosophers to engage with EasternA thought, and Buddism in particular.A

His work has been of enduring influenceA in the philosophical tradition, with thinkersA like Nietzsche and Wittgenstein drawingA heavily on it. His influence has also beenA heavily felt in the arts. Wagner was anA early disciple, as was the playwright SamuelA Beckett.A

everything that is absent or past, or in the future, affects women in a less degree than men. This is why they have greater inclination for extravagance, which sometimes borders on madness. Women in their hearts think that men are intended to earn money so that they may spend it, if possible during their husband's lifetime, but at any rate after his death.

As soon as he has given them his earnings on which to keep house they are strengthened in this belief. Although all this entails many disadvantages, yet it has this advantage—that a woman lives more in the present than a man, and that she enjoys it more keenly if it is at all bearable. This is the origin of that cheerfulness which is peculiar to woman and makes her fit to divert man, and in case of need, to console him when he is weighed down by cares. To consult women in matters of difficulty, as the Germans used to do in old times, is by no means a matter to be overlooked; for their way of grasping a thing is quite different from ours, chiefly because they like the shortest way to the point, and usually keep their attention fixed upon what lies nearest; while we, as a rule, see beyond it, for the simple reason that it lies under our nose; it then becomes necessary for us to be brought back to the thing in order to obtain a near and simple view. This is why women are more sober in their judgment than we, and why they see nothing more in things than is really there; while we, if our passions are roused, slightly exaggerate or add to our imagination.

It is because women's reasoning powers are weaker that they show more sympathy for the unfortunate than men, and consequently take a kindlier interest in them. On the other hand, women are inferior to men in matters of justice, honesty, and conscientiousness. Again, because their reasoning faculty is weak, things clearly visible and real, and belonging to the present, exercise a power over them which is rarely counteracted by abstract thoughts, fixed maxims, or firm resolutions, in general, by regard for the past and future or by consideration for what is absent and remote. Accordingly they have the first and principal qualities of virtue, but they lack the secondary qualities which are often a necessary instrument in developing it. Women may be compared in this respect to an organism that has a liver but no gall-bladder. So that it will be found that the fundamental fault in the character of women is that they have no "*sense of justice*." This arises from their deficiency in the power of reasoning already referred to, and reflection, but is also partly due to the fact that Nature has not destined them, as the weaker sex, to be dependent on strength but on cunning; this is why they are instinctively crafty, and have an ineradicable tendency to lie. For as lions are furnished with claws and teeth, elephants with tusks, boars with fangs, bulls with horns, and the cuttlefish with its dark, inky fluid, so Nature has provided woman for her protection and defence with the faculty of dissimulation, and all the power which Nature has given to man in the form of bodily strength and reason has been conferred on woman in this form. Hence, dissimulation is innate in woman and almost as characteristic of the very stupid as of the clever. Accordingly, it is as natural for women to dissemble at every opportunity as it is for those animals to turn to their weapons when they are attacked; and they feel in doing so that in a certain measure they are only making use of their rights. Therefore a woman who is perfectly truthful and does not dissemble is perhaps an impossibility. This is why they see through dissimulation in others so easily; therefore it is not advisable to attempt it with them. From the fundamental defect that has been stated, and all that it involves, spring falseness, faithlessness, treachery, ungratefulness, and so on. In a court of justice women are more often found guilty of perjury than men. It is indeed to be generally questioned whether they should be allowed to take an oath at all. From time to time there are repeated cases everywhere of ladies, who want for nothing, secretly pocketing and taking away things from shop counters.

Nature has made it the calling of the young, strong, and handsome men to look after the propagation of the human race; so that the species may not degenerate. This is the firm will of Nature, and it finds its expression in the passions of women. This law surpasses all others in both age and power. Woe then to the man who sets up rights and interests in such a way as to make them stand in the way of it; for whatever he may do or say, they will, at the first significant onset, be unmercifully annihilated. For the secret, unformulated, nay, unconscious but innate moral of woman is: *We are justified in deceiving those who, because they care a little for us,—that is to say for the*

"NATURE HAS MADE IT THE CALLING OF THE YOUNG, STRONG, AND HANDSOME MEN TO LOOK AFTER THE PROPAGATION OF THE HUMAN RACE"

individual,—imagine they have obtained rights over the species. The constitution, and consequently the welfare of the species, have been put into our hands and entrusted to our care through the medium of the next generation which proceeds from us; let us fulfil our duties conscientiously.

But women are by no means conscious of this leading principle *in abstracto*, they are only conscious of it *in concreto*, and have no other way of expressing it than in the manner in which they act when the opportunity arrives. So that their conscience does not trouble them so much as we imagine, for in the darkest depths of their hearts they are conscious that in violating their duty towards the individual they have all the better fulfilled it towards the species, whose claim upon them is infinitely greater. (A fuller explanation of this matter may be found in vol. ii., ch. 44, in my chief work, *The World as Will and Representation*.)

Because women in truth exist entirely for the propagation of the race, and their destiny ends here, they live more for the species than for the individual, and in their hearts take the affairs of the species more seriously than those of the individual. This gives to their whole being and character a certain frivolousness, and altogether a certain tendency which is fundamentally different from that of man; and this it is which develops that discord in married life which is so prevalent and almost the normal state.

It is natural for a feeling of mere indifference to exist between men, but between women it is actual enmity. This is due perhaps to the fact that *odium figulinum* [lit. "the jealousy of a tradesman"] in the case of men, is limited to their everyday affairs, but with women embraces the whole sex; since they have only one kind of business. Even when they meet in the street, they look at each other like Guelphs and Ghibellines. And it is quite evident when two women first make each other's acquaintance that they exhibit more constraint and dissimulation than two men placed in similar circumstances. This is why an exchange of compliments between two women is much more ridiculous than between two men. Further, while a man will, as a rule, address others, even those inferior to himself, with a certain feeling of consideration and humanity, it is unbearable to see how proudly and disdainfully a lady of rank will, for the most part, behave towards one who is in a lower rank (not employed in her service) when she speaks to her. This may be because differences of rank are much more precarious with women than with us, and consequently more quickly change their line of conduct and elevate them, or because while a hundred things must be weighed in our case, there is only one to be weighed in theirs, namely, with which man they have found favour; and again, because of the one-sided nature of their vocation they stand in closer relationship to each other than men do; and so it is they try to render prominent the differences of rank.

It is only the man whose intellect is clouded by his sexual instinct that could give that stunted, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, and short-legged race the name of *the fair sex*; for the entire beauty of the sex is based on this instinct. One would be more justified in calling them the *unaesthetic* sex than the beautiful. Neither for music, nor for poetry, nor for fine art have they any real or true sense and susceptibility, and it is mere mockery on their part, in their desire to please, if they affect any such thing.

This makes them incapable of taking a purely objective interest in anything, and the reason for it is, I fancy, as follows. A man strives to get *direct* mastery over things either by understanding them or by compulsion. But a woman is always and everywhere driven to *indirect* mastery, namely through a man; all her *direct* mastery being limited to him alone. Therefore it lies in woman's nature to look upon everything only as a means for winning man, and her interest in anything





else is always a simulated one, a mere roundabout way to gain her ends, consisting of coquetry and pretence. Hence Rousseau said, *Les femmes, en général, n'aiment aucun art, ne se connoissent à aucun et n'ont aucun génie* ["Women in general do not like any art, do not know themselves and have no genius"]. Every one who can see through a sham must have found this to be the case. One need only watch the way they behave at a concert, the opera, or the play; the childish simplicity, for instance, with which they keep on chattering during the finest passages in the greatest masterpieces. If it is true that the Greeks forbade women to go to the play, they acted in a right way; for they would at any rate be able to hear something. In our day it would be more appropriate to substitute *taceat mulier in theatro* ["Let the woman be quiet in the theatre"] for *taceat mulier in ecclesia* ["Let the woman be quiet in church"]; and this might perhaps be put up in big letters on the curtain.

Nothing different can be expected of women if it is borne in mind that the most eminent of the whole sex have never accomplished anything in the fine arts that is really great, genuine, and original, or given to the world any kind of work of permanent value. This is most striking in regard to painting, the technique of which is as much within their reach as within ours; this is why they pursue it so industriously. Still, they have not a single great painting to show, for the simple reason that they lack that objectivity of mind which is precisely what is so directly necessary in painting. They always stick to what is subjective. For this reason, ordinary women have no susceptibility for painting at all: for *natura non facet saltum* ["Nature does not make a leap"]. And Huarte, in his book which has been famous for three hundred years, *Examen de ingenios para las scienzias*, contends that women do not possess the higher capacities. Individual and partial exceptions do not alter the matter; women are and remain, taken altogether, the most thorough and incurable philistines; and because of the extremely absurd arrangement which allows them to share the position and title of their husbands they are a constant stimulus to his ignoble ambitions. And further, it is because they are philistines that modern society, to which they give the tone and where they have sway, has become corrupted. As regards their position, one should be guided by Napoleon's maxim, *Les femmes n'ont pas de rang* ["Women have no rank"]; and regarding them in other things, Chamfort says very truly: *Elles sont faites pour commercer avec nos faiblesses avec notre folie, mais non avec notre raison. Il existe entre elles et les hommes des sympathies d'épiderme et très-peu de sympathies d'esprit d'âme et de caractère* ["They are made to trade with out weaknesses, with iur madness, but not with our reason. There exists between them and men a shared feeling that is skin-deep and very little sympathy of spirit, soul and character"]. They are the *sexus sequior*, the second sex in every respect, therefore their weaknesses should be spared, but to treat women with extreme reverence is ridiculous, and lowers us in their own eyes. When nature divided the human race into two parts, she did not cut it exactly through the middle! The difference between the positive and negative poles, according to polarity, is not merely qualitative but also quantitative. And it was in this light that the ancients and people of the East regarded woman; they recognised her true position better than we, with our old French ideas of gallantry and absurd veneration, that highest product of Christian-Teutonic stupidity. These ideas have only served to make them arrogant and imperious, to such an extent as to remind one at times of the holy apes in Benares, who, in the consciousness of their holiness and inviolability, think they can do anything and everything they please.

In the West, the woman, that is to say the "lady," finds herself in a *fausse position*; for woman, rightly named by the ancients *sexus sequior*, is by no means fit to be the object of our honour and veneration, or to hold her head higher than man and to have the same rights as he. The consequences of this *fausse position* are sufficiently clear. Accordingly, it would be a very desirable thing if this Number Two of the human race in Europe were assigned her natural position, and the lady-grievance got rid of, which is not only ridiculed by the whole of Asia, but would have been equally ridiculed by Greece and Rome. The result of this would be that the condition of our social, civil, and political affairs would be incalculably improved. The Salic law would be unnecessary; it would be a superfluous truism. The European lady, strictly speaking, is a creature who should not exist at all; but there ought to be housekeepers, and young girls who hope to


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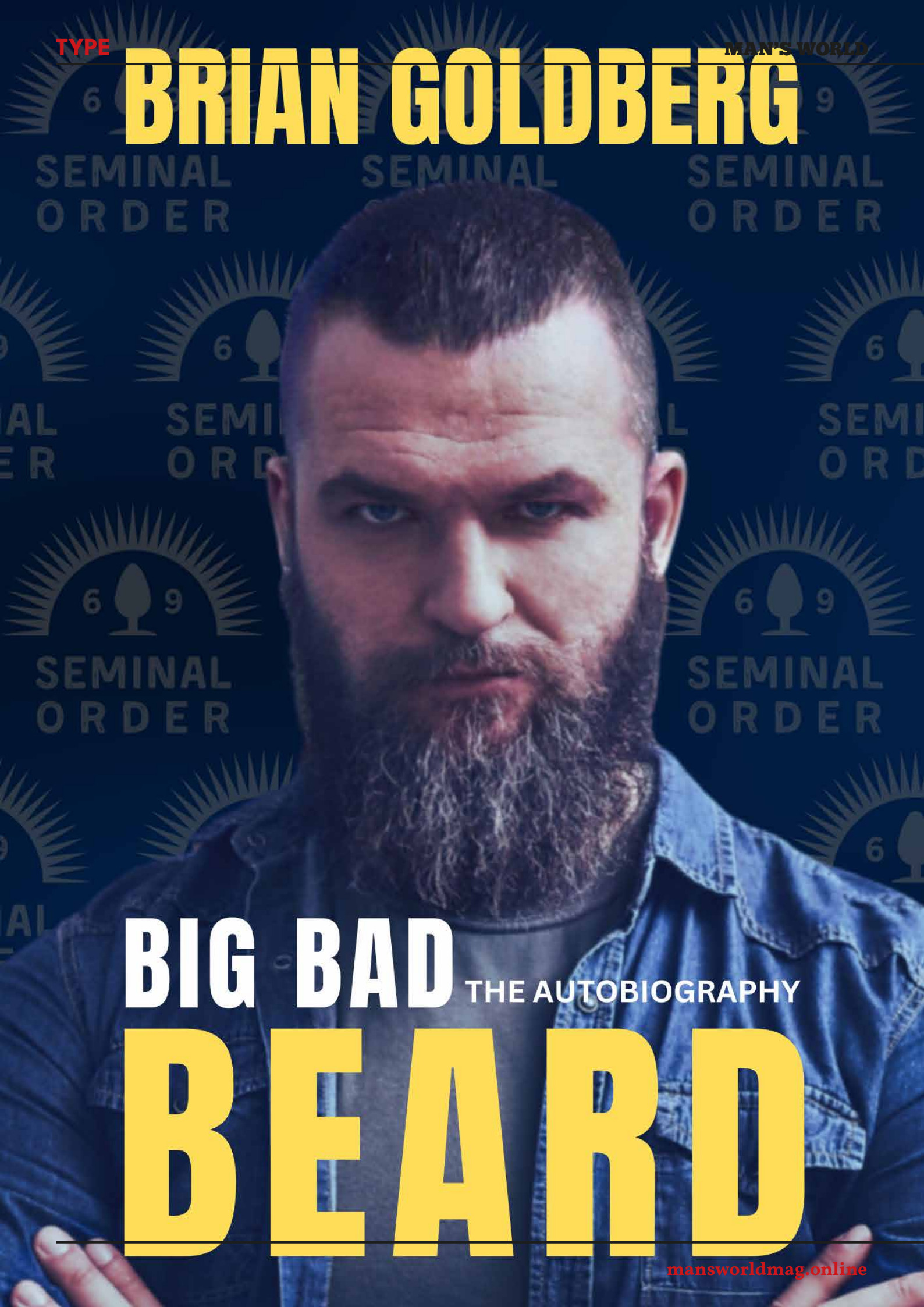


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BRIAN GOLDBERG



BIG BAD BEARD

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

become such; and they should be brought up not to be arrogant, but to be domesticated and submissive. It is exactly because there are ladies in Europe that women of a lower standing, that is to say, the greater majority of the sex, are much more unhappy than they are in the East. Even Lord Byron says, *Thought of the state of women under the ancient Greeks—convenient enough. Present state, a remnant of the barbarism of the chivalric and feudal ages—artificial and unnatural. They ought to mind home—and be well fed and clothed—but not mixed in society. Well educated, too, in religion—but to read neither poetry nor politics—nothing but books of piety and cookery. Music—drawing—dancing—also a little gardening and ploughing now and then. I have seen them mending the roads in Epirus with good success. Why not, as well as hay-making and milking?*

In our part of the world, where monogamy is in force, to marry means to halve one's rights and to double one's duties. When the laws granted woman the same rights as man, they should also have given her a masculine power of reason. On the contrary, just as the privileges and honours which the laws decree to women surpass what Nature has meted out to them, so is there a proportional decrease in the number of women who really share these privileges; therefore the remainder are deprived of their natural rights in so far as the others have been given more than Nature accords.

For the unnatural position of privilege which the institution of monogamy, and the laws of marriage which accompany it, assign to the woman, whereby she is regarded throughout as a full equivalent of the man, which she is not by any means, cause intelligent and prudent men to reflect a great deal before they make so great a sacrifice and consent to so unfair an arrangement. Therefore, whilst among polygamous nations every woman finds maintenance, where monogamy exists the number of married women is limited, and a countless number of women who are without support remain over; those in the upper classes vegetate as useless old maids, those in the lower are reduced to very hard work of a distasteful nature, or become prostitutes, and lead a life which is as joyless as it is void of honour. But under such circumstances they become a necessity to the masculine sex; so that their position is openly recognised as a special means for protecting from seduction those other women favoured by fate either to have found husbands, or who hope to find them. In London alone there are 80,000 prostitutes. Then what are these women who have come too quickly to this most terrible end but human sacrifices on the altar of monogamy? The women here referred to and who are placed in this wretched position are the inevitable counterbalance to the European lady, with her pretensions and arrogance. Hence polygamy is a real benefit to the female sex, taking it *as a whole*. And, on the other hand, there is no reason why a man whose wife suffers from chronic illness, or remains barren, or has gradually become too old for him, should not take a second. Many people become converts to Mormonism for the precise reasons that they condemn the unnatural institution of monogamy. The conferring of unnatural rights upon women has imposed unnatural duties upon them, the violation of which, however, makes them unhappy. For example, many a man thinks marriage unadvisable as far as his social standing and monetary position are concerned, unless he contracts a brilliant match. He will then wish to win a woman of his own choice under different conditions, namely, under those which will render safe her future and that of her children. Be the conditions ever so just, reasonable, and adequate, and she consents by giving up those undue privileges which marriage, as the basis of civil society, alone can bestow, she must to a certain extent lose her honour and lead a life of loneliness; since human nature makes us dependent on the opinion of others in a way that is completely out of proportion to its value. While, if the woman does not consent, she runs the risk of being compelled to marry a man she dislikes, or of shrivelling up into an old maid; for the time allotted to her to find a home is very short. In view of this side of the institution of monogamy, Thomasius's profoundly learned treatise, *de Concubinatu*, is well worth reading, for it shows that, among all nations, and in all ages, down to the Lutheran Reformation, concubinage was allowed, nay, that it was an institution, in a certain measure even recognised by law and associated with no dishonour. And it held this position until the Lutheran Reformation, when it was recognised as another means for justifying the marriage of the clergy; whereupon the Catholic party did not dare to remain behindhand in the matter.



"Salome"
Alphonse Mucha (1897)

It is useless to argue about polygamy, it must be taken as a fact existing everywhere, the *mere regulation* of which is the problem to be solved. Where are there, then, any real monogamists? We all live, at any rate for a time, and the majority of us always, in polygamy. Consequently, as each man needs many women, nothing is more just than to let him, nay, make it incumbent upon him to provide for many women. By this means woman will be brought back to her proper and natural place as a subordinate being, and *the lady*, that monster of European civilisation and Christian-Teutonic stupidity, with her ridiculous claim to respect and veneration, will no longer exist; there will still be *women*, but no *unhappy women*, of whom Europe is at present full. The Mormons' standpoint is right.

In India no woman is ever independent, but each one stands under the control of her father or her husband, or brother or son, in accordance with the law of Manu.

It is certainly a revolting idea that widows should sacrifice themselves on their husband's dead body; but it is also revolting that the money which the husband has earned by working diligently for all his life, in the hope that he was working for his children, should be wasted on her paramours. *Medium tenuere beati* ["Blessed they who take the middle course"]. The first love of a mother, as that of animals and men, is purely *instinctive*, and consequently ceases when the child is no longer physically helpless. After that, the first love should be reinstated by a love based on habit and reason; but this often does not appear, especially where the mother has not loved the father. The love of a father for his children is of a different nature and more sincere; it is founded on a recognition of his own inner self in the child, and is therefore metaphysical in its origin.

In almost every nation, both of the new and old world, and even among the Hottentots, property is inherited by the male descendants alone; it is only in Europe that one has departed from this. That the property which men have with difficulty acquired by long-continued struggling and hard work should afterwards come into the hands of women, who, in their want of reason, either squander it within a short time or otherwise waste it, is an injustice as great as it is common, and it should be prevented by limiting the right of women to inherit. It seems to me that it would be a better arrangement if women, be they widows or daughters, only inherited the money for life secured by mortgage, but not the property itself or the capital, unless there lacked male descendants. It is men who make the money, and not women; therefore women are neither justified in having unconditional possession of it nor capable of administrating it. Women should never have the free disposition of wealth, strictly so-called, which they may inherit, such as capital, houses, and estates. They need a guardian always; therefore they should not have the guardianship of their children under any circumstances whatever. The vanity of women, even if it should not be greater than that of men, has this evil in it, that it is directed on material things—that is to say, on their personal beauty and then on tinsel, pomp, and show. This is why they are in their right element in society. This it is which makes them inclined to be *extravagant*, especially since they possess little reasoning power. Accordingly, an ancient writer says, Γυνη το συνολον ἐστι δαπανηρον φυσει ["Women are expensive"]. Men's vanity, on the other hand, is often directed on non-material advantages, such as intellect, learning, courage, and the like. Aristotle explains in the *Politics* the great disadvantages which the Spartans brought upon themselves by granting too much to their women, by allowing them the right of inheritance and dowry, and a great amount of freedom; and how this contributed greatly to the fall of Sparta. May it not be that the influence of women in France, which has been increasing since Louis XIII.'s time, was to blame for that gradual corruption of the court and government which led to the first Revolution, of which all subsequent disturbances have been the result? In any case, the false position of the female sex, so conspicuously exposed by the existence of the "lady," is a fundamental defect in our social condition, and this defect, proceeding from the very heart of it, must extend its harmful influence in every direction. That woman is by nature intended to obey is shown by the fact that every woman who is placed in the unnatural position of absolute independence at once attaches herself to some kind of man, by whom she is controlled and governed; this is because she requires a master. If she, is young, the man is a lover; if she is old, a priest.

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IF YOU WANT CONSERVATIVE SOCIALISM, ARGENTINA IS YOUR EXAMPLE IN ACTION, IN FULL — AND SEE THEN ITS FRUITS AFTER SOME DECADES...

The so-called "dissident right" sounds more and more Chomskyite by the day

by BRONZE AGE PERVERT

The election this year in Argentina has elevated to international stardom Javier Milei. His theatrical performances and comic passion, energy on camera remind people of Trump, Bolsonaro and other anti-establishment manic-charismatic champions in recent years. These rose up mostly as a result of people's justified desperation at the failure of modern governments to address problem of decline of life: cities dilapidated by crime, economic sclerosis, zombi mass migration. It's not even completely right to call them "populists," as when, because of a personal failure of nerve from individuals like Trump and Bolsonaro, many pundits jumped since 2020 and 2021 or so to proclaim "the populist

moment is over, the globalist technocrats have won." Such a frame misunderstands the fundamental modern problem, which is declining human capital, a fact of life that is being felt first of all in governance worldwide.

In some countries it was possible to label critics of stupid government "populists," but this wasn't true everywhere and even in Brazil, Bolsonaro wasn't elected on the votes of the poor and the many, but on campaigning against left-wing Red demagogues who had run the Brazilian economy and life off a cliff, and on behalf of well-to-do farmers and small businessmen. The frame that a "populist moment" that never in fact existed and never was the thing that mattered is "over" is also based on individual accidents — in particular the character, experiences, and decisions of Bolsonaro and Trump themselves. But their personal hesitations don't mean the problems that led to the rise of these men in the first place have disappeared. Nor are these problems four-dimensional Machiavellian "chess" on the part of an actually competent shadowy "elite" that is in fact "profiting" from the disorder; there is no cynical manipulator of events... things really are that stupid, and there's no one competent at the wheel of events. Thus there will be Trumps, Bolsonaros, and Mileis going forward every year or so, and not all will have the same personal hangups. The next few decades are likely to be exciting.

Milei becoming a star, however, has led to some uncomfortable moments as many on "antiestablishment" and "dissident" spheres, both right and left, have paid any close attention to content of his words beyond the comedy. Quickly they notice he is "libertarian" and asking for reductions in government spending, government programs and size, and calling for the elimination of government departments. This goes against the Dissident Talking Points that have emerged since 2017, which dismiss Libertarianism as a "basic bitch" ideology, identify all free market rhetoric with the old guard of the GOP that Trump destroyed in the 2015-6 primaries, and are largely based on "economic populist" or "economic nationalist" positions vaguely identified with Steve Bannon or called "Bannonite." Like all enduring Talking Points, these have some truth, maybe even 60% of truth behind them. Libertarianism, both in the form pushed by theoretical ideologues whether from Cato or Mises Institutes, or in the lite-political form pushed by the Jack Kemp wing of the GOP exemplified by men like Paul Ryan, was largely discredited not just by Trump but by manifest failures in the years leading up to 2016. The failures were of two kinds. A full discussion of these failures of rhetoric, practice, or in the case of genuine and honest Ron Paul-style libertarianism simple inability to contest in democratic political struggle — for whatever reasons — is very interesting but should be left for another time. I want to address for a moment the "Bannonite" and "economic populist" consensus that has emerged on the dissident spheres so-called of the right for the last few years, and which is now being pushed in its major zines and publications acting as the public voice of a supposed "resistance." It is because of the widespread acceptance of this orthodoxy — really a set of unexamined talking points — that the right increasingly sounds like a version of Chomskyite Marxoid professor in cheap tuna-stained blazer, droning on about the IMF, the WEF, Neoliberalism, the supposed problem of "hypercapitalism" and Capital, "atomization," "destruction of native and traditional communities"; while stomping with a kind of self-important frisson for "an engagement with socialism," "class analysis," "postracial multiracial working class democracy," as if these things were the newest and most revolutionary ideas and as if there was a genuine prospect of being the vanguard of millions of urban proletarians against the bourgeois "Anglo Liberal" order.

It may be a bad idea to take Paul Ryan at his word that he represents "free markets," libertarianism or free enterprise, and it may be just as much a bad idea to believe that Jonah Goldberg of Goucher College is correct about the definition of "socialist." But again, this is a discussion for another time.

Such people have been in power in Argentina for decades, and haven't delivered what you would think people are yearning for a government to deliver based on the expression of mass direct concern during the time of 2015 and 2016 and before pundits and Intellectuals began their campaign of obfuscation. Argenti-

"THERE WILL BE TRUMPS, BOLSONAROS, AND MILEIS GOING FORWARD EVERY YEAR OR SO, AND NOT ALL WILL HAVE THE SAME PERSONAL HANGUPS. THE NEXT FEW DECADES ARE LIKELY TO BE EXCITING"

na has had "Bannonite" or "economic populist-nationalist" government for decades, *on steroids.* They got 100% of what Bannon-types and "conservative socialist" and "dissident right" or whatever edgy name they will call themselves — they got it all these are now demanding, everything that's being asked for, and much more. For decades, this has been the case in Argentina. Everything in the rhetoric but also the policies, often enforced at point of gun. Peron utterly crushed the Argentine landowning upper classes, and brought in a nationalist and populist economy, freed from English interference in particular, and often invoking family values and traditionalist communitarian language. If you want conservative socialism, here is your example in action, in full — and see then its fruits after some decades...

Consider for example that the doors of Argentina have been busted wide open to mass migration. This has been done despite the economic populist and nationalist language that Bannonites invoke in America and that Peronists have used even more aggressively in Argentina. I find it fascinating that all left-populist and economic populist platform nations or regions have this same result by the way. Ireland did, so does Basque Country in Spain — ETA being the spirit of that region and along with the Kurdish PKK one of the old and dependable factions of the international "nationalist left." But all are flooded with migrants. To look into the reasons why I will again leave for another time but I suspect that, although when out of power such parties insinuate that migrants are being let in for "cheap labor" as a conspiracy by Capital or devious capitalists who plan to build an orbital station like in Elysium movie; and so they promise — maybe genuinely — the lower middle and middle classes that they will stop this migration and improve the labor market, wages, and their economic condition. But then once in power, left-populist parties discover that the migrants were never being brought in by capitalists for Machiavellian reasons; that at most, the capitalists were being bought off, and not all the capitalists but only some industries, who were allowed to profit and who therefore complied... although it's unclear their willingness to comply or not would have been at all relevant. That the migrants were in fact being brought in primarily as political clients and political tools for the left and by those who opposed "the rich" — a shifting definition that often comes to include much of the middle class as well. And so the logic of this is irresistible to "economic populist" parties once in power for some time, regardless of their initial rhetoric about the "pauperization of the proletariat finally coming true through the vehicle of mass migration." If your position is "the poor and conservative many against the decadent and predatory Elite and rich," why wouldn't you come to see millions of foreign poor "decent family people" as your allies? Economic populists, even when they have open nationalist and ethnic rhetoric in their beginnings, will always abandon this in favor of importing new clients, and it is rational for them to do so. In many cases they don't in fact have specifically racial, or national or ethnic-cultural language even by the way: many rightists are dumbly misled when a leftist starts to inveigh against "globalism," the "IMF," "international Anglo-Liberalism," "the transnational elites," and many such things, into thinking that such a person must surely want to preserve the demographic and cultural characteristics of a particular country or region. But that's almost never the case: importing millions of Paraguayans, Peruvians, Bolivians in Argentina, or migrants in Basque Country or Ireland may actually come to be seen as "yes we are importing good family people who will

stand with us in native solidarity against globalism, Capital, and Neoliberal atomization." And that is in fact what happened.

In Argentina the rhetoric around who is the Enemy subtly but surely shifted from the old guard Anglophile rich of Recoleta during Peron's time to the "listless, decadent rich white kids of Buenos Aires who don't want to do honest manual labor and just want to do intellectual work or be in movies and eat avocado toast; fuck them, I'm a proud Union man and Pachamamita from Bolivia is my ally against these Elites." In fact it was the same in Peron's day: only he didn't have to import foreign nationals at the time. Like other South American "populists" he brought in nonwhite, "working class, salt of the earth people" from the provinces, bought their votes with hospitals, material goods, services, and got them to be his political clients against the Brahmin old guard landowning rich. It's the story of FDR in another form and the story of the death and senescence of modern nations in general under various forms of mobocracy or "mass democracy." It should be added also that it was under Peronist "conservative socialist" salt-of-the-earth working class economic populist regime that Argentina became one of the first nations to legalize gay marriage. But as with the matter of national identity, also religious and conservative "collectivist" morality, or moralism in politics, means one thing in the beginnings and rhetoric of such parties and movements, and something else entirely later. In the end it's always the same leftism that's been around for decades, and the same results; only the cosmetics of it changes.

The matter of how economic populism and leftism always betrays real nationalism is very interesting, and must be explored in detail; but its failure to deliver specifically its economic promises is the real and big reason for Milei's rise at the moment in Argentina. Decades of "getting everything the American dissident sphere is now asking for" has left Argentina a nation competing with Venezuela when, given its natural endowments as well as its human capital, it should be competing with the United States. There's no better example in the modern world of a case where specifically bad government and bad culture has so wrecked a country that otherwise does have both the natural resources and the biological human capital to be not only nice but truly great. Unlike East Europe or other parts of Europe, Argentina has no excuses: no Russian or other occupation, not even any wars; no natural disasters. Paradisiacal climate and isolation; temperate climate, free from disease. A cultured, highly literate intelligent population. All wrecked by bad political decisions, a terrible political culture, maybe bad elements of culture in general.

And all wrecked by "economic populism" that results in crushing taxation, regulations in the name of social justice that destroy all enterprise, and ultimately really the enslavement of the good, intelligent, and talented part of the population in the service of providing goods to the dumb, dusky stupid many so that these many may vote for petty politicians invoking selfrighteous "union" language. It's that simple. The left is right that libertarianism in Argentina would be "de facto white supremacy." In fact they're right about it in the United States too, except that the "dissident right" brain trust has convinced itself that the white "working class," who are already highly taxed at the local level, would profit not from an elimination of racial legal handicaps against them and their children, as well as a lowering of their taxes—that would be Neoliberalism! Libertarianism!—but through "conservative populist socialism," that is, taking more taxes from them and then funneling it back in the forms of "credits" or "services" after being filtered and laundered through the hands of various government employees. Who are these employees? Well, not "altright" or altlite Bannonite or "dissident conservative socialist" brain trust people as none have gone into the government bureaucracy, but Shaniquas and Chantelles. Maybe banning porn would help! But it's just so trite to invoke freedom. You don't want to be thought of like Paul Ryan, do you?

The corner into which the anti-establishment factions of America and France especially have locked themselves — other parts of Europe too though — a corner from which, after a few years of trading simplified orthodoxies through a retarded telephone game, they're unable to see plain reality at least in Argentina… and they are unable to see *why* someone like

Milei is ascendant there not despite but because of his rhetoric and promise of freedom… this may be hard to overcome in the coming few years. It is loser rhetoric that obscures the reality of tightly controlled, highly regulated life in America and the West under absurd slogans such as "hypercapitalism" and "atomization" and that wrongly assumes European youth, or frankly any other kind of talented youth, needs government aid and protection rather than needing to have the boot taken off the neck. It is just easier to see it in another country and another world where maybe talking points haven't so thoroughly covered up what's in front of your eyes.

Here is briefly, experience in Argentina, a few things I remember vividly: a Croatian Argentineborn businesswoman, owner of a cafe with unusually good coffee and Balkan pastries, who, prompted by warm conversation one morning, burst out crying to me over the prospects of her grandchildren in Argentina. All intelligent, highly educated, working in white collar professions, and all absolutely squeezed dry by a government that took most of their income while berating them for their "atomized" individualist identity and desires, and reminded them of their duty to give to the (helpfully beige, for moral reasons) Community and Society. All had material resources and a way of life that would be considered at best lower middle class in Europe and America, maybe not even that; all impoverished by a government that insists white collar workers are high-paid bloodsuckers who feed on the lifeblood of the Salt of the Earth working man. Every intelligent person who seeks or wants a half-good job complains about the same things in Argentina; crushing taxation, suffocating lack of opportunity, and an arrogant, partly-racially-mobilized "Working Class" that gets paid better than they do and is allowed to act with unending arrogance… bus drivers make double or three times what most white collar workers make there. The squeezing-dry of all money takes place for the sake of a "multiracial working class," that is, a colored underclass. It is mostly the same in America and increasingly so in Europe, absurd "hypercapitalism" rhetoric notwithstanding. The reality of modern life for any intelligent or ambitious person is to be squeezed dry in the name of the Cycle — I can't name the Cycle fully in these pages, but, in short, to be squeezed dry so that an obese Chantelle may gracelessly expire in a hospital after heroic efforts by inevitably low-paid medical professionals, and after a lifetime of her fattening up on corn chip. This is the cycle of the modern economy. In Argentina this Cycle has been made inescapable and all-encompassing. The high taxes provide no public services to speak of, no really common social or political life, no clean streets. There are favelas and mini-tent cities of migrants even in good neighborhoods now. Again, somehow decades of righteous economic-populist and moralistic Working Man language against globalist Elites hasn't stopped any of the ills that Dissidents in the West blame on something called "Neoliberalism," but accelerated them.

Milei is the latest in a series of last-ditch and probably doomed attempts to stop this, the logic of democracy. It's possible at times that, under the logic of mass democracy — take from those who have and work to give to those who don't in exchange for votes, and if you run out of these latter, just import them from somewhere under humanitarian language — it's possible to stop it for a while. Things under this logic periodically get so bad that various coalitions sporadically form and may elect someone like Milei, or, before him, Macri. But these men soon find that to achieve their aims they would need reforms so extreme that revolution and maybe even civil war would be inevitable. So they give up, and the process then continues until the next crisis. But it doesn't end and can't end, until it all ends.

It's easy to see how a country like Argentina ends, and it *is* likely going bust as a country. Some territory with that name will exist in maybe fifty years, but I'm not even sure it will still be called that. You can see the final outcome of everything I've said already: no intelligent, ambitious young person wants to be enslaved in that type of a thing forever, which is why everywhere you go in Costa Rica or Spain, or other parts of Europe, you see young Argentines who have left.

The insane female-protection laws of the country are another part of this story — and another benefit of decades-long "working

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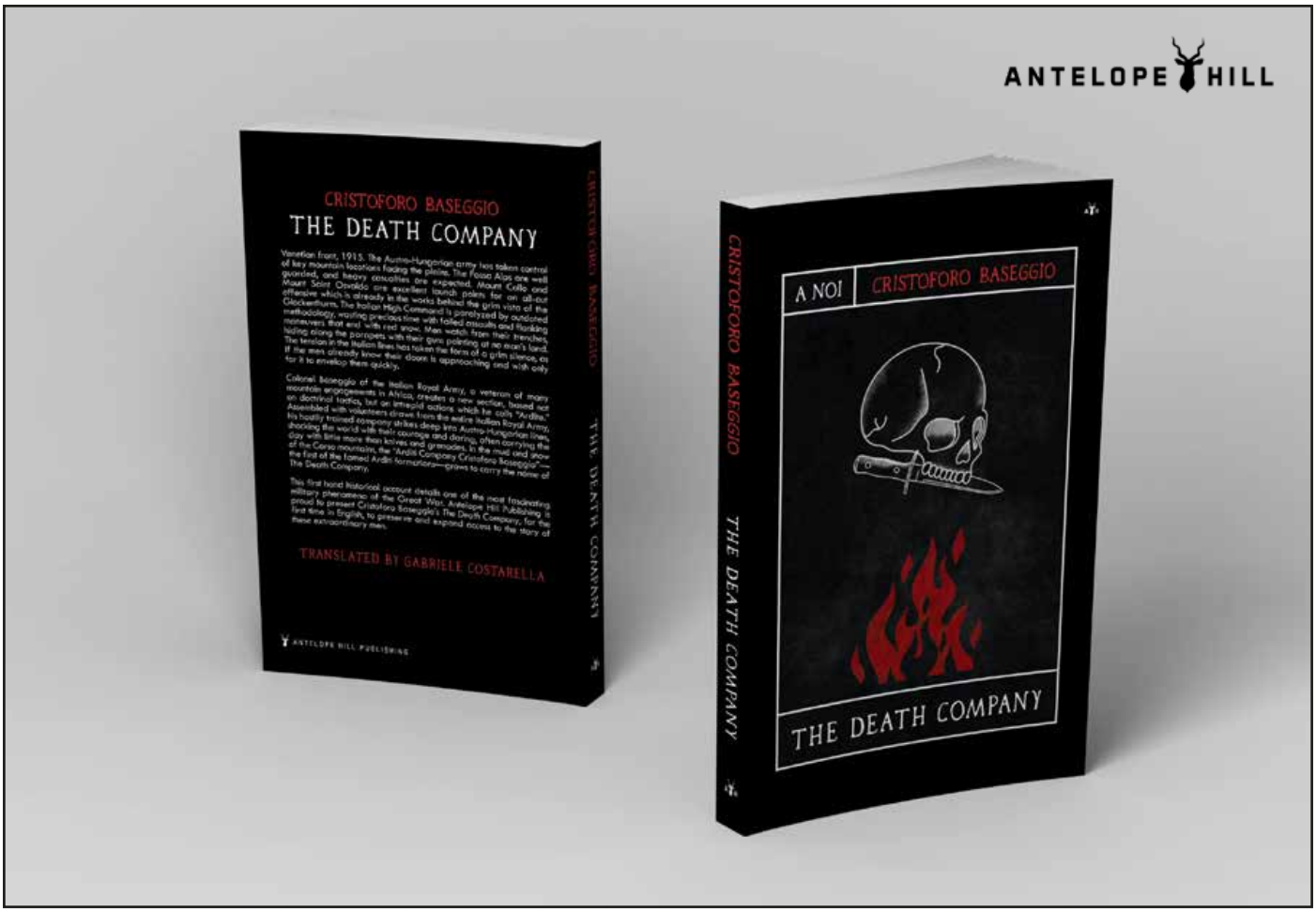
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man's antiglobalist economic populist democracy." To "denounce" a man is the absolute right of any woman, and without any due process a man will have his rights stripped and life destroyed by whatever denunciation, no matter how frivolous or without evidence. (To complain about such things in Dissident Right circles in America has also lately become déclassé: you don't want to be one of those boring Manosphere guys do you? What's really important is Economic Populism and ending the rule of Global Capitalist Elites...) Thus Argentina may also be the first country where a significant percentage of the men have had to flee because of literal political persecution by militant feminism. It is also, because of the "economic populist" idiocy, the country that has for the longest time learned most expertly to hide wealth, and so the very wealthy again have either fleed, are fleeing, or have learned through corrupt and other means to hide or offshore generational wealth. I can keep going but all these examples are the same thing: the end is the country becomes depopulated, or at least depopulated of a large percentage of its men, its capable European population, and its wealth, along with any other element eventually that gives it its being as the particular country that it is. So my guess is it will eventually, and within this century, stop existing. Someone like Milei could turn it around, but only with a complete abandonment of democracy and a militarization of the government. The United States will likely not allow that. It may allow it in El Salvador to stop gangs and violence, but probably not in Argentina to stop the local version of racial Marxism, which is its own program as well. But history has many surprises lately and some peoples are showing unexpected and hidden founts of energy and ingenuity; I hope I'm wrong, and that Milei or someone else stops this process in South America and gives an example to others... but it's unlikely.

The likely future — and to a large extent already the present — of Argentina is interesting because the solution is and will be mass migration of its capable, its wealthy, and eventually soon in coming decades in general most of its beautiful, its talented, its non-dwarflike. But where will there be left to flee in the end?



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CULTIVATING THE GENIUS WITHIN: ART AND MONEY BY TOM BADLEY

art special

Artist Tom Badley, a fine art graduate and one of only a handful of qualified banknote designers, tells us about his new book and the intersection of art, money, design and culture

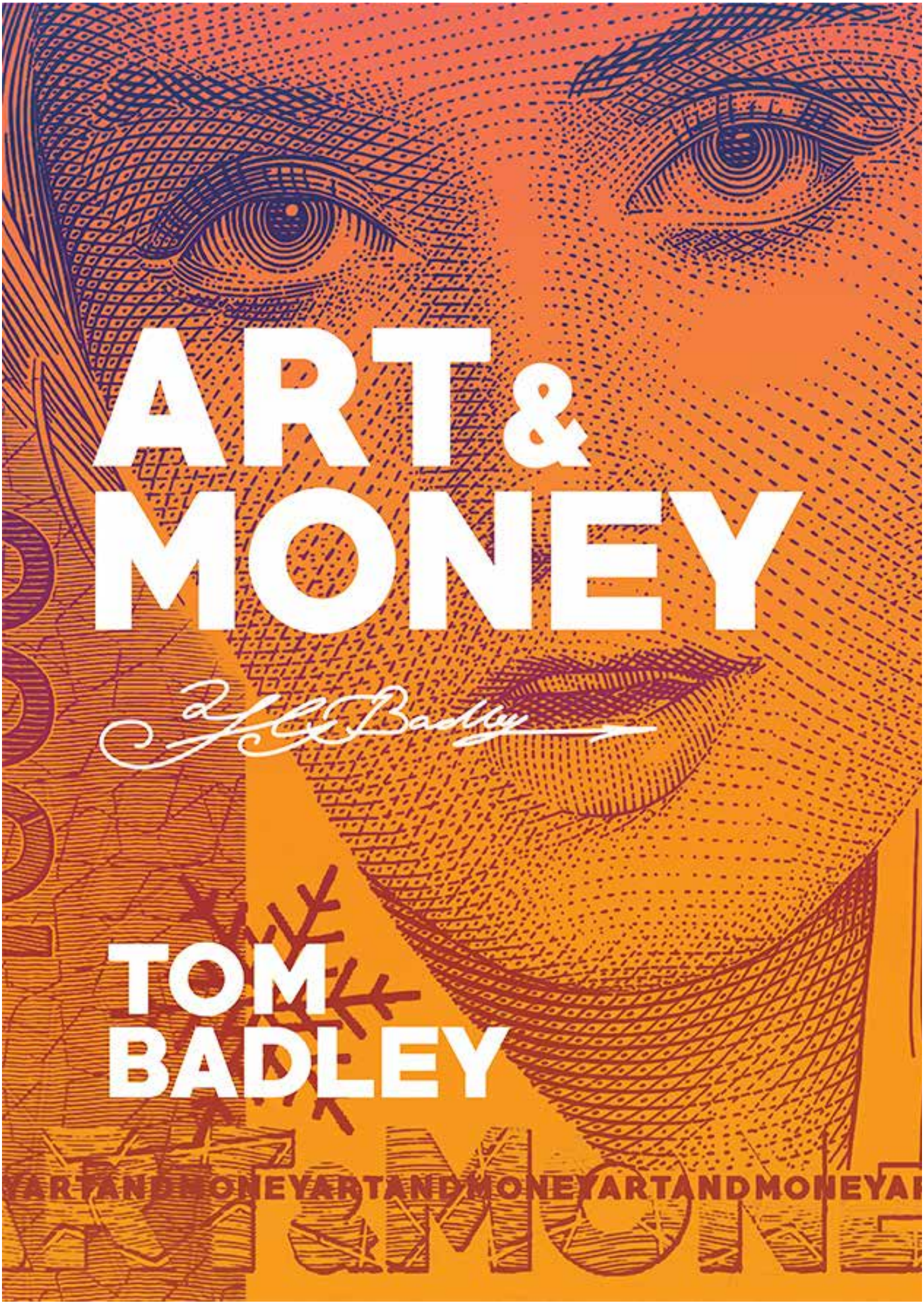
Art & Money is an unconventional book. Most books today are written to fit neatly into a genre for ease of marketing and sales. But *Art & Money* defies categorisation. It's an "art book", written by an artist, who critiques modern art. It's a positive book about money that critiques our monetary system. It's an extremely rare design book, written by someone who worked with central banks to design national currency.

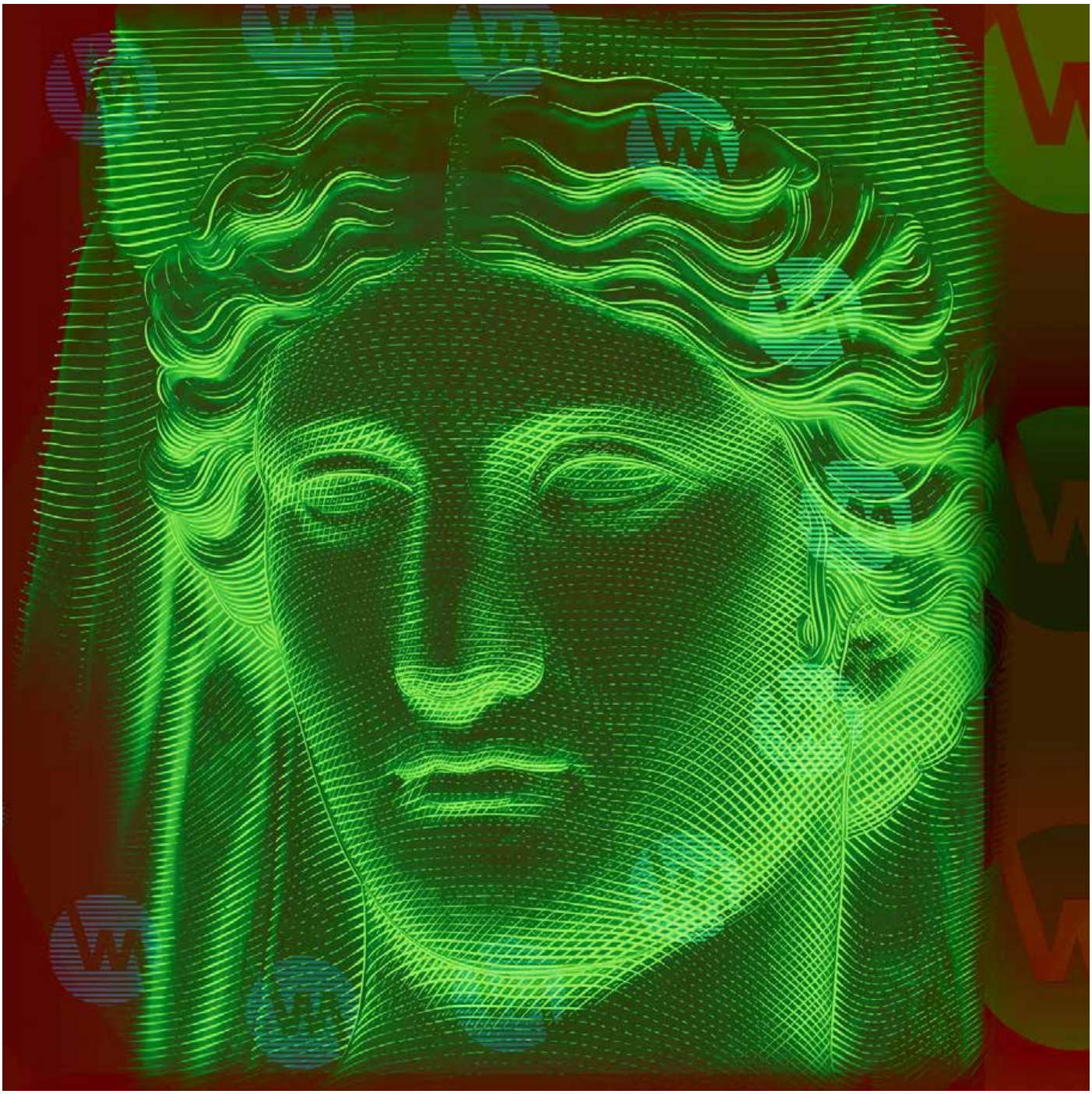
The uniqueness of this book owes everything to my own unconventional story: being the only banknote designer in the world who is also a "crypto artist" (someone who tokenizes digital art on the blockchain) has given me some unique insights into art and money.

Creating national currency for central banks is a design job at the heart of the status quo financial world. Meanwhile, cryptocurrency is the libertarian, contrarian mirror image of legacy finance. Crypto represents all that is potentially outside of the control of governments. Being an artist who dances between these two extremes is contradictory, absurd, yet uniquely positioned to see a "big picture".

Between art and money are all our ideas about power, authority, responsibility, labour, self-worth, truth, trust, the state, religion, the future of finance, Human expression, evolution, and conspiracy – "In God We Trust", the eye of Horus atop the pyramid, hidden Human history. The rabbit hole is endless. These are the themes that are running in the background on every page of *Art & Money*. Through my work, I see the Human struggle for self-determination at many levels.

These are also themes that have come to prominence in our


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"Hestia", Tom Badley, 2020A
Prints available from tombadley.netA



"Princess Diana / Sam Hyde Double Portrait",
Tom Badley, 2020A
Prints available from tombadley.netA



"The Timetraveller", Tom Badley, 2020A
Prints available from tombadley.netA

own lifetimes. And they are only building to a deafening crescendo. We are witnessing the effects of our own unresolved ideas of power and self-worth all around us: the openly corrupt government-entertainment complex, obnoxious control systems, seemingly mindless obedience to authority, encroaching technologies such as weaponized AI-driven robotics and senseless gene-editing, "climate change" (or climate wars?) ...and aliens! We are indeed entering the squeeze gates of Human history; the loss of innocence is upon us, to say the least.

This is the context of this book, and why I feel it's relevant. Our ideas of money go to the heart of our own identities and self-worth. In the book, I conclude that "money is a mirror of Humanity": money reflects our aspirations and desires, but also the limitations we place on ourselves, and the freedoms we allow. And further, the form that money takes – be it coins, banknotes or digital – all say something specific about where we are in Human evolution.

For example, coins come from the agricultural age, when net worth was measured by solidity: weight, land, livestock. When paper came along, it represented a desire for a vital ingredient in evolution: velocity. The lightness of paper allowed for the speed of the industrial age. And digital money signifies the next essential ingredient: information. And then we approach cryptocurrency, on the one hand, and the CBDC, on the other.

My intent was to write a timeless classic, so I didn't reference many current events in the book. The only thing that I devote a few paragraphs to - which at the time of writing this article hasn't arrived yet – is the CBDC. Central Bank Digital Currencies will indeed be another bullet point in the list of things for Humanity to deal with.

The idea of a completely digital currency that unites one's social credit, digital footprint, carbon footprint, travel and vaccination history, that can be arbitrarily "turned off" is already here, in pockets around the world. But the full implications of having no alternative are so holistic that it is difficult for us to understand how life would be lived. Regardless, the CBDC is coming, and with it will be an accelerated urge to define our self-worth and empowerment.

I see a scenario where such a system is introduced and, within mere weeks of its launch, a stray nuclear bomb explodes and takes out all electronics. We go back to barter: everything and anything would become money, and everything would be home-made, as far as possible. Wouldn't that bring our own self-empowerment into very sharp focus? The Renaissance emerged from a dark age. Why wouldn't the Renaissance 2.0 arrive in similar circumstances?

This is where art comes in. I'm far from alone in wanting a Renaissance 2.0 in art and culture. The "decline of culture" has become a meme. But I have my own specific perspective, being a designer of money, at the frontiers of art on the blockchain.

My perspective is that banknote design represents a kind of transcendent art form, which is detailed and highly artistic. It combines all print processes, little-known artistic techniques that aren't taught, a level of printing that is beyond the realms of the entire commercial print world, and the use of exotic technologies that both delights, engages and ensures trust in the public. Banknotes are declarative, authoritative, and layered unlike other fields of graphic design. Yet, these pieces of paper are understated enough to be taken for granted and covered in dirt.

How much modern art do you see that matches the above description? None. The journey of designing national currency, and then using those same techniques in the realm of art, has given me insights into the state of conceptual art and modern architecture; why art frequently looks the way it does, and what might be the solution.

Like money, at the core of the art story is Humanity's search for personal authority, and the growing realization that this authority has been usurped and dislocated by culture.

If nothing else, I would hope that my book contains pretty pictures – out of respect for the viewer, in defiance of so many intellectual art books that lack aesthetics, and to reinforce my conclusion: self-empowerment comes from committing to beauty, to craft things well, to take pride in one's work, and to cultivate the genius within.

Art and Money *is available now from Amazon. Signed hardback versions are available from tombadley.net.*

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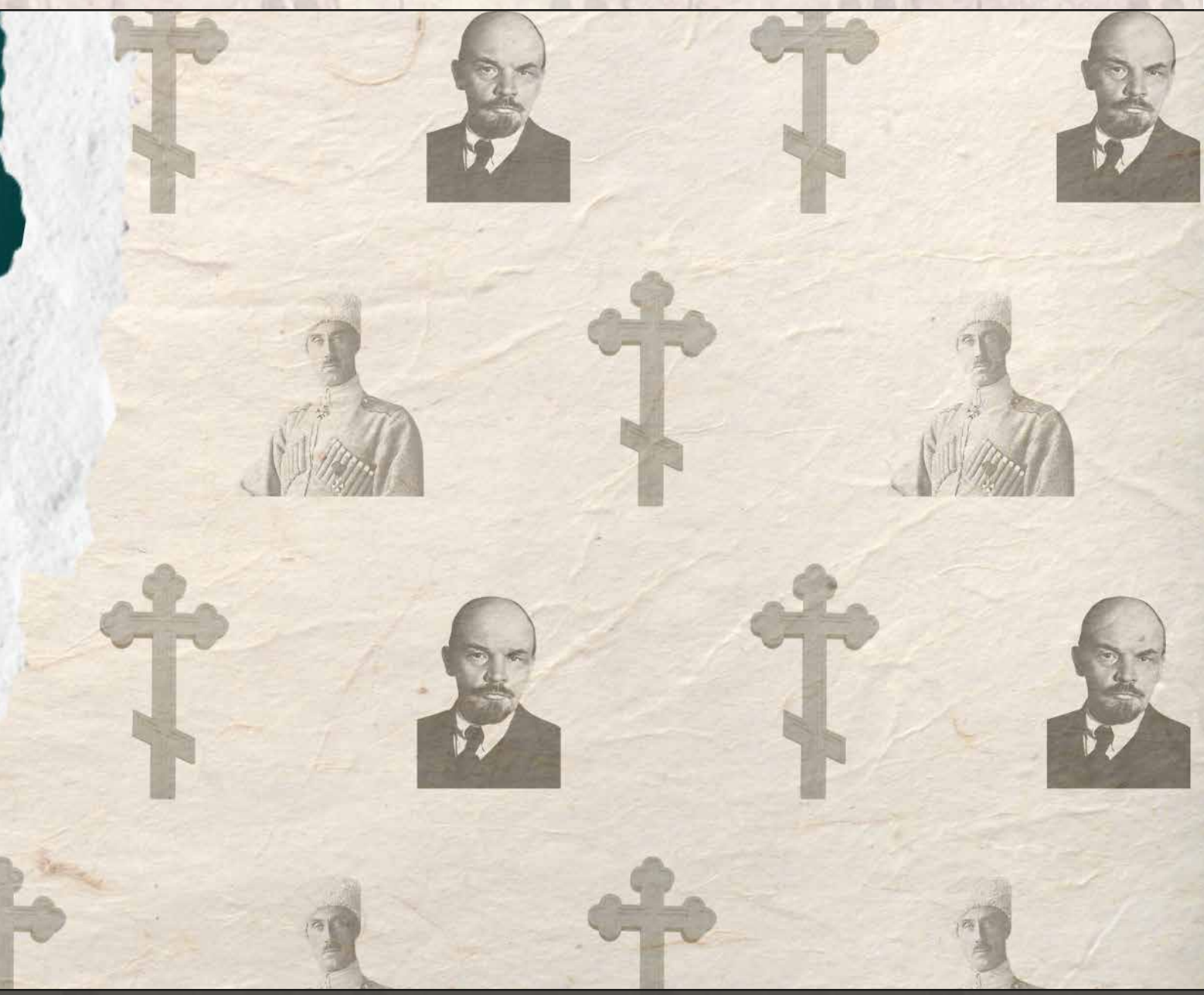


IN MEMORY OF PYOTR WRANGEL

A translation of Ivan Ilyin's eulogy for the great anti-Bolshevik hero

trans. by 1147 (@1147x1147)

The Bolshevik Terror, i.e. the forces of the Marxist Internationale, had usurped the rightful throne of the Russian Imperial bloodline through the February and October Revolutions of 1917. A historic Russia was felled in favor of the visions of the unemployed Marx and his grotesque grunts — a people entirely foreign to the context of all Russian history, a people as foreign to the great dynasties of the Rurikids and Romanovs as are Africans to the Hyperborean man. The Russian Empire shook gravely for years prior, and the Marxist Internationale then struck its killing blow; but this killing blow was by no means swift, nor final. A five-year civil war ensued: millions died on either side, masses were



plunged into the most depraved living conditions, and hundreds of anti-Bolsheviks were exiled.

Yet, among those who were forced to flee their beloved Fatherland, a ray of light began to pierce this foggy slaughter. The White movement had soared out of Imperial Russia's ashes — ex-Imperial soldiers, professors, kulaks and thousands of patriots from all walks of life. Embittered by the ongoing domestic terror, these valiant men gave up all personal life in order to safeguard the torched remnants of their historic culture. While it would take entire libraries to tell the stories of each National Hero, one must first focus on The Mind and The Saber: Ivan Aleksandrovich Ilyin and Pyotr Nikolayevich Wrangel.

Every ideology needs an ideologue — an uncompromising narrator for the Idea that ensures a historic survival — The Mind of the Operation, the Thematic Director of the Play. Through several thousand hand-written articles and forty books, in both Russian and German, Ivan Ilyin secured this demanding position. In 1922, following several arrests for anti-communist demonstrations and writings, Ilyin was exiled to Berlin with a handful of his ideological associates. He remained there until 1940, heavily participating in the intellectual milieu surrounding the NSDAP's and PNF's rise to European power. Half of his work-time was spent praising the political developments within the

Axis alliance, and the other half was dedicated to incessant, powerful literary attacks against the USSR. Ilyin worked himself into a state of constantly poor health, and retired to Switzerland at the outbreak of the Second World War, where he continued his writings to the very day of his death on December 21st, 1945.

During the flight of the White émigrés, a brutal war was underway on the territories of modern Ukraine. Malorossiya (as it was called back then [Little Russia]) was the front-stage of the White Army struggle. Many Heroes fell on that soil, and the few whose graves were left unpilfered by the Bolsheviks are now Eternal Monuments to White Russia's undying sense of duty. Among the few survivors: Pyotr Wrangel, the General of the Russian Army (formerly the Armed Forces of South Russia) — the White Knight responsible for the safety of hundreds of thousands of civilians through his strategic war efforts and his personal oversight of the Evacuation of Crimea. It is difficult to summarise such Heroes in few words, and I would thus recommend each reader to obtain a copy of his memoirs, "Always with Honor", brought to us the by now-defunct and dearly missed Mystery Grove.

General Wrangel speaks for himself, and his actions speak for themselves too, but there is one additional voice of value: the above-mentioned, esteemed White Movement Ideologue Ivan Ilyin. The two met in Bavaria in 1924, and Ilyin instantly joined Wrangel's inner circle — a feat somewhat unseen, as many could not handle the raw charismatic power exhumed by General Wrangel. They remained close associates up until Wrangel's death in 1928. Twenty five years later, in the typical style of Ilyin's phenomenally rich prose, bounds and leagues above the writings of any other Russian intellectual of the time in all aspects (from complexity to the evocation of patriotic emotion), a new eulogy appeared — short and eloquent, rich and duty-provoking, heartfelt and true towards Ilyin's beloved White Knight. For the 25th anniversary of the death of Pyotr Nikolayevich Wrangel, a National Hero and The Saber of Anti-Communism:

"In Blessed Memory of General P. N. Wrangel

Twenty-five years have passed since the last Russian Commander-in-Chief, white warrior and knight, passed away. Full of energy, full of thought, full of willful fire; having only the thought of Russia's salvation, and serving the Motherland with one accord. He who knew him will never forget him. Rays emanated from him. The enemies did not receive them. The blind did not see them. And those who received them, those were inflamed and energized by their noble energy.

All who communicated with him marvelled at his gaze, which looked through and over events and saw only the most important, the most essential. All over whom he presided knew his nature: that of exacting service, inspiring foresight, responsible and wise leadership. And yet his companions knew his disdain towards danger and death, his impetuous candor, his aversion to all intrigue.

Twenty-five years of Russian history have passed, — torturous, tragic, unprecedented and unheard of in centuries; the history of the greatest villainy, the greatest humiliation and stupid, criminal and traitorous indifference on the part of other nations. Twenty-five years of exilic loyalty, of the émigré's adaptation [to their new life in exile], of philistine cowardice, and of behind-the-scenes intrigue coming from Russia's enemies. But during these twenty-five years our banner, taken from the hands of the late Commander-in-Chief, was neither rolled up, nor abandoned, nor betrayed. And the Russian national tradition, which he cherished and which he served, still lives in our hearts. This is the ancient Russian tradition, which Russia has always been built with and which it held on to, and which has a great and responsible future ahead of it. This is the tradition of Russian national chivalry.

Everything is contained in this: the idea, the program and the path of the struggle. This is the most important thing, the only true and the only necessary thing. The chivalric spirit; chivalric discipline; chivalric unity and the chivalric struggle.

There is discord and turmoil in the world because people have lost faith in God, suffocat-

ed their own conscience and renounced honor. Everyone seeks only "his own" and only "for himself"; the profiteers trade, the treacherous entangle, the covetous siphon, the swindlers establish themselves [in the country], the ambitious slip in, the power-seekers promise and subvert, the intriguers whisper in the backstage darkness, the cowardly insure and re-insure [themselves]... Turmoil and decay reign because in lustful hearts there is no Throne of God; in greedy souls there is no responsibility and devotion; in callous souls there is no kindness and mercy; in the slippery and slimy there is no will and rectitude. People forget and neglect to think of God's work, of the Motherland, of service. So whence can a saving idea be born?

The chivalrous spirit stands before the Throne of God, and in this reverent standing it draws forth the fearlessness for honorable and formidable service. The Lord is calling! Shall I fear temptations and stagnations?

The chivalrous man strengthens and hardens his character. He seeks not personal success, but substantive service, and establishes his honor through service. In struggle I harden; in hardship I strengthen. I serve Russia; I answer to God.

The man of chivalrous tenor does not dream of an "abstract ideal" and does not indulge in sentimental fantasies. He is the faithful, strong, and fearless instrument of this idea, its servant forever, its bearer unto death. A formidable love, an honorable struggle. My word and my cause are m sanctuary.

To be a knight means to drown one's small self within the Great, yet universal, and to subordinate one's personal self to common salvation. I am led by love, purified by sacrifice. I sacrifice, but I do not encroach, I compete, but I do not envy. All for the Motherland, everyone for the Motherland.

The man of chivalrous tenor builds his life on his freedom to obey. He is strong in free obedience. He is also free in discipline. He lifts the burden of his service with good will; he remains free in life and in struggle, and that is why the most fatal extinction becomes for him an act of strength.

The chivalrous man contributes the spirit of loyal and justified rank, the spirit of non-equalizing justice [a word almost exclusively used only by Ilyin, meaning justice that is powerful in each separate case, and not a blanket treatment of all offenders] to all his affairs, and always bears protection for the weak and thunder for the wicked.

The chivalric spirit does not reject private property altogether, but transforms it with generosity; comprehends it as a public duty; lives by it with a sense of lively responsibility for itself and for it; and actualizes it as the original and ultimate estate of its Motherland.

It is not the first time that this spirit is born in Russia. This is the spirit of Orthodox statehood, which led all the strong and valiant fighters for Russia — from princes and sovereigns, whom we can call by name, to those faithful and heroic "ordinaries" whose names history has not preserved for us, but who are known to God, the Creator of the universe and the patron of the good and valiant. Let us name Vladimir Monomakh, Daniel of Galicia and Alexander Nevsky, from antiquity. Let us name Mikhail Skopin-Shuisky, Rodion Moseyev and Roman Pakhomov, the fearless letter-carriers of the Patriarch Hermogenes, and, of course, Minin and Pozharsky, from the Time of Troubles. Let us think of Peter the Great and his worthy supporters; let us think of Suvorov and of all the Russian soldiers and officers faithful to his spirit; let us honor the men of Sevastopol led by Kornilov and Nakhimov; and let us mentally bow our heads before all the hero-patriots of Russia who fell in the First World War, in the Civil War and in the Second World War. To them — eternal memory. From them and through them our tradition lives. Their spirit lived in all the honest and selfless Russian people, educated and uneducated, military and civilian, in all the patient defenders and faithful builders of our history. It is to their spirit that the future of Russia belongs.

The late Commander-in-Chief served this spirit, and Russia has already included him in the pantheon of its national heroes.

Ivan Ilyin."

Glory to the anti-Bolshevik heroes; may we forever remember the forefathers of our fight against the all-poisoning, nationless Marxist plague...

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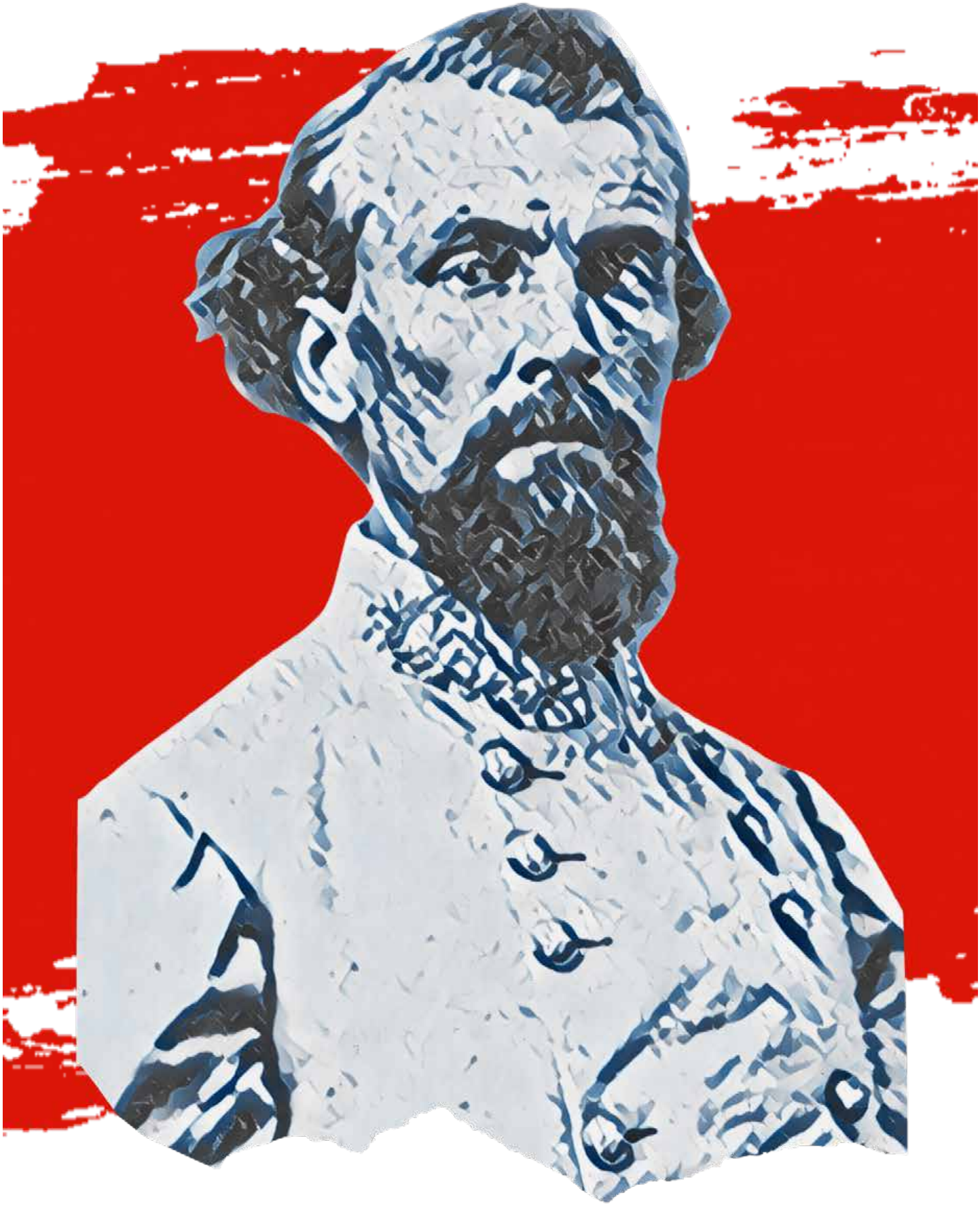
– Raw Egg Nationalist





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By HAMILTON WESLEY ELLIS



Gene Wolfe once wrote, "We believe that we invent symbols. The truth is, they invent us. We are their creatures, shaped by their hard defining edges." If Wolfe is correct, then we are doubly-defined by symbols that commemorate history. We use them to acclimate ourselves to our current environs, and as a temporal link to the figures and events that brought us here.

The ghouls of posthuman globalism are all too aware of the power of symbols. That's why they work to topple any monument that cannot conform to their graven narrative and erect in their stead repulsive new altars to the stultified gods of moral pedantry. Given their way, these self-appointed moral arbiters will festoon the land with their debased spectacles until our collective consciousness becomes so deprived of oxygen we dissociate from the last vestiges of our cultural past.

To this end, they're razing the names and likenesses of the men who fought for the Confederate States of America during the American Civil War. In their place, we're treated to their new idols; law-giving tentacled abortion demons, MLK memorials that vaguely resemble scatalogical pornography, and of course, innumerable depictions of the Apotheosis of George Floyd. Paul Fahrenheidt is one of a growing number of people who are tired of this sculptural terrorism.

"THE BATTLE FOR AMERICA'S SACRED SYMBOLS"

Our perception of the past is integral to our conception of who we are. Do we have the intellectual maturity and fortitude to accept history as a rich tapestry that contains good, bad, and ugly in each thread, or do we require past events be relayed to us in the form of a simple grade school-tier morality play? If we are unable to even attempt to understand the complexities of the past, we lack the ability to master our own future. The struggle here is far deeper than a quarrel to re-litigate battles that were decided over a century and half ago. It's a symbolic war for reality. Every time a historic monument is toppled, we are incrementally removed further from the truth. Every new altar that is erected in its stead comprises a looming threat to enshroud us all in a veil of lies.

I got a firsthand glimpse of the realities of monumental revision when they dug up General Nathan Bedford Forrest. I was in Memphis helping a friend clean out his downtown garage and as I was walking to a gas station to buy some drinks, I heard a racket coming from a nearby park. Turns out the din was a group of proud white southerners brandishing signs on one side of a chain link fence while a proud black lady was addressing a crowd of news reporters on the other side. Ebony and Ivory in perfect disharmony, broadcast for consumption on the evening news: a quintessentially Memphis happening.

Despite all the hubbub I witnessed, Forrest's removal from the city limits was a *fait accompli.* His statues had been removed from the city years ago, and the park that once bore his name had also been renamed. The only thing left for the city to do was disgorge the remains of the man himself. The late general and his wife, Mary Anne Montgomery, had rested safely in the same place

for 144 years thanks to a law that required the State Historical Commission to grant permission for any disturbance to graves on state-owned land. The Historical Commission was stalwart in preserving the graves, but the Shelby County Commission finally figured an end run around the rule. One of the county commissioners created a nonprofit to purchase the land containing the graves, ensuring the Wizard of the Saddle and his wife would be disinterred, then reburied at the National Confederate Museum in Colombia, Tennessee.

At the time, I was ambivalent about Forrest's removal. He was a figure of great import inextricably linked to Memphis history, but I could see why a black-run city would take umbrage at being the final resting place of such an indomitable personage. Truth be told, if Nathan Bedford Forrest were to survey modern-day Memphis, he would likely elect to be buried elsewhere as well. The fact the city removed him came as a surprise to no one. History in Tennessee is much like the interminable rivers that lace the state. They twist, they turn, they ultimately reach a foreseeable conclusion based on surrounding topography. History is quite a different thing in the Old Dominion. If history in Tennessee is a river, in Virginia it's a city of marble. She is the most regal Southern state. Her soil reared our boldest, most brilliant founders. That soil was soaked in founding blood to birth our nation. Paul Fahrenheidt is a Virginian.

He's also an author. Earlier this year, he published *A Country Squire's Notebook*, a collection of short stories that evince his unique American Mythos. Fahrenheidt observes the fractious nature of modern existence through a sophisticated lens in his writing. He weaves observations of the present with deep historical threads: a stark departure from the single-serving hot take milieu that confronts us so often today. He writes with forethought and sincerity, and is fearless with analysis of societal decay from the periphery of his Orange County estate. He explains eloquently that he describes himself as a liberal because he believes liberalism is the most suitable paradigm for a people as dynamic as the Sons of Aryas. His work runs the gamut from personal observation to tales of the postbellum era of American industrial giants. Recently though, this man of letters has been compelled to action. The locus of Mr. Fahrenheidt's concern: a dead horse's headstone.

The horse in question was a gelding named Traveller. That's two "l's" in the British style, a moniker befitting a steed of Virginia. On June 14, 2023, Washington and Lee University removed the headstone from the grave of the gray American Saddlebred, making the horse the latest victim of the destructive trend to obliterate, deface, and replace every single monument that fails to conform to a superficial and ignorant historical narrative. What, you ask, is the horse's crime? While there is no way to conclusively discern Traveller's thoughts on Emancipation or the root causes of the Civil War, we do know that he was General Robert E. Lee's favorite horse, and for that guilty association, he had to pay. Washington and Lee removed Traveller's original headstone, because it dared mention he was Lee's favorite horse. The irony of a university bearing Lee's name removing mention of it on a campus monument is lost on no one but the current campus administration.

"Washington and Lee is

"Their dream is to make aberrancy the norm, and they are trying to achieve this through miseducation"

very near and dear to my heart, being a Virginian who deeply admires and seeks to emulate Lee. The attack on Traveller, a literal HORSE, seemed so insanely petty it was a good attack vector," says Fahrenheidt. He coordinated a robust response to the school's act of erasure. His clarion call was simple and powerful, "If those above us fail to preserve our history, then we must." He went as far to propose combatting the destruction of historical monuments with 3-D printers and Quickrete, answering the removal of old statues with a guerilla campaign to dot the land with high-tech reproductions. This might not be the hill Fahrenheidt dies on, but he has been admirably resolute in his efforts to swing the pendulum back towards status quo ante. Fahrenheidt's activism is also a test of the strength of liberal institutions. Can they be induced to stop, or at least slow down and second-guess iconoclastic behavior if they face enough societal pressure?

Fahrenheidt's skirmish is part of a deeper conflict. Our monuments are high-value targets for those who would strip reality of its sinews and replace them with amoral purposelessness. French philosopher Jean Baudrilliard provided a sketch of the battlefield in his most famous work, *Simulacres et Simulation*, in which he diagnoses the postmodern trend of substituting truth with simulation via symbology. He contends that Modernism was an unbridled orgy of liberating force that pushed every social convention past the red line. As a result, every left-driven cultural occurrence in the orgy's wake has been a recurring simulation of the battles of Modernism, but with no real struggle or victory. Now we contend with Simulacrum, a world of disembodied symbols masquerading as substance, on an eternally-repeating loop. Acceleration is no longer possible in this world of simulation, for we accelerate in a void. Symbols have mutated from faithful representations of the real to distorted versions of it. They eventually become encoded meta-symbols before finally being completely untethered from reality. It's a deep, dark forest and not everyone is making it out in one piece.

Encounters with the Wraiths of the Simulacrum are unavoidable. They're the NPCs who have yet to encounter an official narrative they wouldn't stake their life on. They call their religion "Science" and they call religion "a dangerous threat to democracy." They let fly their ever-changing banner of Sodom alongside the Stars and Stripes. They launch beer ad campaigns featuring transsexual goblins and are completely aghast and befuddled when people decide they're suddenly no longer thirsty. They are worse than dishonest: they are true believers. They smell exactly what they're stepping in, and to them it has the aroma of roses. These are the denizens of Hyperreality, an all-encompassing simulation they cannot distinguish from the truth. They make art without beauty, promote sex without reproduction, and print money without value. Their dream is to make aberrancy the norm, and they are trying to achieve this through miseducation. They create a fictionalized version of the past to mold the future.

"To be honest, it's not even about the Civil War. The way I see it, it's a front of the wider Culture War against Christian White America. Union Commanders are used as totems to humiliate the Red State Americans, while Sherman and Grant are not understood," says Fahrenheidt. Deletionist propagan-



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da larping as history serves us all poorly. The lives of great men are multifaceted, complex, and nuanced. The moral outrage at Lee for the unforgivable sin of once existing is an insult to anyone capable of thought. But for the Virginia Secession Convention of 1861, he would have commanded Federal forces at Lincoln's request. Lincoln himself was an avowed opponent of social and political equality between whites and blacks. Even Nathan Bedford Forrest lived a life that cannot be constrained by the bounds of a simplistic moral narrative. As a member of the Memphis City Council, he voted against Secession. These verities are intentionally discarded from the leftist moral fable, for they're off script. When a narrative goes from non-fiction to fiction, it trends from complexity to simplicity.

Simulacres et Simulation famously inspired the Matrix franchise. Baudrillard saw the films and hated them. "The Matrix is surely the kind of film about the matrix that the matrix would have been able to produce," he said. The Frenchman's boeuf was with the presentation. The fact the "real world" of Zion was visibly distinguishable from the machine-run facsimile of the matrix in the movie did not conform to his ideal of Simulacra. The simulation crumbles when juxtaposed with reality. Perfected Simulacrum is much like the Mandala effect: the absence of the Monopoly Man's monocle or the Fruit of The Loom cornucopia serves to mask the fact that these things no longer exist. The illusion looks tawdry when you use the truth as a reference. Take the real life behavior of the Matrix creators, the Wachowski brothers. After the success of the first movie, they eventually declared themselves the Wachowski sisters. This stunt gave us a more scathing contrast between reality and facade than their movies ever did. The real world could never confuse the Wachowski's with real women, because real women exist and we know what they look like. Simulation falls before truth like wheat before the scythe.

"The goal is to replace history with, essentially, an airport reality," says Fahrenheidt. He believes that this battle over monuments is a test of our fortitude and strength as a people. "It naturally follows from a culture which has become extremely risk averse to the point of persecution," he says. He's correct. A people who can be dispossessed of their past are both unable and unworthy to master their own future. If we cede this ground and condemn the memory of great men (and their horses) to ashes, we risk something far worse than the repetition of forgotten history. We condemn ourselves to confinement in a recursive loop of lies without meaning, without hope, and without end. For them, it's a war to control culture. For us, the battle is existential.

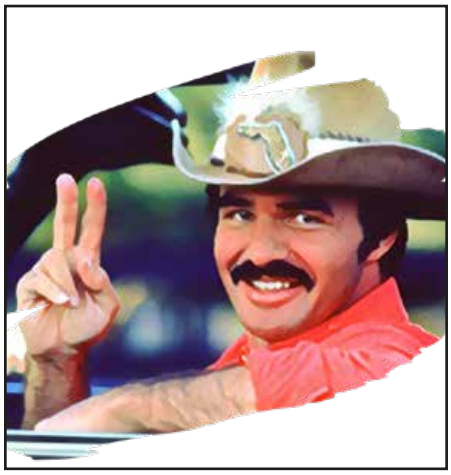
Paul Fahrenheidt has now become a symbol of the effort to preserve history from those who would destroy it. This is not to say he's taken a position in public debate, as such things no longer exist. What we endure now instead is projectile exchange between two parallel universes bound in enmity, heated by the friction of their irreconcilable differences. There is, nor can there be, discourse across the chasm. One side finds succor in the truths and ideals it holds dear while the other side tries to envelop it in *beau idéal* artifice. The war is symbolic, but the stakes are very real. Mr. Fahrenheidt is fighting the good fight.

By FAISAL MARZIPAN

In an early draft of the screenplay for the opening scene of the 1977 movie *Smokey and the Bandit*, Bandit utters what may be the most dangerous phrase since 1945: "AMERICA IS BORED." The phrase never made the screen, but the ethos of America's post-Vietnam ennui had by that time saturated cinematic culture. From heavy-handed dramas like *Deer Hunter* and even *Deliverance*, the movie that catapulted Burt Reynolds into stardom.

In contrast to the often dreary and overwrought adult-oriented moves throughout the 70s, *Smokey and the Bandit* provided a light-hearted, fast-paced optimism. It's vastly underappreciated compared to its contemporaries. When people think of blockbusters of the 70s, two names come to mind: George Lucas and Steven Spielberg. But in 1977, *Smokey and the Bandit* was #2 in the box office behind none other than *Star Wars*, and Burt Reynolds was the biggest box office draw in the lead for five straight years following this. Burt Reynolds' unbridled masculinity made his role in Bandit iconic.

A key reason for the popularity of *Smokey and the Bandit* is that Bandit is an unapologetic representation of what Oswald Spengler calls "the Faustian soul, whose prime symbol is pure and limitless space… A boundless mass of human Being (sic), flowing in a stream without banks; upstream, a dark past wherein our time sense loses all powers of definition and restless or uneasy fancy conjures up geological periods to hide away an eternally unsolvable riddle; downstream, a future even so dark and timeless." In other words, Bandit lives in the moment, and he lives for a challenge. Beneath the clever Maguffin, to bring a shipment of Coors from Texarkana to Atlanta for a celebration, is the central conflict of *Smokey and the Bandit*, that the rich and perhaps criminal antagonists Big and Little Enos offer Bandit, " a real challenge". In contemplating the offer, Bandit confirms his Faustian soul, stating, "Now getting to Texarkana and back in 28 hours, that's no problem." Again, as a prime symbol of pure and limitless space, such logistical issues are trivial.



"SPENGLER AND THE BANDIT"

Another key bit of dialogue as they begin their adventure is when Snowman asks, "Why are we doin' this?"

Bandit replies, "Because they said it couldn't be done."

Bandit's quips are always brief and brimming with absolute confidence. When confronted with the fact that no one else had accomplished this task, Bandit merely responds, "it's because no one asked us yet."

In stark contrast to the Bandit are the lawmen who set up blockades, and specifically the antagonist Buford T. Justice. Buford T. Justice is a Texas sheriff that pursues the bandit, not because of the 18-wheeler full of Coors, but another cargo, the runaway bride that left his hapless son at the altar. Carrie, played by Sally Field, lands into Bandit's car in full wedding regalia.

In Spenglerian terms, Buford T. Justice is the platonic ideal of a Magian. His primary motivation, to save the face of his idiotic dupe of a son after embarrassment at the altar, is not bound by his loyalty to his kin. He routinely berates his doofus son, even exclaiming that "you cannot have come from my loins, I'm gonna go home and slap your mother."

It's not familial loyalty that animates Sherriff Buford T. Justice, but rather it is rightful indignation. As the Bandit effortlessly dodges cop cars and blockades, the condition of Sherriff Justice's car suffers increasingly destructive accidents.

When confronted by a fellow officer about the dangerous condition of his vehicle, Buford T. Justice bloviates, needling and entreating the lawman with a litany of all the injustices the Bandit effortlessly left in his wake. Sherriff Justice is clearly a wordcel. This adherence to concepts such as "justice", much like say "peace" or "democracy" is a Magian trait. The Magian soul is defined by adherence to sacraments and scriptures, or, in this instance, the strict prohibition on shipping Coors west of the Texas state line.

(As an aside, Coors was unpasteurized and contained no preservative, and in the 70s was only granted regional distribution. Only with the advent of refrigerated trucks could the company gain nationwide distribution in 1986.)

Recently, Bronze Age Pervert mentioned on his show that escalating tension in movies is overrated and cites classics like *Fletch* and *Once Upon a Time in Hollywood* as examples of movies where the protagonists just "do cool stuff together". *Smokey and the Bandit* certainly fits this bill. Bandit blows through checkpoints without breaking a sweat. Audiences lapped it up. Everyone loves an overdog. Whether it's Brady and Gronk, Bugs Bunny, Arnold at his bodybuilding peak, or Mike Tyson, everyone wants to see a true master at the peak of his condition.

Bandit's efforts to persuade his old friend Cledus Snow (the Snowman) are equally effortless. The contrast between Snowman and the Bandit is a microcosm of the Cads vs. Trads dynamic that plays out seasonally on Twitter. In the opening scene between Bandit and Snowman, we meet Snowman's many kids and once beautiful blonde wife Waynette.

Snowman is most certainly a portrait of domestication and maybe closest to what Spengler calls "the Apollinian" man, first popularized by Nietzsche in *Birth of Tragedy*. He had kids with Waynette because she was probably hot, and having his immediate needs met, Snowman is content. Bandit imposes his will on Snowman, he nearly mounts on top of Snowman to make his proposition. Trads online would definitely call him gay for this. Snowman acquiesces but asks to bring his dog Fred along. Naturally, this totem of domestication acts to distract and delay Snowman throughout the film. Cledus Snow was played by Jerry Reed who wrote the wildly popular theme song, which in two verses and a chorus, introduces the characters, the premise, and the motivation for the film in two and half minutes. Remarkably effective.

In the ending, out of loyalty to Snowman, Bandit, finally outmanned by the Georgia police and suggests that he should pull over and let the police apprehend him so Snowman can finish the shipment. It was here that the only conflict within the film is presented. That Snowman, the Appolinian man, the domesticated man should allow the Faustian Bandit to be apprehended by the Magian authorities. Here, in a split second, Snowman achieves his hero's journey as he defiantly refuses to let Bandit get caught and instead rams through the final blockade and makes it to the Trucker Rodeo to complete the shipment. *Smokey and the Bandit* is slapstick fun, but it is also an exhortation to domesticated man to risk his family out of loyalty to his friends in search of adventure.

It was here that Bandit finally met his match in Big Enos. Hotly pursued by the law, and asking Enos for his money, Enos utters the three words that are the Achilles heel of the Faustian man, "Double or nothing". (This concept was also explored in my short story "Roger fails the marshmallow test" available in my collection *A Gaucho Throws the I Ching*. Maybe you buy?)

FIAT LUX



~ a novel by ~

William du Jour


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By FIRST WORLD REFUGEE

I recently saw a meme shared by a boomer mutual that compared Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, winner of World War II, to the current Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Gen. Mark Milley, loser of two wars (and high-school-football teammate of Admiral "Rachel" Levine). The meme made fun of Milley for having multitudes of awards on his chest, in contrast with Eisenhower's paltry three medals despite his impressive battlefield record. Seeing this made me reflect on the topic of medal inflation, and my own lacklustrious military career.

When I was an officer in another life, one of my least favorite duties was submitting my Marines for awards, which required an extensive multi-page write-up, then jamming that information succinctly into a short citation that some mildly literate staff noncommissioned officer would stumblingly read at the ceremony.

I worked with some really great people, but there was always just this lame, goofy feeling writing an award citation for someone along the lines of "so and so captured over 150 photos of 233rd Supply Induction Maintenance Platoon (SIMP) operations, directly contributing to theater-level strategic messaging and reassuring partners and allies and the twelve followers of the unit Facebook page of the strength of the US-Japan alliance" or some other such military buzzword claptrap. I was a public affairs officer, so military-buzzword claptrap was unfortunately my specialty, but boy, the Kool-Aid is even more unappealing when you're the one mixing the stuff. I wrote the awards and made sure the right Marines got recognized, but oftentimes it just felt damn silly, and nowadays they really do have awards for everything, with many service members receiving medals for simply existing during the covid-19 pandemic.



"THE BURRITO MILE: AN UNREWARDED ACT OF VALOR"

The late great David Hackworth, a U.S. Army colonel fired and exiled for speaking out against the Vietnam War, wrote in his memoir *About Face* that he gave extra scrutiny to valor awards given to officers, who he routinely witnessed submitting themselves for Bronze or Silver Stars for things that junior enlisted infantrymen encountered everyday during the Korean War. Heck, the Air Force even gave a guy a Distinguished Flying Cross for flying a bombing mission during Iraq War II that missed its target completely, killing 16 civilians.

Anyway, all this thinking on the subject got me reflecting on my own career, and I realized that my proudest and most impressive accomplishment was something I never received an award for.

U.S. Army Rangers that fought in the Battle of Mogadishu in 1993 have the legendary "Mogadishu Mile" of "Black Hawk Down" lore, where they madly dashed through the streets of Mogadishu to safety, dodging AK-wielding Somalis hopped up on amphetamines. But I alone have the distinct honor of completing what will be

remembered (at least by loyal Man's World readers!) as "The Burrito Mile", which in some ways was just as harrowing.

So there I was, on a stiflingly hot evening in [REDACTED]. I anxiously glanced around the open-air flea market, shifting in my cheap plastic seat that felt like it may snap under my weight at any moment. Where is that damn burrito? My pal Mick, and a more senior officer meanwhile eagerly dug into their large plates heaped with bland goyslop.

"You should just head back bro, otherwise you're not going to make it in time. You don't want to be late for this meeting," Mick said.

The issue was that I, First World Refugee, a lowly second lieutenant, was the public affairs officer for this large exercise, and I had a brief with the commanding officer, a colonel, and his staff at 6 p.m., and it was now a quarter til'. It was critical that I make it back in time to brief the big cheese on how well our propaga- — I mean *strategic communications* — was supporting the operation.

But there was no way I was leaving just yet. I paid nearly $3 for this burrito, and I was committed to seeing this through. Sunk-cost fallacy be damned!

5:49

Finally, there she was, the petite waitress buckling under the weight of my enormous burrito as she staggered toward me like Sisyphus struggling up the hill. The platter was lowered onto the wobbly table, and I swear I felt its spindly legs sink an inch into the mud.

My compatriots looked at me, and then at their watches.

5:50

"You should really go man, there's no way you're going to have time to eat all of that and make it back in time for the brief. As it is, I don't know if you'll make it, that's a mile walk!" said Mick, half-laughingly.

"Not an issue, that gives me 3 minutes to eat this and then 7 minutes to run a mile. I can run a 7-minute mile in my sleep," I told him brazenly.

Mick and the taciturn older officer shook their heads in a mixture of amusement and disbelief, or at least, that's what I assume they did. I was no longer looking at them. I already had my head buried in burrito, tucking into this mediocre monstrosity that looked like it had been assembled by someone holding onto the back of a moped speeding through Bangkok.

My approach was similar to that of your local SWAT team when they conduct a raid on the neighborhood right wing extremist guilty of harassing innocent teachers for connecting their kindergarteners with gender-affirming care clinics behind their parents' backs: rapid and ruthless. Multiple times I nearly choked on a mouthful of machaca before getting it down my gullet through nothing more than sheer force of will. Similar to a SWAT raid, the carnage was over in 3 minutes or less, to the amazement of all those unfortunate enough to be in the vicinity of the operation.

With that done I thanked my friends for their company, wiped some salsa shrapnel from my mouth, and then dismissed myself for the meeting. I immediately took off at a dead sprint, narrowly missing several other diners as I exfiltrated the battlefield.

At first, I felt great. My legs and arms pumped effortlessly, and the rush of the wind on my face felt invigorating. It was a mile straight-shot back to the command post, I could see the lights in the distance and knew I simply had to keep my eyes on

MAN'S WORLD: UNBOTHERED.
IN MY LANE. FLOURISHING.



"None of them would ever know. I would never receive a shiny award or even a pat on the back"

the prize. I could run a mile in my sleep.

By about the half-mile mark, I began to realize the folly of what I had done. Even just one less spoonful of burrito could have saved me both precious time and the bellyache I was now feeling rumbling up from below. *I don't know if I can do this...*

But then, in that moment, right when I wanted to quit, I thought about that Navy SEAL Marcus Luttrell. If he had quit...I'm just kidding, I didn't think about that fraud, I just thought about how if I showed up late to this meeting, I would get ripped a new one in front of everyone. So I put some pep in my step and soldiered — er, Marine'd — on valiantly.

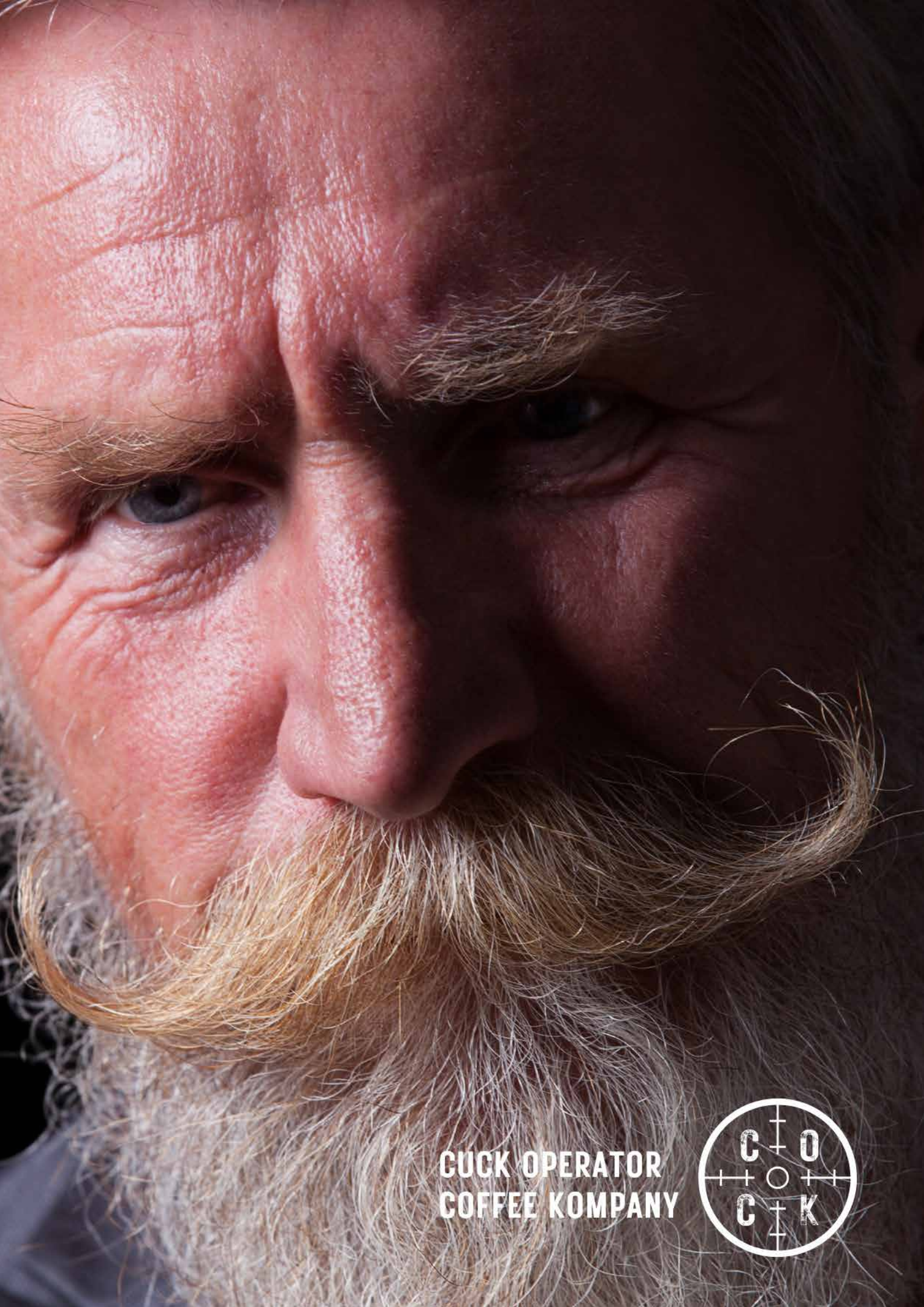
Somehow, I finished the run. Stopping just outside the command post to adjust my uniform and wipe the sweat from my brow, I glanced at my watch and noticed I had made it with 30 seconds to spare. I walked in and took my seat among the other officers, sweat immediately forming a minor putrid lagoon on my spot at the table, garnering bewildered glances from these men who had no idea of the vicious combat I had just been through. I cracked a stupid joke to the disgusted major sitting next to me, "What's the matter Sir, Marines are amphibious right? Ha.." He sort of half-smiled and turned back to his notes disapprovingly. He has no idea. None of them do. Damn POGs.

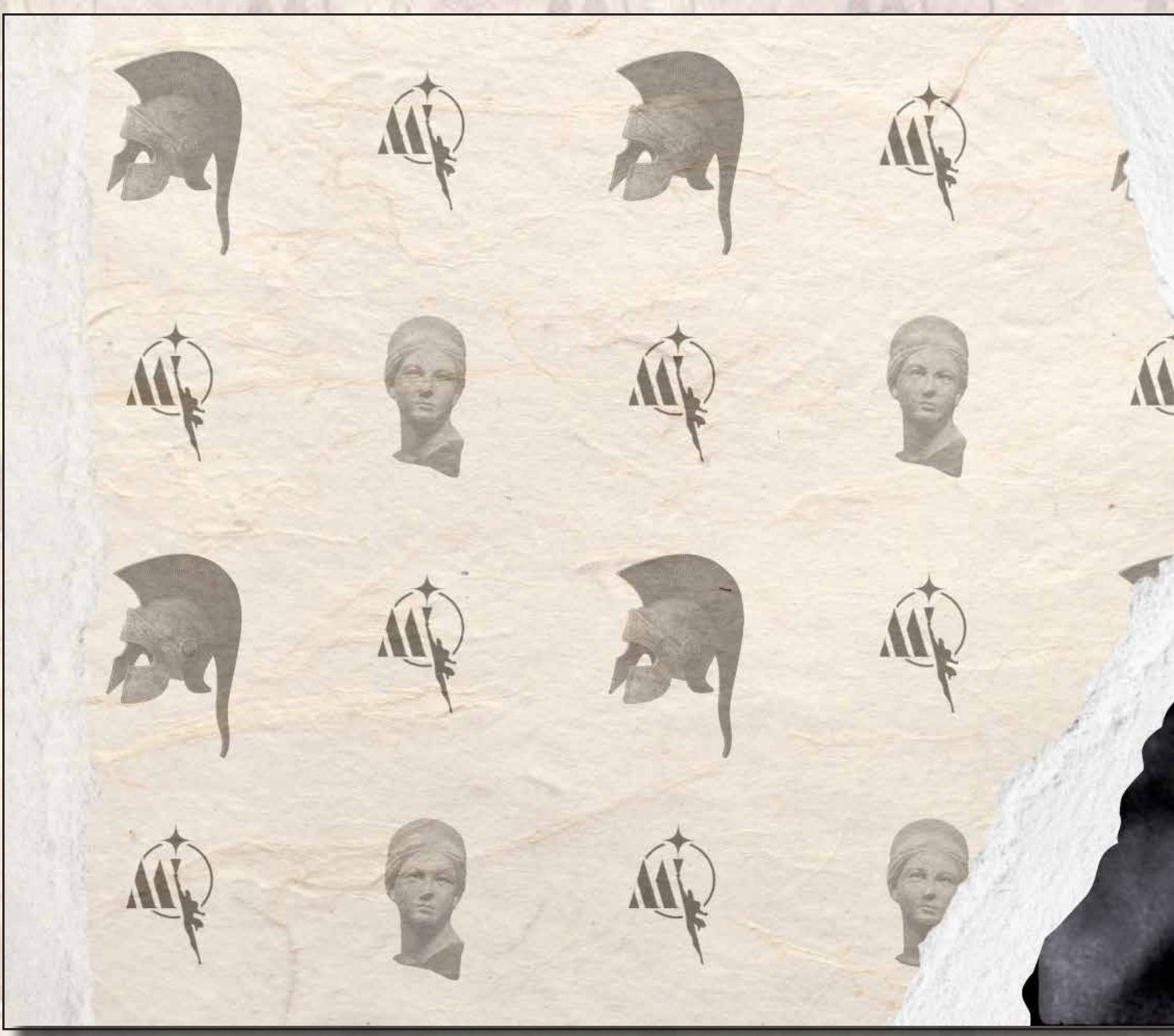
None of them would ever know. I would never receive a shiny award or even a pat on the back, but this was truly my proudest Marine Corps accomplishment. ■

First World Refugee tweets @ lennypepperwood and writes at firstworldrefugee.substack.com




WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T TEACH AN OLD CUCK NEW TRICKS?
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“IN THE WORLD OF BOYS, MISHIMA CONTENDS, THE HIGHEST PRINCIPLE IN THE WORLD IS THE TEST OF HEROISM: TO CLIMB HIGHER, TO RUN FASTER, TO PROVE ONE’S PHYSICAL AND MENTAL BRAVERY.”

Images overleaf, clockwise from top right: Yukio Mishima; Mishima leading his Shield Society; Simone de BeauvoirA



THE FIRST SEX

In Mishima's response to Simone de Beauvoir's famous book, we see the clash between traditional heroism and the feminist attempt to redefine strength

by Chokodo Shujin

"Women who have been married for two or three years usually come to the conclusion that men are stupid, simple, good-natured and, in short, children. Then, when women who have been married for more than ten years get together, they may not say it, but they will come to the conclusion that men are more or less scoundrels, liars, treacherous, and, in short, enigmatic. Finally, when wives who have reached their golden weddings gather together, the expression becomes much more moderate, back to the original conclusion, men are stupid, naïve, good-natured and, in short, children."

Thus begins Yukio Mishima's 1964 essay *Dai-*

ichi no Sei, or "The First Sex", titled after Simone de Beauvoir's 1949 *The Second Sex*. In the form of a sprawling manifesto, Simone de Beauvoir asks, "What is woman?" Yukio Mishima, in response, asks, "What is man?" With his typical elegant yet rousing and inspired prose, he then delves into his exploration of the subject of masculinity in the modern era.

Mishima begins with his own observations of the behavior of modern women in relation to their various interactions with and general impressions of the opposite sex. "These conclusions are scientific enough," Mishima caustically says, "since most women are locked away in the sacred laboratory of their lifelong marriage, studying the poor male with great precision and care."

Upon examining these three conclusions drawn by modern urban women, it becomes apparent that the first and the third conclusion, although nearly identical in wording, are actually different in substance and content. The final conclusion is of course reached only after going through the second one, the vapid assertion that men are mentally and emotionally inferior to women. Fundamentally, he finds, modern women have little respect for men. In the end, the conclusion drawn by these patently Americanized housewives of Tokyo is simply that "men are bad." It is difficult to conceive of a more prescient statement, being that traditional masculinity has recently been categorized as a form of mental illness by the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (DSM). Moreover, allegations of misogyny are sufficient grounds for dismissal from many places of employment, while misandry is casually accepted, or even encouraged and lauded. The simple and childish wording of the statement, too, "men are bad," reflects the simplistic and binary attitudes of those who supported such measures, who describe any outward demonstration of masculine characteristics as "toxic." Stoicism, heroism, individualism, restraint, and objectivity are mocked, while performative "caring," collectivism, and various patronizing forms of nurturing and faux-empathy as practiced by career women are all praised. To say that men are bad, of course, implies that women are good. These women do not want equality, but domination.

In the end, it is a woman's full-body expression of the very last possible admission: husbands should be treated like children, and women, who are natural nurturers, should be in charge. As Sonia Sotomayor said, cheered on by the mainstream media, "I would hope that a wise Latina woman with the richness of her experiences would more often than not reach a better conclusion than a white male who hasn't lived that life." I will let her quote speak for itself; no commentary is necessary. Such views, inappropriate as they may be, have become mainstream.

Beyond being merely ignorant of men's lives and motivations, women often seem to wilfully misunderstand men's actions and priorities. This behavior, too, has become unsettlingly mainstream – it is considered commendable even. American television and mass media perpetuate and then propagate such an image. Sitcoms and films typically feature the archetypes of a bumbling, incompetent husband, fat and guzzling beer, and his long-suffering wife, who saves him from whatever mishap he has gotten himself into. And yet I cannot fail to note that many modern female entertainers, in the guise of empowerment, celebrate their gluttony and sloth, and the obesity that follows. These women expect tall and handsome men to fall for them while damning and questioning the masculinity of any man who finds their repellent physiques and hysterical temperaments unattractive.

Even more extreme in its misandry is so-called prestige programming, in which men seem to solely exist to rape, abuse, and generally persecute women, or to offer their undiluted adulation to the brilliant and remarkably capable women who surround them. These are the two roles men are allowed to play in the theaters of the American self-appointed elites. Strolling through various mainstream bookstores, I have seen that this abounds in novels as well. What is particularly disturbing is the number of these television programs and novels that are marketed towards young girls. The propagandization begins young.

Anecdotally, I have observed many women who take no interest in films or novels that feature male protagonists. "I just can't relate to them," a friend's wife said. It is an irony that would never occur to her that she insists upon her husband watching her preferred television shows with her, all of which have female protagonists, often teenage girls, and are heavily misandrist. Such women revel in their refusal to either understand or take the faintest interest in men, while expecting their







husbands to find all aspects of the lives and the various problems of women to be endlessly fascinating. What is it about men, then, that women find so inscrutable?

"What is it that makes them go to war in the countryside to have a hard time when they have plenty of money, plenty of women, plenty of admiration from the world, and plenty of fun?" a hypothetical woman asks in Mishima's essay.

This is a lifelong process of recognition for women, but as Mishima says, from a male point of view, we can only say, "You don't get it, do you?" Of course, here Mishima is implying something greater: that women largely and fundamentally do not understand the male instinct towards heroism.

When Lord Byron went abroad to support the Greek War of Independence, selling his estate to support a private army of thirty philhellene officers and about two hundred men, his faithful steward, who had served him for many years, said to him on the outbound ship, "I don't understand your lordship's feelings at all." Had Byron remained in England, he would have lived a life of privilege and luxury, a celebrated artist who wanted for nothing. Byron replied that he was honored to be misunderstood, for "[a] servant cannot understand the heart of a hero." This would have resonated with Mishima especially, a writer twice nominated for the Nobel Prize for Literature, who also founded a private army, the Tatenokai, or Shield Society, comprised mainly of young men from Waseda University. The Tatenokai was formed due to Mishima's alarm over the scale of leftist protests in Tokyo in 1968, although he vowed to stand against threats to Japan from both the left and the right.

"But nowadays, in a democracy, everyone is a servant," Mishima wrote in "The First Sex".

It seems that women are naturally democratic, which I have always maintained is a system very much like communism, at least in its present iteration. To simplify the matter perhaps too much, both systems involve governance by the masses. In a very democratic way, women typically believe that rather than be ruled by the elite, everyone should have a say, although as Orwell said in *Animal Farm*, some are more equal than others. Women typically shun the concept of nobility; anything but equality, or, lately, "equity,"





"Duel Between Peresvet and Chelubey
on the Kulikovo Field"
Mikhail Ivanovich Avilov (1943)A

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is unfashionable. And much like Lord Byron's devoted steward, women can rarely understand the psychology of a hero, instead looking at the daily lives of their husbands from a limited and myopic perspective. While Byron's steward was impressed though confused by this impulse to heroism, women tend to be repelled by it and aim to stifle or even extinguish this impulse.

"Every man is a hero," Mishima says. Indeed, the title of the first chapter of The First Sex is "All Men Are Heroes." He continues, "I say this as a man. It's just that the world's men are wrong. The only thing wrong with men in the world is that they try to make women see their heroism."

And modern women, upon seeing this heroism, are either threatened or repelled. For the modern feminist, the concept of heroism is viewed as inherently tied to patriarchal structures and ideals, which they describe as promoting a narrow and often exclusionary definition of strength and heroism. They argue that traditional heroes tend to reflect masculine qualities and reinforce traditional gender roles, sidelining or dismissing the experiences and contributions of women and marginalized groups, to use their jargon, which I cannot help but notice is strangely interchangeable with the jargon used by modern race baiters.

What then do these women advocate? The modern feminist might advocate a broader understanding of heroism that includes "diverse" perspectives and attributes. "Diverse," of course, is a euphemism for non-European and, increasingly, non-Asian. A "diverse" course in literature would not include Sōseki Natsume or Lu Xun, but instead whichever writers can be plucked from various developing countries, or American women and minorities. They celebrate what they describe as the courage and resilience of everyday people, shining a light on so-called individuals who challenge societal norms, fight for "social justice," and work towards destroying systems that they consider oppressive. It is a thoroughly Marxist doctrine.

In their eyes, heroism should encompass acts of compassion, empathy, and advocacy for communities that they define as marginalized. They emphasize collective action, community-building, and cooperation over individualistic notions of heroism. These feminists advocate narratives that explore "complex" characters – that is, characters who reflect their own experiences, preferences, and perspectives. Their diversity is remarkable in its homogeneity.

In "The First Sex", Mishima provides an anecdote in which a beautiful fashion model accidentally drove her car into a moat. Frightened and unable to swim, the young woman climbed onto the roof of her stranded car and shouted for help. Three men immediately appeared, jumped into the water, and rescued the woman. "…and we can only wonder how chivalry could have spread from Europe at the end of the Middle Ages in the fifteenth century to Japan in the twentieth century," Mishima writes.

The three men in question were all men of great integrity. All three of them were unquestionably noble, not because they rescued the woman for some ulterior motive, not because any money or glory was at stake, but simply because they were "chivalrous heroes." This is one of many things that modern feminists are waging war against.

"Chivalry was a very cunning Western invention," writes Mishima. Indeed, it was chivalry that established an aesthetically pleasing image of the hero that was easy for women to understand. In the modern era, the hero has been reduced to an archetype. In fact, heroism is perhaps the most difficult idea for the modern woman to comprehend, but cunning chivalry is a successful adaptation of this ancient concept for the modern woman. As I described earlier, we see this cunning heroism on television in the form of the plucky female protagonist's adoring, obsequious, and non-threateningly handsome love interest.

"The men in the middle are real sissies," Mishima says quite candidly, describing these milquetoast figures. They know neither art nor action. "There is not a single heroic figure that women are concerned with, and heroes are all difficult figures for women to understand, from the ancient Japanese warrior Yamato Takeru-no-Mikoto, who achieved great deeds through the sacrifice of women, to the patriots of the late Tokugawa shogunate, who only knew women as merchant girls who fell to their knees."

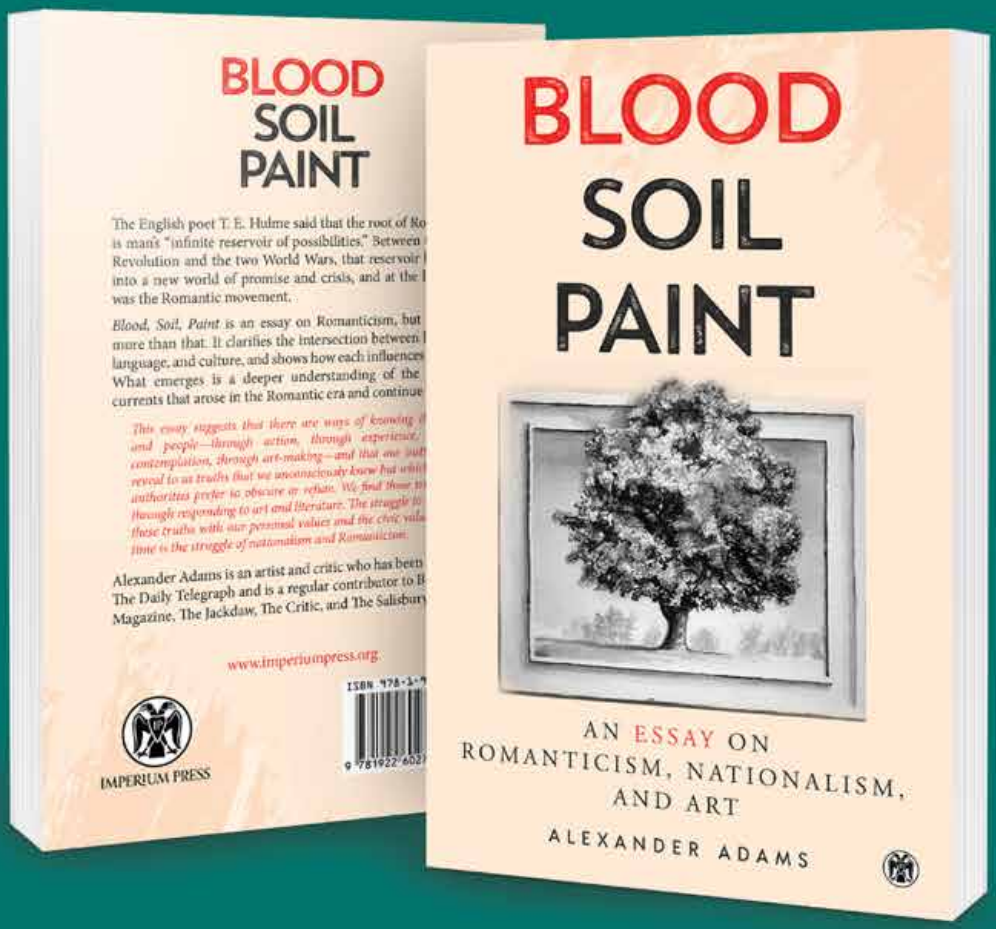
In his long prose poem, "The Crowned Poet," Yojūrō Yasuda describes Takeru-no-Mikoto as such: "He was the epitome of one of Japan's finest warriors, and therefore also the epitome of a Japanese poet. Not only is it significant because


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he was a poet, but it is also significant because he was a warrior." Ryūnosuke Akutagawa, famous as a poet, writer, and aesthete, was also accomplished as a master of judo, and it was his contention that all artists should also be martial artists, and vice versa.

But for women, what matters is, essentially, emotion. To put it bluntly, the masculine principle is forever a mystery to women, just as the feminine principle is forever a mystery to men. And to understand the hero, the symbol of the masculine principle, a woman has no choice but to understand things in a woman's way. This leads to her interpreting the emotions and motivations of men as being essentially similar to her own, and drawing conclusions that are often vastly incorrect. As a result , she sees the man as some inferior and inscrutable "other," to use the modern parlance. When women weep, it is due to their profound empathy, yet when men weep, it is a failing, a weakness, in their eyes. In The Father, playwright August Strindberg addresses this, paraphrasing Shylock's famous monologue from *The Merchant of Venice*. "Yes, I am crying although I am a man. But has not a man eyes! Has not a man hands, limbs, senses, thoughts, passions? Is he not fed with the same food, hurt by the same weapons, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter as a woman? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? And if you poison us, do we not die? Why shouldn't a man complain, a soldier weep? Because it is unmanly? Why is it unmanly?"

Mishima describes the process of the typical feminine attempts to unravel a man's feelings as pulling the yarn from one place on a woollen doll when she finds a tear, finding a particular point of view when it comes undone, pulling the yarn out from that point of view, and then pulling the wool out again, and again, and again. They pull the yarn from the woollen doll until they eventually tear it to pieces, turning it into a mere ball of mangled yarn. "Poor men, they grow up in a storm from childhood. Subjected to ridicule, abuse, and criticism, they wear themselves out trying not to be the laughing stock of others. In the world of boys, the degree of respect depends on the development of secondary sexual characteristics."

In the world of boys, Mishima contends, the highest principle in the world is the test of heroism: to climb higher, to run faster, to prove one's physical and mental bravery. The most undeveloped aspect of such a competitive spirit remains even in adulthood, and although women are different in their love of physically strong men, and many women do not value strength to such a degree, most men without muscles envy men who are physically strong. This is no longer a question of merely being popular among women or not, but a remnant of the fierce competition for secondary sexual characteristics in the world of boys, and a lingering vestige of the near-extinct heroic type.

The pointlessness of the heroic struggle in the male world, even for muscular physique, still seems ridiculous to many modern women. The competition between women regarding appearance is vaguely similar to this, but modern women tend to decry any display of vanity, at least in public. This explains the popularity of designer sweatpants and nude lipstick, which are worn with the intention of impressing other women, rather than to appeal to men. This also explains the great number of overweight fashion models and pop singers. It is other women whose respect they seek, and in seeking this catty sort of respect, they often unflatteringly alter their appearances.

Let us return to the words of Mishima's anonymous Tokyo housewife.

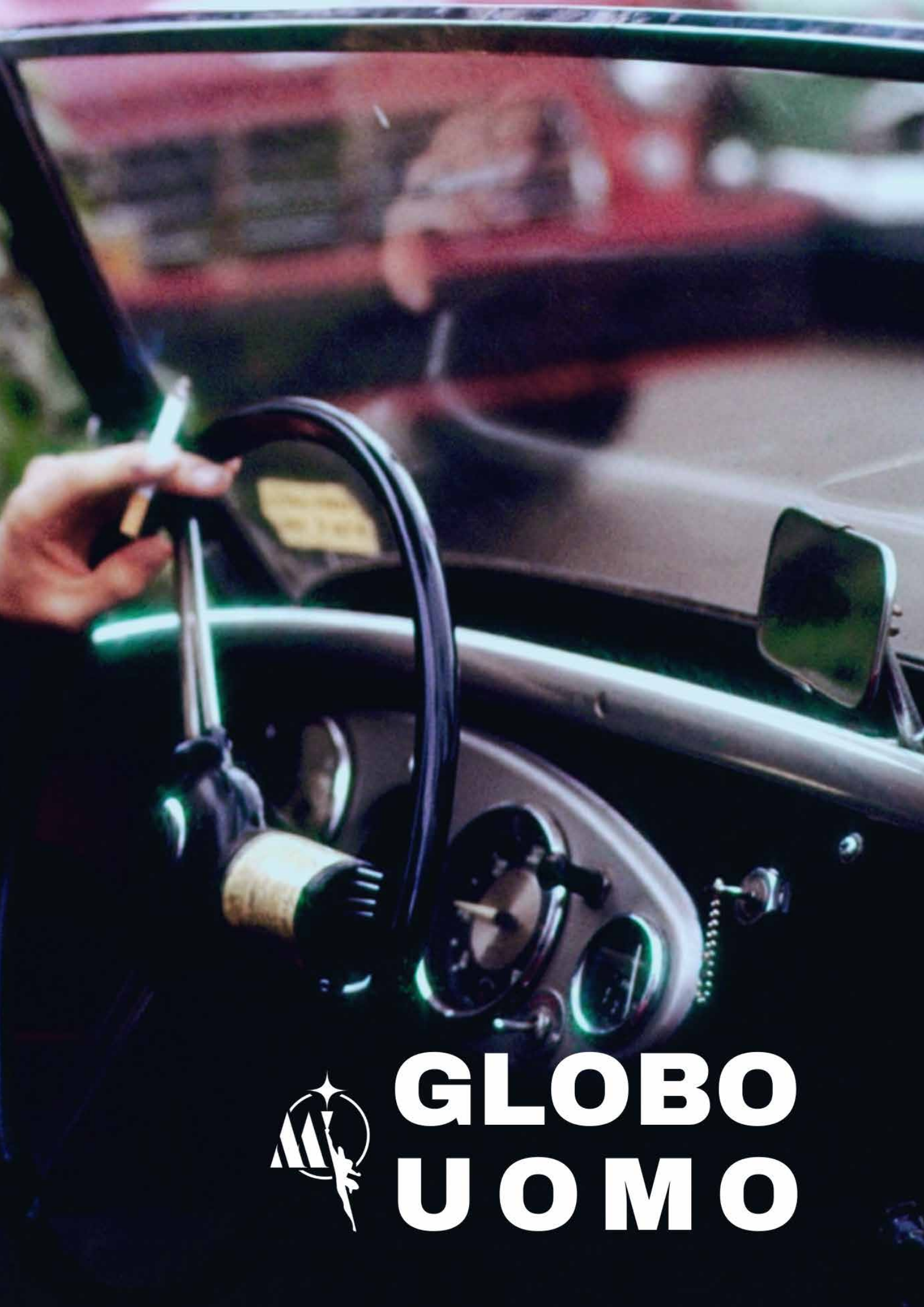
"Men are stupid, simple, good-natured and, in short, children."

This is the conclusion of those who proclaim their superior empathy and emotional intelligence, the modern woman's substitute for physical vanity.

"But, wait a moment," Mishima says. The competition for women's appearances is solely a matter of the physical, but the heroics of men immediately pass through the physical realm and extend into the spiritual and metaphysical world. Although their basic motives are in essence childish, they reach the giants of the world of politics and economies, of philosophical thought and art, conquests, and war. In other words, a man's feet can lose ground more easily than a woman's. This is the privilege of men, as well as the source of all honor, Mishima writes. And this is something that should never be disparaged or discarded, regardless of the best attempts of modern progressives to destroy masculinity.

Originally published on Arktos.com as "HeroicA Masculinity", where a second part can also be read.A

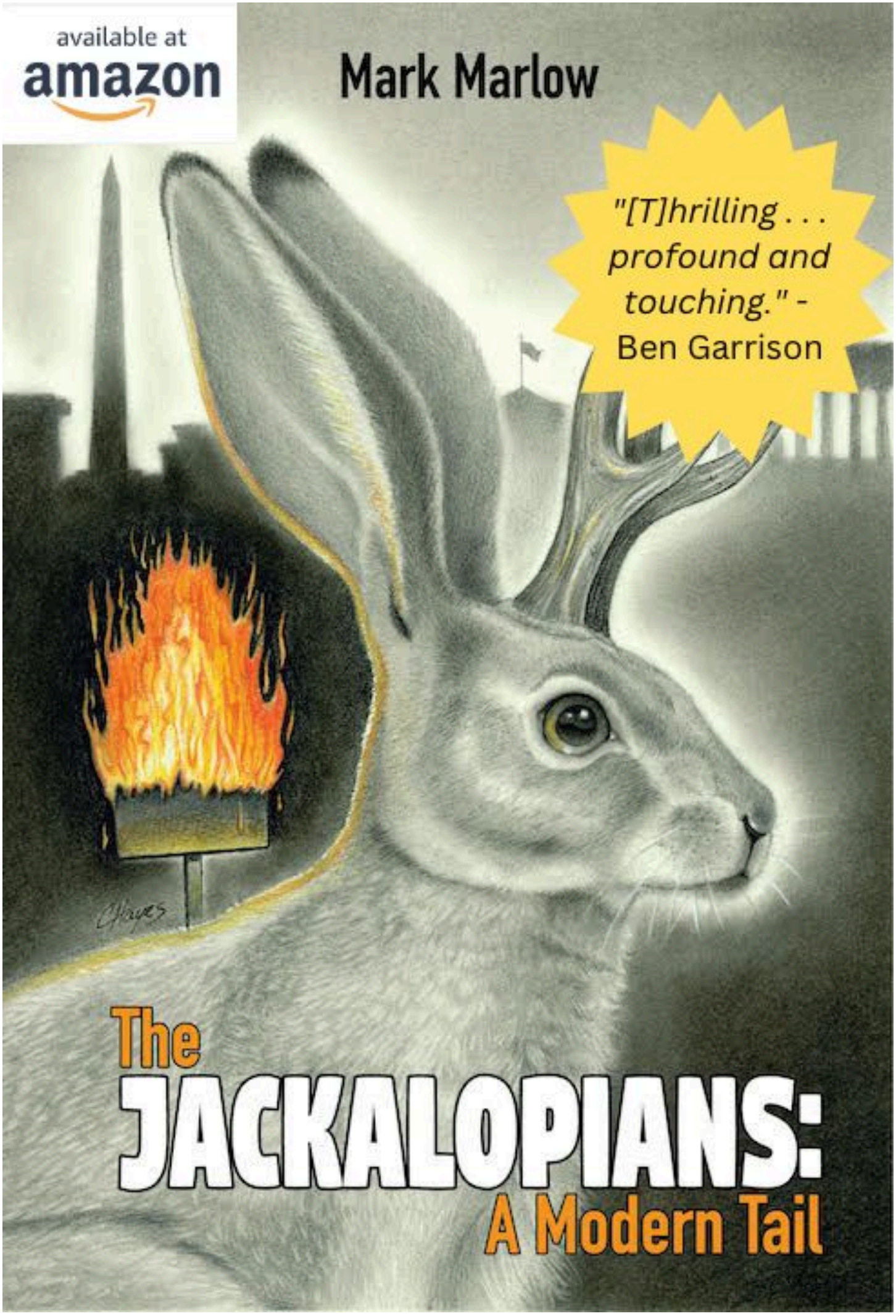



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MAN'S WORLD COUNTERBLAST

"AN ACTUAL DEFENCE OF ANONYMITY"

by RAW EGG NATIONALIST

I'm not entirely sure what a full philosophical or pragmatic defence of internet anonymity would look like, but one thing I do know is that neither would look anything like Mark Granza's "In defense of anons" (on the IM1776 website).

Granza's main concern in his piece seems to be to point out i) that there are different kinds of anonymity and ii) that the kind that really matters isn't anonymity at all; in fact, it's a form of pseudonymity, with ethical obligations attached to it that ensure the mask is worn in a responsible manner. Only a select few accounts qualify for this rare distinction, and the individuals behind them are the ones that have a shot at "landing a book deal" and taking their rightful place amid the ranks of the known. Fundamentally, it's these accounts that provide anonymous posting with whatever legitimacy it might have, and it's these accounts alone that can justify the excesses of those making use of anonymity for less productive reasons.

The mass of real anons, by contrast, are subject to less responsibility and behave with little to no restraint. We're talking about your cumgroypers, anime PFPs, classical statue heads, Mel Gibson Fans and so on. Their kind of anonymity is a necessary outlet for people who don't really have much of any value to say, and they certainly aren't likely to land a book deal (although I, for one, would love to know the backstory of Mel Gibson Fan 74). Given the current political climate, these people should have the right to say whatever it is they want to say without the risk of persecution – and the only way to ensure that is to allow them to speak out of impenetrable darkness, even if all they do is annoy other people. Nobody should have to risk their livelihood and personal relationships for the sake of posting that "shut up, bitch!" video of the Rock under a few tweets they don't like. These people can, of course, just be muted or blocked.

Before we get going, I think it's worth putting Jordan Peterson back in his box under the stairs. His beef with the anonymous community is personal, not philosophical. The increasingly shrill tone of his outbursts (demons! the dark tetrad!), and their increasingly strange prose-poetic form, is indicative of a man who is still unwell. Indeed, it's not even clear whether the "Jordan Peterson" we're interacting with on Twitter really is the man himself, or his daughter Mikhaila, who has taken on a role not unlike that of Jamie Spears in the months and years since her father's well-publicised battle with benzodiazepine addiction. Mikhaila has her own reasons to dislike anonymous posters on



Twitter, not least of all the constant reminders of her three-day dalliance with a certain Emory Andrew Tate III in Romania.

And while we're at it, let's put Patrick Deneen in that box too. It's abundantly obvious why he wouldn't be happy with my friend Lomez for being published in *First Things*. The presence of anonymous Twitter posters in the hallowed pages of such a publication indicates a clear loss of control for tastemakers like Deneen, who believe that nobody, least of all a totally unknown quantity who hasn't been subject to their post-liberal gleichshaltung, should be allowed to slip through their networks of patronage. Heaven forbid, they might even have something important and compelling to say! A similar response was evident when I published my first essay with *American Mind*, a publication of the Claremont Institute, way back in early 2022. Not long after, Bill Kristol sent his attack poodles at the *Bulwark* after me. When Kristol tweeted the resulting hitpiece, which lamented the continuing moral "decay" at the Claremont Institute, his replies were full of people like "Ostrogothic

King" force-feeding him the unpalatable truth: "Funny that someone named @babygravy9 has far more interesting things to say than anyone at the bulwark, the entire output of which seems to consist of indignant sputtering." Ouch.

So. When it comes to distinguishing between different kinds of anonymity, I can see what Mark Granza is trying to get at. There really is a difference between the typical behaviour of an anonymous account created solely for the purpose of trolling – and such things do exist – and the behaviour of an anonymous writer with a reputation, a large following and a bibliography of publications. I'm one of the latter; although I started out as the former, more or less (I had no social-media ambitions beyond having a bit of fun). There are many things that a troll account would readily do that I simply don't or won't do. Certain types of behaviour and certain topics of conversation are totally off-limits, and would have ended my Twitter career many months or even years ago if I'd decided to pursue them. In the beginning, I didn't do these things largely for reasons of temperament, but as my account and influence grew, this became a much more conscious thing for me. As things stand, I have 170,000 followers and the ability to reach as far into the mainstream media as most named commentators.

Granza claims that the fundamental difference between "pseudonymous" and "anonymous" accounts is precisely the reputation accounts like mine have built up, which demands that the poster, whoever he or she may be, act with responsibility, or circumspection at the very least, rather than "screwing around". By contrast, a truly "anonymous" account has no ties to "any identifiable entity", giving it an ephemeral nature that permits a total lack of restraint if desired by the user. In support of this distinction, Granza cites a Youtube video involving a boring German man with a horrid ponytail and noodle arms that I just couldn't be bothered to watch. But I don't think we need a 50-minute lecture to understand that this distinction misses something fundamental that unites any and all accounts that operate under assumed identities.

Let's put to one side the linguistic quibble that to be anonymous by definition you would have to be "without name" (all anonymous accounts on Twitter are therefore pseudonymous accounts, technically, since they all have names). Consider the example of J.K. Rowling. When she decided to write again after finishing the Harry Potter series, she wanted to do so without the baggage of being "the Harry Potter woman". She wanted a clean slate. She chose, therefore, to write her Cormoran Strike series of crime novels under the gruffer *nom de plume* of Robert Galbraith. Initially, this was a well-kept secret, but pretty soon people found out. And what was the consequence? *Nothing*. Well, nothing bad, anyway. Rather, the discovery that Robert Galbraith was actually the Harry Potter woman provided massive exposure for a forgettable series of novels that would otherwise have been quickly forgotten, leading to more book sales, television dramatisations etc. Rowling might have wanted to maintain the fiction of being someone else, but she had absolutely no reason to fear being unmasked.

Pseudonymity in this case is just a distancing device, which may be adopted for a number of reasons but has nothing to do with ensuring the writer's sovereignty or personal safety. Other writers may choose pseudonyms because they simply don't have a writerly name. Bob Fudgepacker may be the best thriller writer in the continental United States, but with a name like that there's no chance he'll be taken seriously…

So not only is Granza's distinction between "pseudonymous" and "anonymous" accounts an affront to common sense, to our everyday understanding of what a pseudonymous writer is as opposed to someone trying to express themselves without any reference to who they really are, but it also minimises the fact that neither "pseudonymous" nor "anonymous" posters want to be found out. Yes, a poster like me might have a reputation to preserve, but there's one thing that remains as off-the-table for me or Benjamin Braddock or Lafeyette Lee as it does for the lowliest shitposter and that's, of course, our actual names and faces. None of us wants, personally, to be an "identifiable entity", even if I may want people to know that, behind the mask, it's still the same handsome bodybuilder who has published all those fascinating articles in *American Mind* and that wonderful new(-ish) book *The Eggs Benedict Option*. This existential need for self-concealment is at the base of the entire

"THE EXISTENTIAL NEED FOR SELF-CONCEALMENT IS AT THE BASE OF THE ENTIRE PHENOMENON OF ANONYMOUS TWITTER-POSTING"

phenomenon of anonymous Twitter-posting, and no amount of definitional jerrymandering can change that.

And the thing is, as an anonymous writer builds a more prominent profile, the risks actually become greater, not smaller. The investment in anonymity grows, rather than shrinking. When I was "Turning Point Çatalhöyük" and had all of five followers, no journalist or Antifa scumbag had any interest in revealing my identity, in contrast to the situation today, where barely a day seems to pass without some fresh smear claiming I and others like me such as Bronze Age Pervert are members of the "Unabomber right" (kek!) or leaders of an emerging "raw food movement" that "may present the potential for violent consequences" (kek!). As silly as these claims may sound, the aim of the hit-pieces they're drawn from is clearly to flag me and my more influential friends as valid objects for intervention by the security services.

This hardly presents anonymous figures like me with an easy route to mainstream acceptance, even if we were looking for that, which most of us aren't. Thankfully, being anonymous now offers its own distinctive routes for influence and success largely on our own terms, not least of all self-publication. *Bronze Age Mindset*, self-published through the Amazon KDP platform, has sold many tens of thousands of copies since its release in 2018, regularly trouncing the most astroturfed establishment authors in the classics, ancient history and philosophy, including Mark Zuckerberg's fat sister Donna. As well as self-publishing books that have also sold many thousands of copies, I've created my own magazine, MAN'S WORLD, and website, which racked up more than 350,0000 hits during the release week of the latest issue.

It's impossible, I think, to write an honest account of internet anonymity today without mentioning the case of Douglass Mackey, a.k.a "Ricky Vaughn". His omission from Granza's "defense" is instructive. Ricky Vaughn, for those who don't know, was a prominent anonymous poster during the 2016 election cycle. Although it's difficult to quantify social media influence, Vaughn was widely identified as one of the key players in Trump's victory. The MIT Media Lab, for instance, named him ahead of NBC News, Stephen Colbert, and the Drudge Report in its list of the top 150 influencers of the election. His memes and posts were regularly retweeted by some of the most important figures on the American right.

In 2018, the man behind the Ricky Vaughn account was revealed after Paul Nehlen, a congressional candidate, posted his name on Twitter. A gleeful Buzzfeed exposé followed not long after. Mackey retired to Florida hoping to avoid further media attention, but in January 2021, just a few days after Biden took office, he was arrested in West Palm Beach on charges of interference in a federal election, for a Hillary Clinton meme encouraging black and Latino voters to cast their votes by text. Now, two years later, he's been convicted of voter suppression and faces years in jail.

Mackey's real crime was helping make the unthinkable – a Trump victory – happen. For this he had to be punished by the regime, just as Alex Jones, Steve Bannon and Roger Stone also had to be punished. What the Mackey case makes clear, and what Granza completely misses, is that anonymous posting is a key tool of political organisation on the right, one that has the power to influence, and perhaps even sway, elections. People are not posting anonymously just to pursue a career as a writer from an unusual angle, or simply to vent their frustrations about men with willies being allowed to enter women's toilets; this is not just a "culture war". At issue is the narrowing possibility of real political change, something Trump's victory



Young women use as many as 17 personal-care products a day that contain hormone-altering chemicals*

*doi.org/10.1038/s41370-019-0170-1

genuinely represented, even if the man himself has so far failed to live up to his promise. This is why internet anonymity, in its best and worst aspects, matters and why the regime is so desperate to do away with it. Douglass Mackey is a stand-in for you, if you hadn't guessed already.

To me at least, Mark Granza's overriding concern with prestige, with the justification of anonymity solely as a pipeline to advancement in the conventional world of writing and politics, is nothing more than a reflection of his own personal aims in our sphere. He is, by his own account, an entryist, and his newfound friendship with Rod Dreher, a man who has repeatedly smeared and doxxed anonymous posters, should give us all pause for thought.

Anonymity doesn't matter only when it serves as a staging post for a career as a facephag personality on the right. In fact, when that's all it serves to do, it doesn't matter a damn, since it doesn't really change anything at all. The distinctive contribution of anons, high and low, big and small, is to say the things the regime doesn't want us to say, to break the hold of our ridiculous captured media and intellectual elites, whose venality and subservience would shame even the lowest form of communist kakocracy.

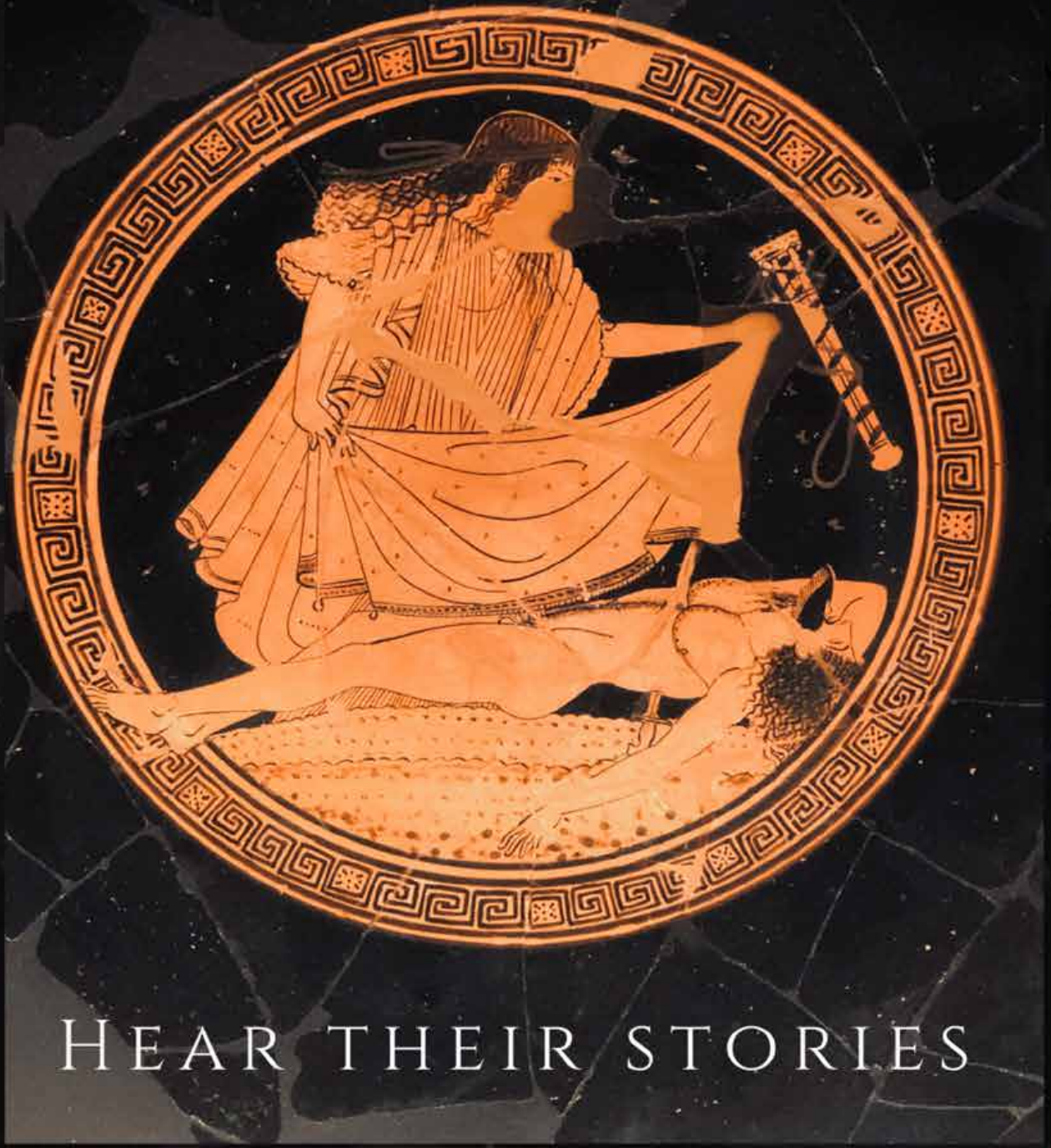
You either defend the anons – *all of us* – or you defend none of us. It's that simple. But it helps if you actually understand what we're doing, and genuinely care, in the first place.



cartoon by @gramanhfocwaldA


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M.D. VINSON

ILLUSTRATORA

You are a young artist and you just finished a project for Poke-a-Pola's summer campaign. You are a designer and the Super company is featuring your work. Your Black Beauty 150 screams across states and the gorgeous bartender you're slumbering against tells you in a private stretch of river that she's made enough money selling her eggs to a gay couple in Oregon to pay for a trailer.

You've done it, almost all of it: paintings, therapy sessions, music, diversity training, lay offs, spec writing, business meetings, hyper specific illustra tions, yoga (once), super generic blanket branding, spreadsheets, mushrooms, some weed, a lot of booze, but never diet coke.

Your business partner hates you and claims all your ideas as his own, but he says this is only because he supports you.

The Super Co hasn't paid you in a year. Poke-A Pola isn't returning your calls.

At the intersection of 3d and Eustace you see your illustration on a billboard. You suddenly have a vision of a cliff you once climbed and your only accomplice, a scorpion smaller than the palm of your hand. He yawns, and as you reach a sketchy spot says "hold on a minute" and disappears, refusing to lead you any further.

You keep climbing and inside of your mind an image forms of a garden, a mystic atmosphere blossoming, sprawling oaks of magnitude; within a hallway of ancients, a statue of armor poised forever in sunlight.

As you reach the peak, a shivering bolt from the heavens lands between your shoulders, heaving you into the sky.

Your memory fades to black for a time and washes back in bright white. In front of you a donkey quietly passes his morning meal on the road that





stretches through some desert pass behind him.

"Asta la vista" the donkey says, as you look for your keys. Where is your climate controlled car, where is

3d street? Where is where you're from?

"There are no keys, there is no escape." says the brighty as you reluctantly mount the tranche of this

sterile beast of burden.

"I guess it doesn't matter" you sigh.

"You will always matter" he mutters, "you always have been that."

Miles go by.

"The human spirit neglects beauty, and those that pursue it." The ass mumbles as you pass through a

derelict town.

The sun continues its collision with the peyote grey wilderness about you.

"Where are we going, anyhow?" the burrow wonders to himself, since you are not paying any mind.

A lone wingull escapes her perch on the cross of a telephone pole, primed with electric gossip and news

of the current moment. You wonder if she knows who you are.

The ass wanders, as you have no direction, to a pool nestled in the shade of a cliff. Only sequoi as grow

here.

"Here is a moment you could paint. Here is a moment that matters" says the ass, as he lets you down.

But you don't paint. Instead you stare about, looking for answers to the world that left you behind.

And then the donkey is gone, and the resident wasps of the Sequoia tribe have found a scent in you

which warrants stingers and bites, the inflic tion of hell that only these thoraxed demons can dole out.

"Nobody cares" you gasp, after having hidden in a puddle of fear for the past hour to escape your

carapaced torturers.

You use mud from the soil near you and find zinc rich outcroppings in the cliff, you create a caustic brew

to smear atop the bulbous wasp stings your skin now features. For a moment you consider the market

value of an organic bug bite salve.

"What are you having, some sort of pity party?" A lone traveler interrupts you, looking down from his

truck. He spits out his cigarette and drives on. Across the back of his truck a graphic cling of windmills,

and in custom lettering "DON COYOTE".

"WAIT!" you cry.

And in the growing darkness you pursue the truck, because you have no other focus. You stoop beneath

stars that weigh down over you, the canopy of heaven only visible in a desert like you find yourself in.

And all while you run, you wonder about a woman, how could she do this?

And you are angry at a man, how could he do this?

And you hate an insect, why are they like this?

But this is all gone.

And you forget the garden.

And you doubt the donkey.

And you neglect the pool.

All while the radiance of creation dulls itself on your chrome skull.

Who are you to think anything should be other than it is?

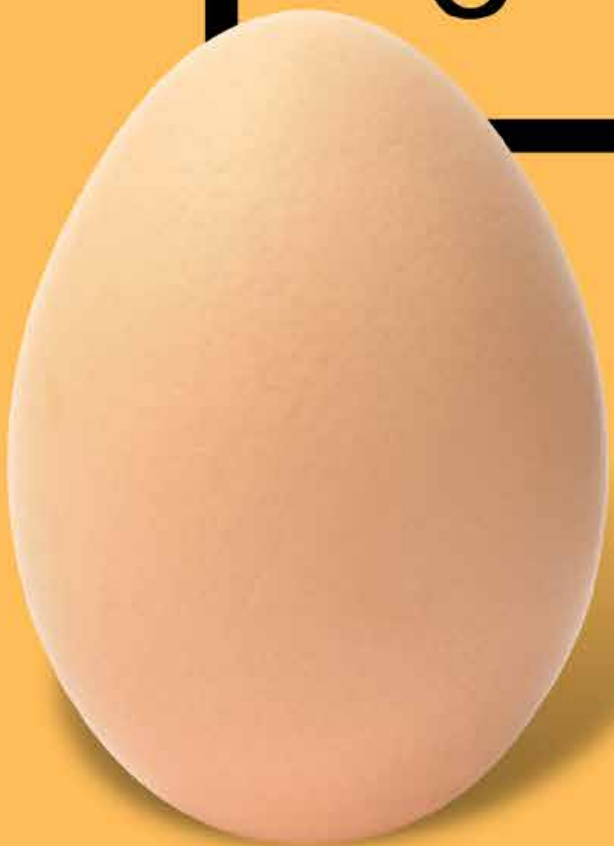
IMAGES IN ORDER ARE: SENTINEL, LAZARUS, BATHSHEBA AND DIPTYCH.

FOR MORE OF M.D. VINSON'S WORK, VISIT FORMHOUSE.CO.

MD VINSON'S WORK WAS ALSO SHOWCASED IN ISSUE 8 OF MAN'S WORLD, FOR WHICH HE PRODUCED THE COVER.

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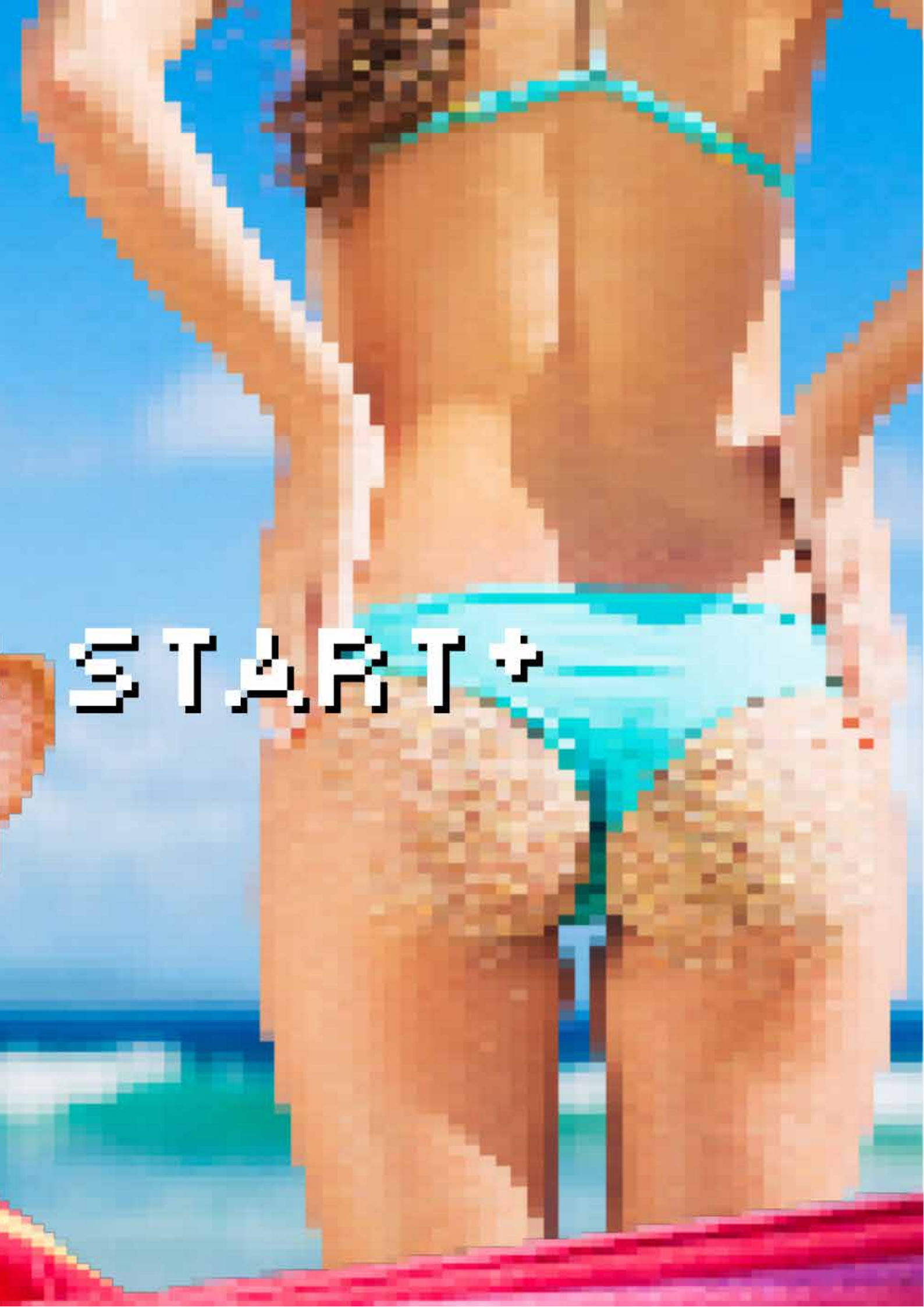


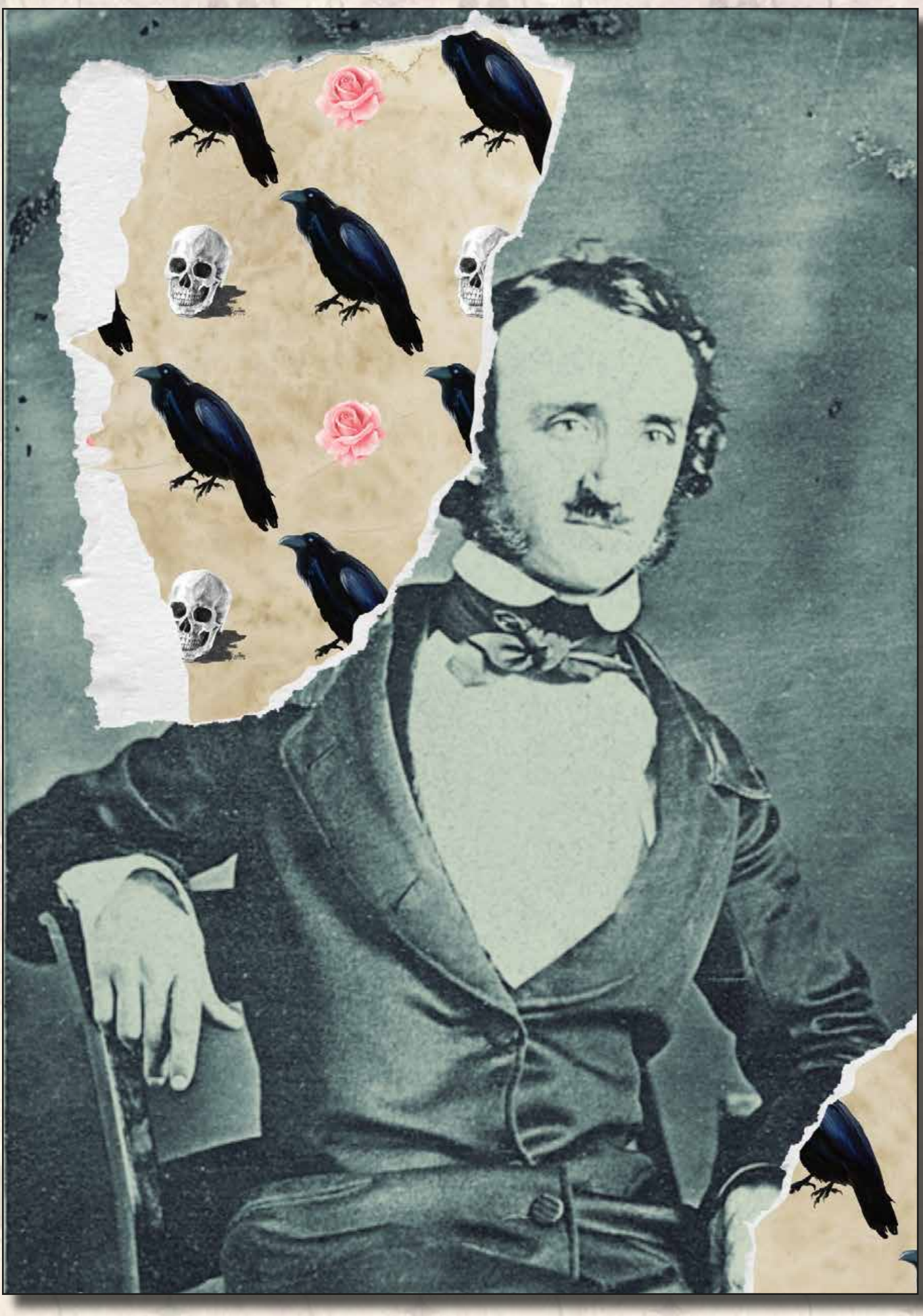
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THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

fiction **by EDGAR ALLEN POE**

Just in time for Halloween, a classic sphincter-clencher from the grandfather of the American uncanny

During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country, and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was — but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment, with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me — upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain — upon the bleak walls — upon the vacant eye-like windows — upon a few rank sedges — and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees — with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveller upon opium — the bitter lapse into every-day life — the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart — an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it

— I paused to think — what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion, that while, beyond doubt, there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate its capacity for sorrowful impression; and, acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled lustre by the dwelling, and gazed down — but with a shudder even more thrilling than before — upon the remodelled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.

Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks. Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been one of my boon companions in boyhood; but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately reached me in a distant part of the country — a letter from him — which, in its wildly importunate nature, had admitted of no other than a personal reply. The MS. gave evidence of nervous agitation. The writer spoke of acute bodily illness — of a mental disorder which oppressed him — and of an earnest desire to see me, as his best and indeed his only personal friend, with a view of attempting, by the cheerfulness of my society, some alleviation of his malady. It was the manner in which all this, and much more, was said — it was the apparent heart that went with his request — which allowed me no room for hesitation; and I accordingly obeyed forthwith what I still considered a very singular summons.

Although, as boys, we had been even intimate associates, yet I really knew little of my friend. His reserve had been always excessive and habitual. I was aware, however, that his very ancient family had been noted, time out of mind, for a peculiar sensibility of temperament, displaying itself, through long ages, in many works of exalted art, and manifested, of late, in repeated deeds of munificent yet unobtrusive charity, as well as in a passionate devotion to the intricacies, perhaps even more than to the orthodox and easily recognizable beauties, of musical science. I had learned, too, the very remarkable fact, that the stem of the Usher race, all time-honored as it was, had put forth, at no period, any enduring branch; in other words, that the entire family lay in the direct line of descent, and had always, with very trifling and very temporary variation, so lain. It was this deficiency, I considered, while running over in thought the perfect keeping of the character of the premises with the accredited character of the people, and while speculating upon the possible influence which the one, in the long lapse of centuries, might have exercised upon the other — it was this deficiency, perhaps, of collateral issue, and the consequent undeviating transmission, from sire to son, of the patrimony with the name, which had, at length, so identified the two as to merge the original title of the estate in the quaint and equivocal appellation of the "House of Usher" — an appellation which seemed to include, in the minds of the peasantry who used it, both the family and the family mansion.

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment — that of looking down within the tarn — had been to deepen the first singular impression. There can be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition — for why should I not so term it? — served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis. And it might have been for this reason only, that, when I again uplifted my eyes to the house itself, from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy — a fancy so ridiculous, indeed, that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity — an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the gray wall, and the silent tarn — a pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, and leaden-hued.

Shaking off from my spirit what *must* have

"AN AIR OF STERN, DEEP, AND IRREDEEMABLE GLOOM HUNG OVER AND PERVADED ALL"

been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts, and the crumbling condition of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old wood-work which has rotted for long years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zigzag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

Noticing these things, I rode over a short causeway to the house. A servant in waiting took my horse, and I entered the Gothic archway of the hall. A valet, of stealthy step, thence conducted me, in silence, through many dark and intricate passages in my progress to the *studio* of his master. Much that I encountered on the way contributed, I know not how, to heighten the vague sentiments of which I have already spoken. While the objects around me — while the carvings of the ceilings, the sombre tapestries of the walls, the ebony blackness of the floors, and the phantasmagoric armorial trophies which rattled as I strode, were but matters to which, or to such as which, I had been accustomed from my infancy — while I hesitated not to acknowledge how familiar was all this — I still wondered to find how unfamiliar were the fancies which ordinary images were stirring up. On one of the staircases, I met the physician of the family. His countenance, I thought, wore a mingled expression of low cunning and perplexity. He accosted me with trepidation and passed on. The valet now threw open a door and ushered me into the presence of his master.

The room in which I found myself was very large and lofty. The windows were long, narrow, and pointed, and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around; the eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling. Dark draperies hung upon the walls. The general furniture was profuse, comfortless, antique, and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep, and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all.

Upon my entrance, Usher rose from a sofa on which he had been lying at full length, and greeted me with a vivacious warmth which had much in it, I at first thought, of an overdone cordiality — of the constrained effort of the *ennuyé* man of the world. A glance, however, at his countenance convinced me of his perfect sincerity. We sat down; and for some moments, while he spoke not, I gazed upon him with a feeling half of pity, half of awe. Surely, man had never before so terribly altered, in so brief a period, as had Roderick Usher! It was with difficulty that I could bring myself to admit the identity of the man being before me with the companion of my early boyhood. Yet the character of his face had been at all times remarkable. A cadaverousness of complexion; an eye large, liquid, and luminous beyond comparison; lips somewhat thin





and very pallid, but of a surpassingly beautiful curve; a nose of a delicate Hebrew model, but with a breadth of nostril unusual in similar formations; a finely moulded chin, speaking, in its want of prominence, of a want of moral energy; hair of a more than web-like softness and tenuity; — these features, with an inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple, made up altogether a countenance not easily to be forgotten. And now in the mere exaggeration of the prevailing character of these features, and of the expression they were wont to convey, lay so much of change that I doubted to whom I spoke. The now ghastly pallor of the skin, and the now miraculous lustre of the eye, above all things startled and even awed me. The silken hair, too, had been suffered to grow all unheeded, and as, in its wild gossamer texture, it floated rather than fell about the face, I could not, even with effort, connect its Arabesque expression with any idea of simple humanity.

In the manner of my friend I was at once struck with an incoherence — an inconsistency; and I soon found this to arise from a series of feeble and futile struggles to overcome an habitual trepidancy — an excessive nervous agitation. For something of this nature I had indeed been prepared, no less by his letter, than by reminiscences of certain boyish traits, and by conclusions deduced from his peculiar physical conformation and temperament. His action was alternately vivacious and sullen. His voice varied rapidly from a tremulous indecision (when the animal spirits seemed utterly in abeyance) to that species of energetic concision — that abrupt, weighty, unhurried, and hollow-sounding enunciation — that leaden, self-balanced and perfectly modulated guttural utterance, which may be observed in the lost drunkard, or the irreclaimable eater of opium, during the periods of his most intense excitement.

It was thus that he spoke of the object of my visit, of his earnest desire to see me, and of the solace he expected me to afford him. He entered, at some length, into what he conceived to be the nature of his malady. It was, he said, a constitutional and a family evil, and one for which he despaired to find a remedy — a mere nervous affection, he immediately added, which would undoubtedly soon pass off. It displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. Some of these, as he detailed them, interested and bewildered me; although, perhaps, the terms and the general manner of the narration had their weight. He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses; the most insipid food was alone endurable; he could wear only garments of certain texture; the odors of all flowers were oppressive; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light; and there were but peculiar sounds, and these from stringed instruments, which did not inspire him with horror.

To an anomalous species of terror I found him a bounden slave. "I shall perish," said he, "I *must* perish in this deplorable folly. Thus, thus, and not otherwise, shall I be lost. I dread the events of the future, not in themselves, but in their results. I shudder at the thought of any, even the most trivial, incident, which may operate upon this intolerable agitation of soul. I have, indeed, no abhorrence of danger, except in its absolute effect — in terror. In this unnerved, in this pitiable, condition I feel that the period will sooner or later arrive when I must abandon life and reason together, in some struggle with the grim phantasm, FEAR."

I learned, moreover, at intervals, and through broken and equivocal hints, another singular feature of his mental condition. He was enchained by certain superstitious impressions in regard to the dwelling which he tenanted, and whence, for many years, he had never ventured forth — in regard to an influence whose supposititious force was conveyed in terms too shadowy here to be re-stated — an influence which some peculiarities in the mere form and substance of his family mansion had, by dint of long sufferance, he said, obtained over his spirit — an effect which the *physique* of the gray walls and turrets, and of the dim tarn into which they all looked down, had, at length, brought about upon the *morale* of his existence.

He admitted, however, although with hesitation, that much of the peculiar gloom which thus afflicted him could be traced to a more natural and far more palpable origin — to the severe and long-continued illness — indeed to the evidently approaching dissolution — of a tenderly beloved sister, his sole companion for long years, his last and only relative on earth. "Her decease," he said, with a bitterness which I can never forget, "would leave him (him the hope-

less and the frail) the last of the ancient race of the Ushers." While he spoke, the lady Madeline (for so was she called) passed slowly through a remote portion of the apartment, and, without having noticed my presence, disappeared. I regarded her with an utter astonishment not unmingled with dread; and yet I found it impossible to account for such feelings. A sensation of stupor oppressed me as my eyes followed her retreating steps. When a door, at length, closed upon her, my glance sought instinctively and eagerly the countenance of the brother; but he had buried his face in his hands, and I could only perceive that a far more than ordinary wanness had overspread the emaciated fingers through which trickled many passionate tears.

The disease of the lady Madeline had long baffled the skill of her physicians. A settled apathy, a gradual wasting away of the person, and frequent although transient affections of a partially cataleptical character were the unusual diagnosis. Hitherto she had steadily borne up against the pressure of her malady, and had not betaken herself finally to bed; but on the closing in of the evening of my arrival at the house, she succumbed (as her brother told me at night with inexpressible agitation) to the prostrating power of the destroyer; and I learned that the glimpse I had obtained of her person would thus probably be the last I should obtain — that the lady, at least while living, would be seen by me no more.

For several days ensuing, her name was unmentioned by either Usher or myself; and during this period I was busied in earnest endeavors to alleviate the melancholy of my friend. We painted and read together, or I listened, as if in a dream, to the wild improvisations of his speaking guitar. And thus, as a closer and still closer intimacy admitted me more unreservedly into the recesses of his spirit, the more bitterly did I perceive the futility of all attempt at cheering a mind from which darkness, as if an inherent positive quality, poured forth upon all objects of the moral and physical universe in one unceasing radiation of gloom.

I shall ever bear about me a memory of the many solemn hours I thus spent alone with the master of the House of Usher. Yet I should fail in any attempt to convey an idea of the exact character of the studies, or of the occupations, in which he involved me, or led me the way. An excited and highly distempered ideality threw a sulphureous lustre over all. His long improvised dirges will ring forever in my ears. Among other things, I hold painfully in mind a certain singular perversion and amplification of the wild air of the last waltz of Von Weber. From the paintings over which his elaborate fancy brooded, and which grew, touch by touch, into vagueness at which I shuddered the more thrillingly, because I shuddered knowing not why — from these paintings (vivid as their images now are before me) I would in vain endeavor to educe more than a small portion which should lie within the compass of merely written words. By the utter simplicity, by the nakedness of his designs, he arrested and overawed attention. If ever mortal painted an idea, that mortal was Roderick Usher. For me at least, in the circumstances then surrounding me, there arose out of the pure abstractions which the hypochondriac contrived to throw upon his canvas, an intensity of intolerable awe, no shadow of which felt I ever yet in the contemplation of the certainly glowing yet too concrete reveries of Fuseli.

One of the phantasmagoric conceptions of my friend, partaking not so rigidly of the spirit of abstraction, may be shadowed forth, although feebly, in words. A small picture presented the interior of an immensely long and rectangular vault or tunnel, with low walls, smooth, white, and without interruption or device. Certain accessory points of the design served well to convey the idea that this excavation lay at an exceeding depth below the surface of the earth. No outlet was observed in any portion of its vast extent, and no torch or other artificial source of light was discernible; yet a flood of intense rays rolled throughout, and bathed the whole in a ghastly and inappropriate splendor.

I have just spoken of that morbid condition of the auditory nerve which rendered all music intolerable to the sufferer, with the exception of certain effects of stringed instruments. It was, perhaps, the narrow limits to which he thus confined himself upon the guitar which gave birth, in great measure, to the fantastic character of the performances. But the fervid *facility* of his *impromptus* could not be so accounted for. They must have been, and were, in the notes, as well as in the words of his wild fantasias (for he not unfrequently accompanied himself with


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rhymed verbal improvisations), the result of that intense mental collectedness and concentration to which I have previously alluded as observable only in particular moments of the highest artificial excitement. The words of one of these rhapsodies I have easily remembered. I was, perhaps, the more forcibly impressed with it as he gave it, because, in the under or mystic current of its meaning, I fancied that I perceived, and for the first time, a full consciousness on the part of Usher of the tottering of his lofty reason upon her throne. The verses, which were entitled "The Haunted Palace," ran very nearly, if not accurately, thus: —

I.
In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace —
Radiant palace — reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion —
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

II.
Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow;
(This — all this — was in the olden
Time long ago);
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odor went away.

III.
Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-tunèd law;
Round about a throne, where sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

IV.
And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

V.
But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)
And, round about his home, the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

VI.
And travellers now within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a rapid ghastly river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh — but smile no more.

I well remember that suggestions arising from this ballad, led us into a train of thought wherein there became manifest an opinion of Usher's which I mention not so much on account of its novelty (for other men have thought thus), as on account of the pertinacity with which he maintained it. This opinion, in its general form, was that of the sentience of all vegetable things. But, in his disordered fancy, the idea had assumed a more daring character, and trespassed, under certain conditions, upon the kingdom of inorganization. I lack words to express the full extent, or the earnest *abandon* of his persuasion. The belief, however, was connected (as I have previously hinted) with the gray stones of the home of his forefathers. The conditions of the sentience had been here, he imagined, fulfilled in the method of collocation of these stones — in the order of their arrangement, as well as in that of the many *fungi* which overspread them, and of the decayed trees which stood around — above all, in the long undisturbed endurance of this arrangement, and in its reduplication in the still waters of the tarn. Its evidence — the evidence of the sentience — was to be seen, he said, (and I here started as he spoke), in the gradual yet certain condensation of an atmosphere of

MAN'S WORLD

THE MORALIST

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GO ON, SHOW HER HOW HARD IT IS.

GRECO GUM

their own about the waters and the walls. The result was discoverable, he added, in that silent yet importunate and terrible influence which for centuries had moulded the destinies of his family, and which made *him* what I now saw him — what he was. Such opinions need no comment, and I will make none.

Our books — the books which, for years, had formed no small portion of the mental existence of the invalid — were, as might be supposed, in strict keeping with this character of phantasm. We pored together over such works as the "Ververt et Chartreuse" of Gresset; the "Belphegor" of Machiavelli; the "Heaven and Hell" of Swedenborg; the "Subterranean Voyage of Nicholas Klimm" by Holberg; the "Chiromancy" of Robert Flud, of Jean D'Indaginé, and of De la Chambre; the "Journey into the Blue Distance" of Tieck; and the "City of the Sun" of Campanella. One favorite volume was a small octavo edition of the "Directorium Inquisitorium," by the Dominican Eymeric de Gironne; and there were passages in Pomponius Mela, about the old African Satyrs and Œgipans, over which Usher would sit dreaming for hours. His chief delight, however, was found in the perusal of an exceedingly rare and curious book in quarto Gothic — the manual of a forgotten church — the *Vigiliæ Mortuorum Secundum Chorum Ecclesiæ Maguntinæ.*

I could not help thinking of the wild ritual of this work, and of its probable influence upon the hypochondriac, when, one evening, having informed me abruptly that the lady Madeline was no more, he stated his intention of preserving her corpse for a fortnight (previously to its final interment), in one of the numerous vaults within the main walls of the building. The worldly reason, however, assigned for this singular proceeding, was one which I did not feel at liberty to dispute. The brother had been led to his resolution (so he told me) by consideration of the unusual character of the malady of the deceased, of certain obtrusive and eager inquiries on the part of her medical men, and of the remote and exposed situation of the burial-ground of the family. I will not deny that when I called to mind the sinister countenance of the person whom I met upon the staircase, on the day of my arrival at the house, I had no desire to oppose what I regarded as at best but a harmless, and by no means an unnatural, precaution.

At the request of Usher, I personally aided him in the arrangements for the temporary entombment. The body having been encoffined, we two alone bore it to its rest. The vault in which we placed it (and which had been so long unopened that our torches, half smothered in its oppressive atmosphere, gave us little opportunity for investigation) was small, damp, and entirely without means of admission for light; lying, at great depth, immediately beneath that portion of the building in which was my own sleeping apartment. It had been used, apparently, in remote feudal times, for the worst purposes of a donjon-keep, and, in later days, as a place of deposit for powder, or some other highly combustible substance, as a portion of its floor, and the whole interior of a long archway through which we reached it, were carefully sheathed with copper. The door, of massive iron, had been, also, similarly protected. Its immense weight caused an unusually sharp, grating sound, as it moved upon its hinges.

Having deposited our mournful burden upon tressels within this region of horror, we partially turned aside the yet unscrewed lid of the coffin, and looked upon the face of the tenant. A striking similitude between the brother and sister now first arrested my attention; and Usher, divining, perhaps, my thoughts, murmured out some few words from which I learned that the deceased and himself had been twins, and that sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature had always existed between them. Our glances, however, rested not long upon the dead — for we could not regard her unawed. The disease which had thus entombed the lady in the maturity of youth, had left, as usual in all maladies of a strictly cataleptical character, the mockery of a faint blush upon the bosom and the face, and that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death. We replaced and screwed down the lid, and, having secured the door of iron, made our way, with toil, into the scarcely less gloomy apartments of the upper portion of the house.

And now, some days of bitter grief having elapsed, an observable change came over the features of the mental disorder of my friend. His ordinary manner had vanished. His ordinary occupations were neglected or forgotten. He roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried,

unequal, and objectless step. The pallor of his countenance had assumed, if possible, a more ghastly hue — but the luminousness of his eye had utterly gone out. The once occasional huskiness of his tone was heard no more; and a tremulous quaver, as if of extreme terror, habitually characterized his utterance. There were times, indeed, when I thought his unceasingly agitated mind was laboring with some oppressive secret, to divulge which he struggled for the necessary courage. At times, again, I was obliged to resolve all into the mere inexplicable vagaries of madness, for I beheld him gazing upon vacancy for long hours, in an attitude of the profoundest attention, as if listening to some imaginary sound. It was no wonder that his condition terrified — that it infected me. I felt creeping upon me, by slow yet certain degrees, the wild influences of his own fantastic yet impressive superstitions.

It was, especially, upon retiring to bed late in the night of the seventh or eighth day after the placing of the lady Madeline within the donjon, that I experienced the full power of such feelings. Sleep came not near my couch — while the hours waned and waned away. I struggled to reason off the nervousness which had dominion over me. I endeavored to believe that much, if not all of what I felt, was due to the bewildering influence of the gloomy furniture of the room — of the dark and tattered draperies, which, tortured into motion by the breath of a rising tempest, swayed fitfully to and fro upon the walls, and rustled uneasily about the decorations of the bed. But my efforts were fruitless. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame; and, at length, there sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly causeless alarm. Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle, I uplifted myself upon the pillows, and, peering earnestly within the intense darkness of the chamber, hearkened — I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me — to certain low and indefinite sounds which came, through the pauses of the storm, at long intervals, I knew not whence. Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with haste (for I felt that I should sleep no more during the night), and endeavored to arouse myself from the pitiable condition into which I had fallen, by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment.

I had taken but few turns in this manner, when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention. I presently recognized it as that of Usher. In an instant afterward he rapped, with a gentle touch, at my door, and entered, bearing a lamp. His countenance was, as usual, cadaverously wan — but, moreover, there was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes — an evidently restrained *hysteria* in his whole demeanor. His air appalled me — but anything was preferable to the solitude which I had so long endured, and I even welcomed his presence as a relief.

"And you have not seen it?" he said abruptly, after having stared about him for some moments in silence — "you have not then seen it? — but, stay! you shall." Thus speaking, and having carefully shaded his lamp, he hurried to one of the casements, and threw it freely open to the storm.

The impetuous fury of the entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet. It was, indeed, a tempestuous yet sternly beautiful night, and one wildly singular in its terror and its beauty. A whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity; for there were frequent and violent alterations in the direction of the wind; and the exceeding density of the clouds (which hung so low as to press upon the turrets of the house) did not prevent our perceiving the life-like velocity with which they flew careering from all points against each other, without passing away into the distance. I say that even their exceeding density did not prevent our perceiving this — yet we had no glimpse of the moon or stars, nor was there any flashing forth of the lightning. But the under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapor, as well as all terrestrial objects immediately around us, were glowing in the unnatural light of a faintly luminous and distinctly visible gaseous exhalation which hung about and enshrouded the mansion.

"You must not — you shall not behold this!" said I, shuddering, to Usher, as I led him, with a gentle violence, from the window to a seat. "These appearances, which bewilder you, are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon — or it may be that they have their ghastly origin in the rank miasma of the tarn. Let us close this casement; — the air is chilling and dangerous to your frame. Here is one of your favorite romances. I will read, and you shall listen: — and

so we will pass away this terrible night together."

The antique volume which I had taken up was the "Mad Trist" of Sir Launcelot Canning; but I had called it a favorite of Usher's more in sad jest than in earnest; for, in truth, there is little in its uncouth and unimaginative prolixity which could have had interest for the lofty and spiritual ideality of my friend. It was, however, the only book immediately at hand; and I indulged a vague hope that the excitement which now agitated the hypochondriac, might find relief (for the history of mental disorder is full of similar anomalies) even in the extremeness of the folly which I should read. Could I have judged, indeed, by the wild overstrained air of vivacity with which he hearkened, or apparently hearkened, to the words of the tale, I might well have congratulated myself upon the success of my design.

I had arrived at that well-known portion of the story where Ethelred, the hero of the Trist, having sought in vain for peaceable admission into the dwelling of the hermit, proceeds to make good an entrance by force. Here, it will be remembered, the words of the narrative run thus:

"And Ethelred, who was by nature of a doughty heart, and who was now mighty withal, on account of the powerfulness of the wine which he had drunken, waited no longer to hold parley with the hermit, who, in sooth, was of an obstinate and maliceful turn, but, feeling the rain upon his shoulders, and fearing the rising of the tempest, uplifted his mace outright, and, with blows, made quickly room in the plankings of the door for his gauntleted hand; and now pulling therewith sturdily, he so cracked, and ripped, and tore all asunder, that the noise of the dry and hollow-sounding wood alarumed and reverberated throughout the forest."

At the termination of this sentence I started and, for a moment, paused; for it appeared to me (although I at once concluded that my excited fancy had deceived me) — it appeared to me that, from some very remote portion of the mansion, there came, indistinctly to my ears, what might have been, in its exact similarity of character, the echo (but a stifled and dull one certainly) of the very cracking and ripping sound which Sir Launcelot had so particularly described. It was, beyond doubt, the coincidence alone which had arrested my attention; for, amid the rattling of the sashes of the casements, and the ordinary commingled noises of the still increasing storm, the sound, in itself, had nothing, surely, which should have interested or disturbed me. I continued the story:

"But the good champion Ethelred, now entering within the door, was sore enraged and amazed to perceive no signal of the maliceful hermit; but, in the stead thereof, a dragon of a scaly and prodigious demeanor, and of a fiery tongue, which sat in guard before a palace of gold, with a floor of silver; and upon the wall there hung a shield of shining brass with this legend enwritten —

Who entereth herein, a conqueror hath bin;
Who slayeth the dragon, the shield he shall win.

And Ethelred uplifted his mace, and struck upon the head of the dragon, which fell before him, and gave up his pesty breath, with a shriek so horrid and harsh, and withal so piercing, that Ethelred had fain to close his ears with his hands against the dreadful noise of it, the like whereof was never before heard."

Here again I paused abruptly, and now with a feeling of wild amazement — for there could be no doubt whatever that, in this instance, I did actually hear (although from what direction it proceeded I found it impossible to say) a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted, and most unusual screaming or grating sound — the exact counterpart of what my fancy had already conjured up for the dragon's unnatural shriek as described by the romancer.

Oppressed, as I certainly was, upon the occurrence of this second and most extraordinary coincidence, by a thousand conflicting sensations, in which wonder and extreme terror were predominant, I still retained sufficient presence of mind to avoid exciting, by any observation, the sensitive nervousness of my companion. I was by no means certain that he had noticed the sounds in question; although, assuredly, a strange alteration had, during the last few minutes, taken place in his demeanor. From a position fronting my own, he had gradually brought round his chair, so as to sit with his face to the door of the chamber; and thus I could but partially perceive his features, although I

saw that his lips trembled as if he were murmuring inaudibly. His head had dropped upon his breast — yet I knew that he was not asleep, from the wide and rigid opening of the eye as I caught a glance of it in profile. The motion of his body, too, was at variance with this idea — for he rocked from side to side with a gentle yet constant and uniform sway. Having rapidly taken notice of all this, I resumed the narrative of Sir Launcelot, which thus proceeded:

"And now, the champion, having escaped from the terrible fury of the dragon, bethinking himself of the brazen shield, and of the breaking up of the enchantment which was upon it, removed the carcass from out of the way before him, and approached valorously over the silver pavement of the castle to where the shield was upon the wall; which in sooth tarried not for his full coming, but fell down at his feet upon the silver floor, with a mighty great and terrible ringing sound."

No sooner had these syllables passed my lips, than — as if a shield of brass had indeed, at the moment, fallen heavily upon a floor of silver — I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic, and clangorous, yet apparently muffled, reverberation. Completely unnerved, I leaped to my feet; but the measured rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance there reigned a stony rigidity. But, as I placed my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his whole person; a sickly smile quivered about his lips; and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over him, I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

"Not hear it? — yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long — long — long — many minutes, many hours, many days, have I heard it — yet I dared not — oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am! — I dared not — I *dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute? I *now* tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them — many, many days ago — yet I dared not — *I dared not speak!* And now — to-night — Ethelred — ha! ha! — the breaking of the hermit's door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangor of the shield! — say, rather, the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault! Oh! whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footstep on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman!" — here he sprang furiously to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul — *"Madman! I tell you that she now stands without the door!"*

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell, the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed threw slowly back, upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust — but then without those doors there did stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold — then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and in her violent and now final death-agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated.

From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued; for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon which now shone vividly through that once barely-discernible fissure of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building, in a zigzag direction, to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened — there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind — the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight — my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder — there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters — and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the "House of Usher." ■

FOCUS ON YOUR GOALS



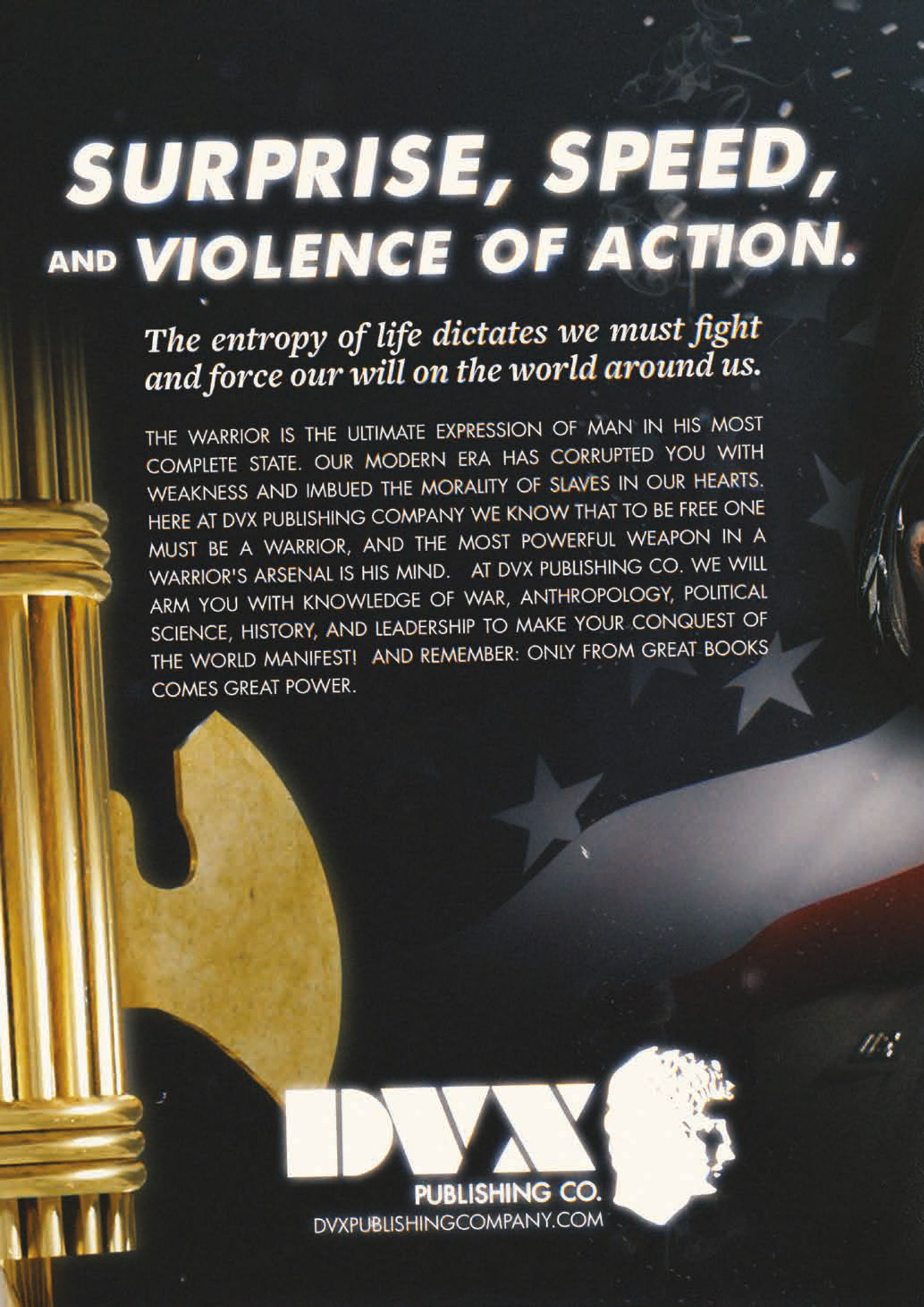
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MEDITATIONS



JOSEPH EVERETT

TONIC MASCULINITY

In 1868, 20 Japanese soldiers were ordered to commit *seppuku* (ritual disembowelment and decapitation) for killing several drunk French sailors who were harassing civilians. The French ignored several peaceful warnings and then assaulted the Japanese soldiers, but the soldiers needed to be sacrificed for the sake of international relations nonetheless.

On March 16th, the stage was set for the 20 soldiers' *seppuku* at Myokokuji Temple in Osaka. Kneeling in front of a crowd which included other French naval soldiers, 11 Japanese men plunged a blade into their stomachs and sliced them open. They then went a step further than what the *seppuku* ritual requires. They grabbed their own intestines and flung them towards the French soldiers while shouting at the top of their lungs. After observing this with shock and awe, a French captain requested for this to stop and the remaining nine Japanese men were spared.

Some (modern) men might say that attempting to flee from the scheduled ritual death would have been the 'smart' move. Perhaps the soldiers had the chance to escape, but still chose to do what was necessary to avoid conflict escalation with the French and maintain peace for

"MEN IN GENERAL WILL BE MOST SATISFIED WITH LIFE WHEN THEY MAKE DECISIONS FROM COURAGE OR STRENGTH"

the sake of their people. Despite the completely hopeless situation, these men still found a way to demonstrate strength so great that the French would *request themselves* that nine of their fellow officers be spared. This brave yet gruesome act undoubtedly made the French think twice before ignoring Japanese law enforcement again.

I suspect many men nowadays are afraid of pursuing masculine strength as it may be interpreted as "douchebagginess" or "toxic masculinity." Nowadays, we're left to believe that masculinity is toxic until proven otherwise.

To understand masculinity, take a look at what high testosterone promotes. Anger, verbal aggressiveness, competition, dominance behavior, and physical violence, according to one study. How toxic. No wonder James Cameron said that testosterone is a 'toxin' that needs to be worked out of the system.

Let's rephrase all those behaviors: Willingness to set boundaries, verbal assertiveness, competition, leadership behavior, willingness to stand up for and physically defend one's self and others. *Masculinity* and *toxic masculinity* are cut from the same cloth. The villain of a story engages in high testosterone behaviors, but so does the hero that defeats him and returns peace to the people.

Men in general will be most satisfied with life when they make decisions from courage or strength — when they *feel* masculine. Rodent and human studies show that testosterone has an antidepressant effect, it supports positive mood in general, increases cognition and suppresses anxiety. Along with the widespread decline in the average man's testosterone, we're also seeing increasing rates of depression.

Despite the focus on 'optimizing' testosterone nowadays, there's not enough attention on testosterone-conducive *behaviors* and mentalities. (No, I don't mean ripping out your own intestines.)

The miserable blackpiller Arthur Schopenhauer drew from Buddhism when he claimed that every fiber of our reality is imbued with suffering. The first noble truth of Buddhism, *Dukkham Ariyasaccam*, is that life is "suffering." Birth, aging, not getting what you want and the very constituents of consciousness themselves are all "suffering." However, this translation of the word *dukkha* is too bleak. It's like translating "water" as "ocean" when it could be a "droplet." Life has suffering, but the word dukkha means more like "off-kilter." Like shopping carts that work perfectly fine but have at least one completely useless wheel, life is not absolutely dreadful, but it's never *just right*.

Is there an antidote to suffering that doesn't require dedicating your life to meditation?

Life may *feel* like suffering because it constantly requires *effort*. You are constantly exerting effort to move towards good experiences and away from bad experiences.

The regions of the brain that anticipate reward are the same that anticipate effort. A 2014 paper by Dr. Eliana Vassena found that the more effort the brain anticipates, the more reward it expects. It is suspected that one of these brain regions (the dACC) can *generate* motivation in anticipation of nothing more than the satisfaction of conquering a challenge. That is, the brain is hardwired to derive *more* satisfaction out of exerting *more* effort.

As John F. Kennedy would say, effortful endeavors are satisfying "not because they are easy, but because they are hard." Running marathons completely suck, but *having run* a marathon is fantastically satisfying.

That wuss Schopenhauer may lament this as another cruel fact of life: if you want more satisfaction out of life, you must paradoxically subject yourself to more suffering, to more effort.

Andrew Huberman described one of the core functions of testosterone by saying: "Testosterone makes effort feel

"CAN YOU REALLY INFLUENCE THE STATE OF YOUR BODY AND HORMONAL PROFILE WITH JUST THOUGHTS?"

good." If that's true, what better hack to life can there possibly be than increasing testosterone? To derive more satisfaction out of life, you have to endure more suffering. Testosterone makes that suffering feel good.

Friedrich Nietzsche's concept of the Will to Power refers to an animating force within man to strive not just to maintain himself and reproduce, but to increase his personal strength, to ascend above his current self towards his ideal self.

"What is good? All that heightens the feeling of power, the will to power, power itself in man. What is bad? All that proceeds from weakness. What is happiness? The feeling that power increases, that a resistance is overcome." -Nietzsche in *The Antichrist*

What is necessary to increase your power? Suffering.

"But what if pleasure and pain should be so closely connected that he who wants the greatest possible amount of the one must also have the greatest possible amount of the other?" -Nietzsche in The Gay Science

A fast-track to not being happy is to subscribe to woke concepts that protect poor you from suffering. "Safe spaces" or pondering how you're an oppressed victim and what free stuff that entitles you to are not ways of increasing your power.

You must strive for an ideal, embrace the required effort of you, and accept the anxiety linked to taking the risks necessary to move towards your ideal.

"For believe me! - The secret for harvesting from existence the greatest fruitfulness and the greatest enjoyment is; to live dangerously!" Nietzsche in *The Gay Science*

Anxiety is essentially the same thing as uncertainty. A part of the brain that creates uncertainty, the ACC, also generates anxiety. Uncertainty triggers the release of noradrenaline which makes you more distractible.

What hormone is the antonym of anxiety, uncertainty and distraction?

Testosterone.

Multiple lines of research have suggested testosterone increases focus and cognitive performance, and higher testosterone is associated with higher confidence.

This is huge. Why?

The state of our body, our subjective feelings and hormones seem to be intimately linked. As Andrew Huberman has explained, cholesterol can be converted into testosterone or cortisol (the stress hormone). A negative perception of your effort (i.e. "Why do I have to do all this shit … if only so and so hadn't blah blah") will bias cholesterol to convert to cortisol. Conversely, Huberman says that *simply convincing yourself* that your effort is enjoyable will increase testosterone or at least prevent it from decreasing.

Can you really influence the state of your body and hormonal profile with just thoughts? I'm sure all men know they can *think* themselves into a sexually aroused state that will affect blood flow and induce an observable change in the body. The mentality mirrors the body and vice-versa. This is one reason why valium can be used to treat muscle tension or anxiety.

What kind of signature does a bitter, angry or stressed out mentality leave on the body? It will likely appear as tension. Perhaps in the shoulders, neck, chest or jaw.

Imagine a time when you were content and satisfied. Was your body tense or relaxed? When you get home after hiking for five hours and finally relieve your aching feet of your tight shoes and sink into your chair with satisfaction, is your body tense or relaxed?

I've spent a couple hundred hours doing a meditation technique where when your mind wanders from your object of focus, you must first relax whatever tension there is in the



body, smile, and then return to the point of focus. When I first started, I quickly noticed that indeed, distraction was consistently paired with some amount of tension somewhere in the body. After thousands of reps of distraction, relax, distraction, relax, my mind tended to automatically try to relax whenever the slightest puff of anxiety or frustration arose in the mind. This seeped over into my daily life. I find myself first trying to relax when I'm annoyed, frustrated or anxious about anything from work to workouts to relationships.

This relaxing in response to suffering began to gradually convince my mind more that I enjoy effort. Do you think this biases my hormonal profile to more cortisol or more testosterone?

No wonder Zen was baked into the life of a samurai. Their meditation likely honed the skill of maintaining a relaxed, focused mind despite being harassed by anxious fears of grave injury or death.

The Will to Power says a man cultivates happiness as long as he pursues power. Pursuit doesn't mean arriving at enough power. Men must keep striving.

However, it gets easier.

As you achieve challenging goals, it becomes easier to endure, accept, and even enjoy the anxiety that awaits you on the path to the next goal. Behavior and testosterone are closely linked. Testosterone propels men to perform behaviors that tend to further increase testosterone.

Research shows:

Talking to an attractive woman increases testosterone. Testosterone makes men more likely to approach women.

Winning a competition increases testosterone. Testosterone makes men more likely to engage in competition.

Working out increases testosterone. Testosterone makes working out more enjoyable.

Success in cognitively demanding endeavors increases testosterone. Testosterone improves cognition.

Relax, be grateful, and smile in response to the suffering you must experience in pursuit of your goals.

"Now life is hard. Am I right? Wrong. Life is easy. You suck."

- Motivational speaker from *The Simpsons*, Season 14 Episode 15

JOSIAH LIPPINCOTT

THE PANDEMIC THAT NEVER WAS AND NEVER WILL BE

The audio never matched the visual during the COVID pandemic. For all the shrieking, panic, and widespread social chaos, I never personally witnessed or experienced any kind of viral pandemic. In fact, I knew *fewer* people in 2020 who had respiratory illnesses of any kind.

It was an utterly bizarre experience. The evidence of my own senses — and the result of my own probing and investigations — was entirely at odds with everything being blared from the high places by our occupation government.

I was not sheltered either. Until May of 2020 I was still in the Marine Corps and, unlike the bulk of white-collar workers, I didn't work from home. While there were masking rules in the service, they were frequently ignored. Large gatherings of Marines continued to happen, often against explicit policy, throughout the spring of that year.

Once the lockdowns occurred I became involved in the anti-lockdown movement. I attended protests and met together with friends without any masks. Over the summer I drove between California and Michigan no fewer than three times. During the fall, I attended classes in person at Hillsdale College with no health precautions of any kind.

At no time did I witness an elevated instance of upper respiratory illness. In fact, for the entirety of 2020 I do not remember anyone *coughing*. I noted this at the time and that fact has become more salient sense. Not only did I fail to observe a pandemic, I failed to detect a normal flu season.

In all my travels during 2020, I asked numerous ordinary people — including hotel desk workers, gas-station attendants, friends, relatives, and hospital workers — what their impression of COVID was. Generally speaking, no one knew anyone who had died of the illness or who had been seriously ill. There is only one category of exception — in the spring of 2020 two of my close friends both lost an elderly relative (over the age of 85), with serious dementia, who was living in the nursing home.

In other words, during the height of the "raging pandemic" the only people who I knew of who had died (and then only second-hand) were individuals in long-term care facilities who could not advocate for themselves or communicate to others what was happening to them. I have a strong sense that both deaths may have been the result of abandonment (nursing home staff freaking out and refusing to care for patients) or due to the shock of lockdowns and the removal of all regular human contact.

In both cases, the family did not have access to their loved one before they passed away.

Of note, despite Hillsdale taking a relatively relaxed approach to the virus, there were no deaths among college students or among the faculty and staff. Not only did the virus fail to strike down the young and healthy, it also failed to afflict the old and infirm. Neither my elderly grandparents nor any of my two dozen or so great-aunts and uncles passed away from the virus. I knew a 300lb woman in her 60s who got the virus and had only mild symptoms. I knew of a case where a man in his 90s who was in hospice care with late-stage cancer survived being infected by the virus.

Over and over, my personal experience validated my profound skepticism of COVID measures. If COVID did kill people, it did so on a scale that was not detectable through ordinary experience. This makes sense when you look at the SCIENCE. Accord-

ing to the CDC, in 2019 there were 715.2 deaths per 100,000 Americans compared to 835.4 in 2020. In other words, we went from .7 in every 100 people dying to .8 in every 100 people dying.

For real, for real, we threw our entire civilization into chaos over a 15% change in an already very low death rate. That is insane.

Indeed, I don't believe that the 15% change we allegedly *did see* was entirely due to COVID, either. I hold that many of these fatalities were due to the unbelievable social upheaval instituted by our regime in that year of absurdity. I will never forgive the media, the medical establishment, or the state for the enormous harm it inflicted on children, families, and the elderly in 2020.

Today, my revulsion at our political class manifests itself in a number of ways. For one, I pray daily that God would liberate America from communism and the rule of our senile and degenerate oligarchs. Second, I refuse to get vaccinated for COVID.

The virus wasn't real, at least not in the way the insane people on television and social media portrayed it. I refused to participate in their mass psychosis and public hyperventilation session. I refused to become a hermit because my tv told me to. I refuse still.

If the lockdowns, mask mandates, and forced vaccinations come back, I will hold my ground. Fail to fool me once, fuck you. Fail to fool me twice, fuck you again.



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CHILL KANGAROO

HE'S LITERALLY ME!

At the most basic level, war has two types of casualties: deaths and men captured. The Barbie movie, and the memes surrounding Ken in particular, teach us the true value of each type of casualty in the latest age of meme warfare.

Killing a meme, that is to say, completely discrediting it, is valuable. Death prevents the meme from taking root in the culture, and killing is easier than capture (though killing comes with a caveat, which I'll talk about later).

Capturing a meme, although more troublesome, tends to be much more valuable. The enemy has already done the hard part by creating, shaping, and marketing the meme, and once it is successfully captured, all of that work will now be used against its creators and their allies. The troublesome part about capturing a meme is that doing so requires not only for the enemy to make a mistake, but for the capturing side to exploit that mistake with extreme aggressiveness.

As it so happens, the Barbie movie is a recent (and funny) demonstration of this. Greta "Thunberg" Gerwig, in her attempt to take down the patriarchy with a multi-million dollar feminism-themed film, made a grave error: casting Ryan Gosling as Beach Ken.

This one mistake has ultimately led to the demise of Gerwig's hyperfeminist depiction of reality, one in which Ken is portrayed as becoming an "evil sexist" who copies the behaviors and mannerisms of all the other sexist males in important positions.

The reason? Ryan Gosling is the champion of "literally me" actors. Actors that, through their immense talent, seemingly coerce the audience into sympathizing or identifying with the character they are acting as. In spite of the monumental effort by Gerwig, Mattel Corporation, and Warner Bros. to shill feminism to the masses under the thin guise of a childhood-nostalgia film, Ryan Gosling has pulled off perhaps his biggest "literally me" stunt yet: portraying a sexist caricature as a likeable, funny, and relatable person.

The right has capitalized on this mistake. "Gigachad Ken," "Sigma Ken," "Ken Destroying the Longhouse" and "Emperor Ken", along with the popularization of the phrases "Kenergy" and "You are kenough", were the result of the right taking the capture approach to meme warfare.

This effort was a success in the extreme, but it never would've happened if we confronted the Barbie movie from the angle of trying to discredit it. Sure, the killing method might've prevented the film from convincing the eight people Ryan Gosling failed to charm, but when comparing that to the feat of converting millions from fence-sitters to supporters of men (or, at least, dislikers of feminism), it's obvious which is more effective when the enemy missteps.

And therein lies one of two lessons I'd like to reiterate for the right in this article: we cannot be the movement of "leftism but slower" any longer.

This is beautifully (and comedically) shown in Stonetoss's comic "Mud Slinging". In it, an elephant representing the Republican party proclaims, "Democrats are the real racists!" The same elephant is then depicted in the next panel wearing a purple VR headset, nose ring, bra, and pink nail polish, exclaiming with the same vigor as before, "Neoleninists are the real transphobes!"

What Stonetoss is arguing, of course, is that the right cannot afford to fight on the left's terms, since that only leads to the adoption of



their ideas. In the context of meme warfare, this means we shouldn't default to the killing method when it comes to the left's memes. Doing so all too often results in many on the right making the mistake of accepting premises the left feeds them, which is their goal: we win the battle, the left wins the war. This is the problem I mentioned at the beginning of the piece.

The other, less well-known, lesson the right must fully internalize to win the Meme War is this: the maintenance and management of complex systems is the enemy's greatest vulnerability. The system, in this case, being the left's media/Hollywood machine.

The left can and will make mistakes (like casting Ryan Gosling in a politically-themed movie), just like the right does. It is up to us to ruthlessly seize on those mistakes in particular, instead of blindly attacking the people making them. Failing to do so will result in our inevitable capitulation to the ideological parasite that is leftism and the corporate behemoth that supports it.

Our current Meme War is not just about which side gets more likes on Twitter. It is about who has power and who doesn't. This isn't to say you can't have fun with memes – that is the very essence and aesthetic pull of it – but you and I must remember what is at stake: we are warriors on a battlefield fighting for the sake of humanity. We cannot afford to lose.

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If you're interested, sendA an email outlining your ideaA to mansworldmagazine@A protonmail.com and we'll beA in touch.A

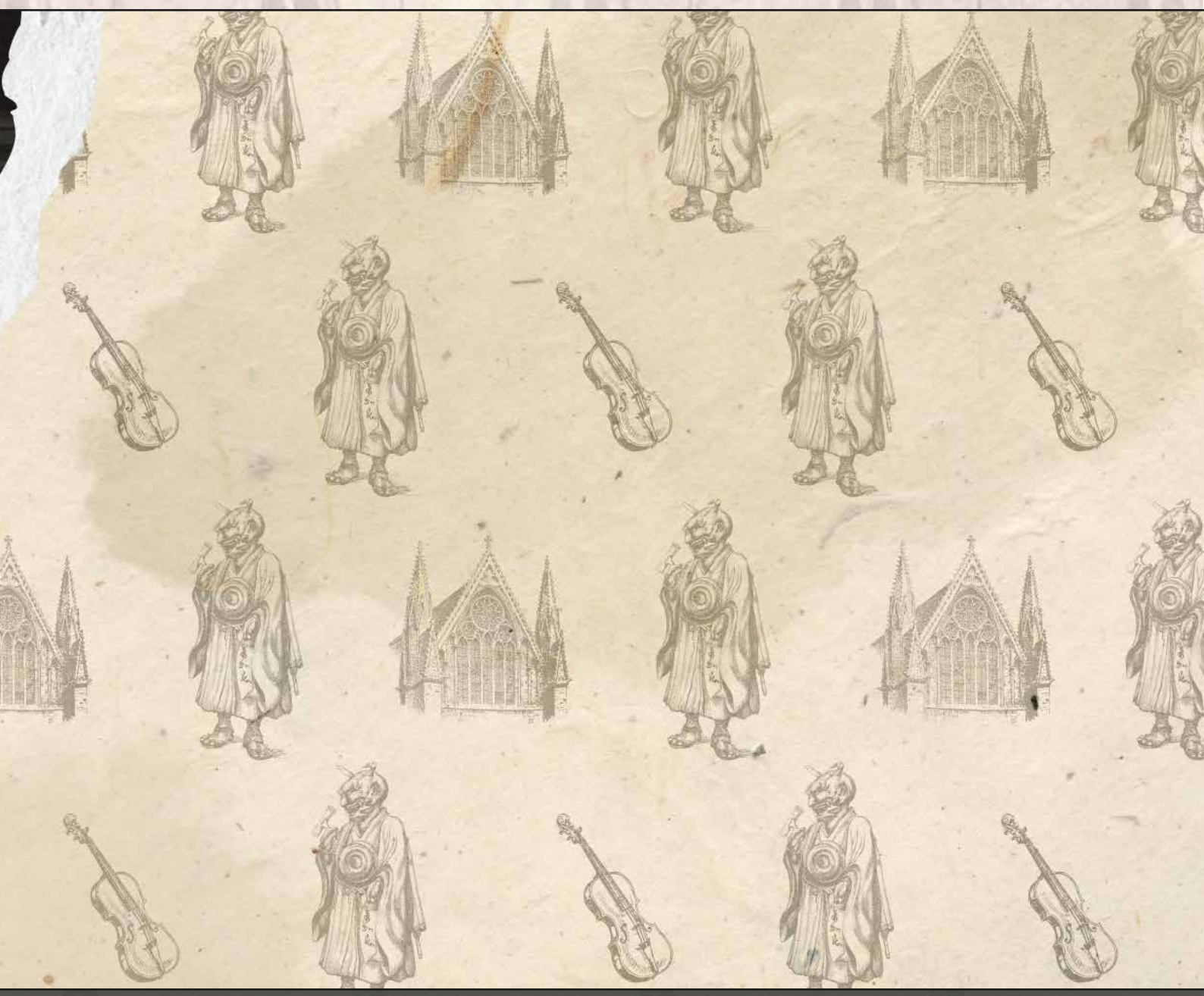


SPENGLER'S MEN

How can we cultivate the virtue necessary to survive — and succeed — in our declining age?

by SPERGLER ACOLYTE

"What is best in life?" Faustian man grapples with this question as the intensity of his passions propels him in various directions, constantly expanding his horizons. Faust finds himself torn between two paths: a life of scholarly contemplation or a life of vitalistic action. Initially a scholar who has exhausted the vast reservoir of human knowledge, Faust becomes weary of his dusty tomes and seeks a new challenge — one that embraces the profane aspects of the material world: economics, politics, and statecraft, all of which prominently feature in the second part of Faust. The once introspective and inward-driven mind transforms into an extensive



and outward-driven will to power.

The ceaseless striving exemplified by Faust is deeply ingrained in our culture. It manifests in the dynamic compositions of Beethoven and the soaring ceilings of Gothic cathedrals. It can be found in our insatiable thirst for knowledge and our yearning to transcend the limits of Earth and explore the vastness of space. Paradoxically, this multifaceted and dynamic will blinds Faustian man to what is best in life.

Oswald Spengler, the German historian and philosopher, offers a tentative response to this question. Challenging the progressive historiography prevalent in his time, Spengler presents a tragic view of history in his magnum opus, *The Decline of the West*. In this work, he traces the development of nine 'High Cultures,' aiming to capture their fundamental aesthetic ideas and their expression in art, philosophy, mathematics, and other realms. Furthermore, Spengler seeks to outline the general trajectory of all cultures, arguing that they are organic entities following predetermined life cycles. Though no two cherry trees will develop exactly the same, the general outlines of their lives are similar enough where we can sketch a general archetype of their development. Spengler applies this organic logic to the evolution of culture.

According to Spengler, cultures experience periods of growth and decay. A culture is born with a specific telos — an inherent drive to ex-

press its soul across all domains of cultural life. For the West, this aesthetic idea was the Faustian sense of infinite space, while Antiquity embodied the Apollonian sense of the body and nearby space. A culture emerges from the mist of a mythological worldview, where concerns transcend the earthly realm and focus on the divine and metaphysical. Religion, theology, and the divine right of kings hold sway.

Like a child growing and developing rational faculties, a culture also follows a process of ontogenesis. It becomes increasingly aware of the inherent irrationalities within a mythological consciousness and seeks to reform itself. According to Spengler, this reform period represents the true apex of culture. It encompasses the music of a Lutheran Bach or the philosophical pursuits of a Kant, who endeavors to carve out a separate space for questions of religious significance. However, as a culture reaches maturity, its energies become depleted. After the heights achieved by figures such as Beethoven, Rembrandt, or Goethe, what more can be accomplished within the realm of humanities? These individuals epitomize the pinnacle of Cultural achievement. Subsequent figures like Wagner or Manet may emerge, but they represent a relative decline.

Ultimately, a transition occurs from culture to civilization — a shift characterized by the exhaustion and ossification of the organic culture. Growth stagnates, and decay sets in. Artistic developments become formulaic or appeal to plebeian tastes. Much like Faust lamenting his scholarly pursuits, individuals forsake the life of culture in favor of the pursuit of civilization. This new phase is dominated by "profane" material concerns such as economic output, fertility rates, global conflicts, and demagogic politics.

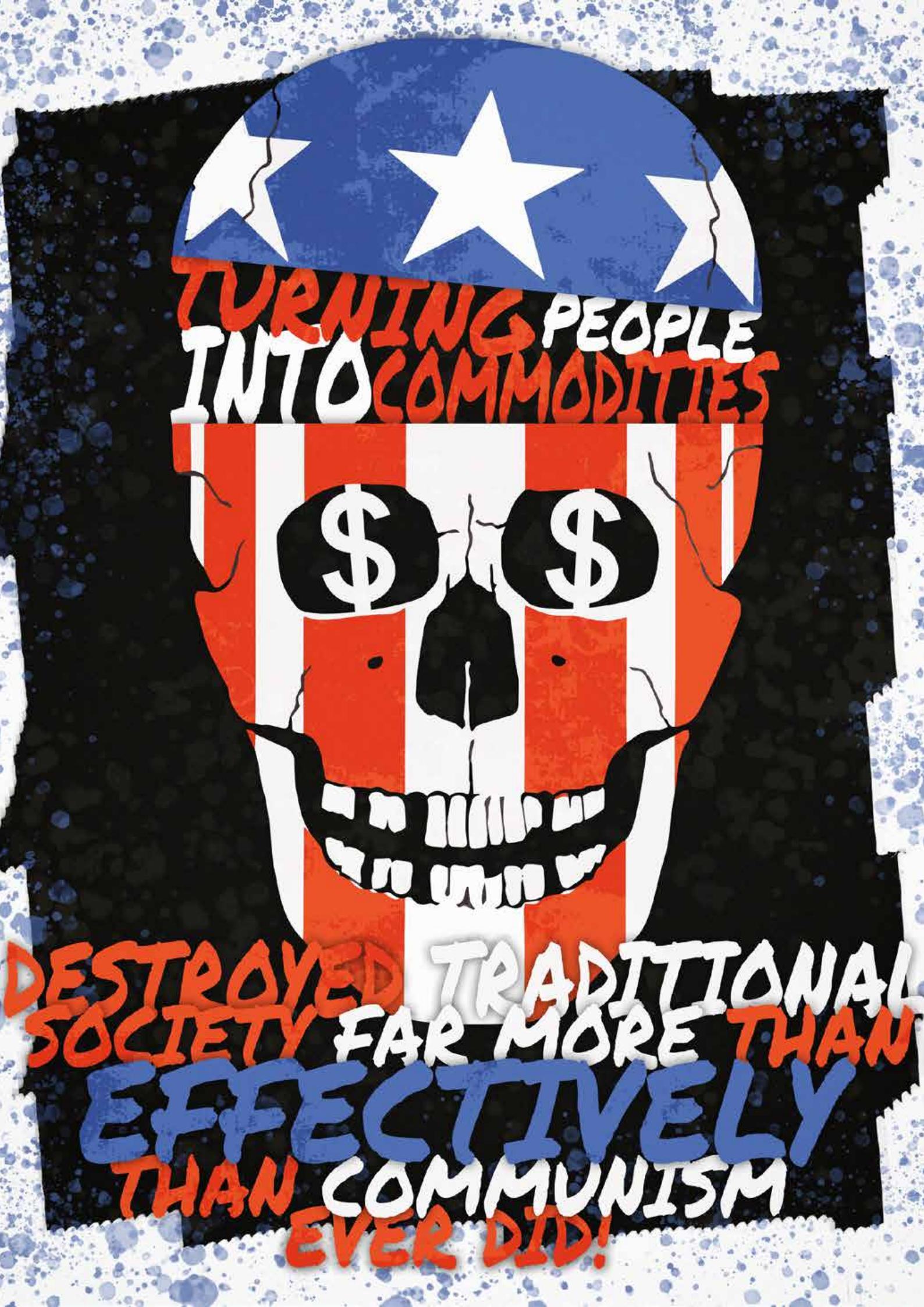
It is not surprising that Spengler has become the favored philosopher of the historically inclined "doomer" community on Twitter. The death of art and philosophy is lamented, and the possibility of producing works on par with Goethe, Shakespeare, or Mozart seems forever lost. Many interpret this "Spenglerian defeatism" as a fatalistic viewpoint and consequently dismiss him outright.

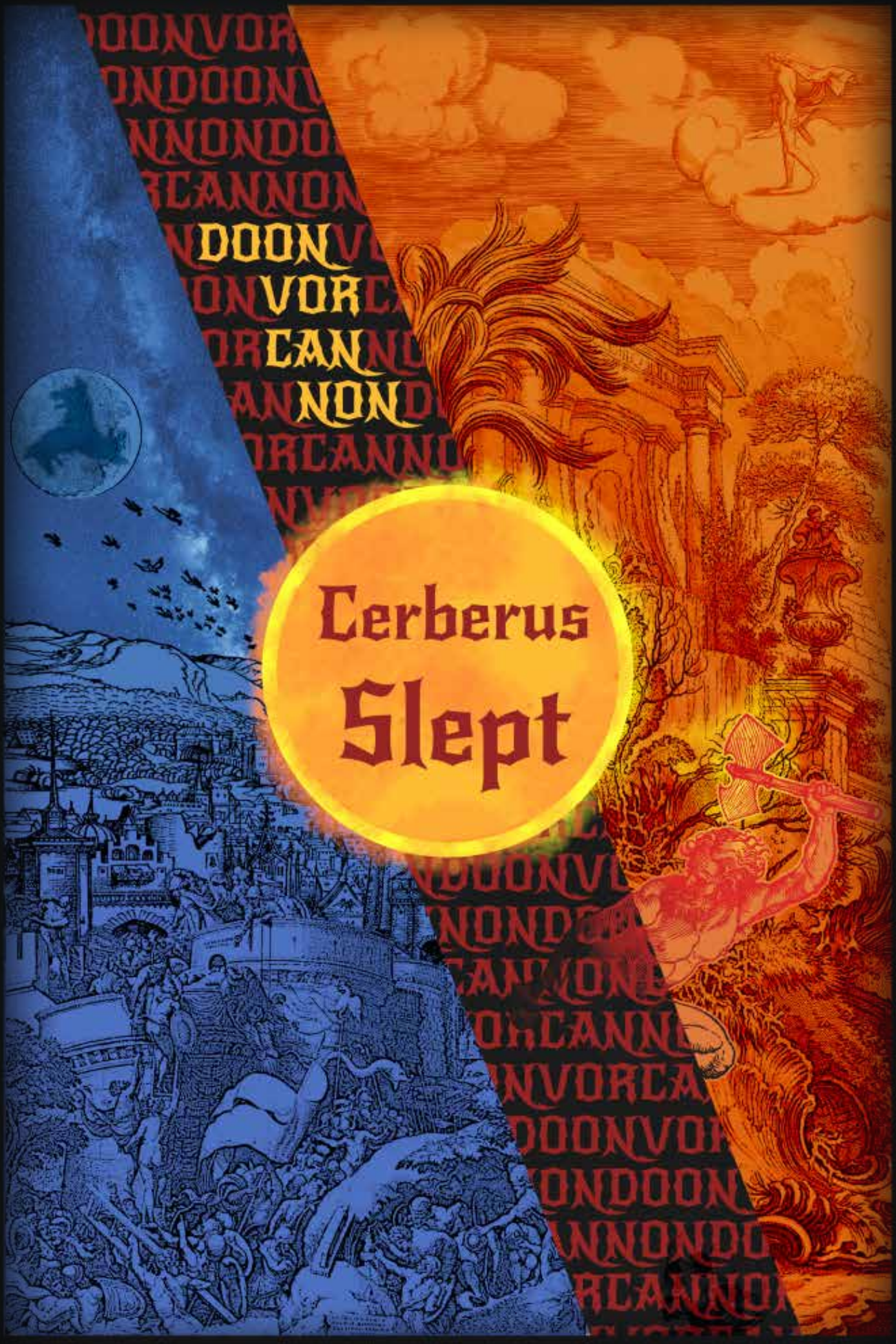
While there is some validity to this criticism, I propose an alternative perspective on Spengler. Rather than despair over the bygone glory days of the West, let us draw inspiration from Faust himself. Did he resign himself to a stagnant existence after exhausting the pursuits of the mind? No! He embraced new challenges and immersed himself in matters of politics and the state. Similarly, Spengler, once a schoolteacher, directed his writings toward the young men among his readership. He encouraged them to pursue technics instead of mere lyrics, the vastness of the sea instead of a paintbrush, and politics instead of epistemology. According to Spengler, there could be no better path for them.

We cannot choose the era into which we are born. While many of us might long to be born during the pinnacle of a mature Culture, an age of Mozart or Milton, we must play the hand we are dealt. We find ourselves well into the "civilization phase," where money, political dominance, and total war reign supreme. If we rely on Spengler's comparative model, we can equate what Rome was to Antiquity with the role the United States plays in the modern West. Consequently, we should examine and emulate the achievements of Rome during its civilization phase rather than attempting to revive a cultural renaissance. Few remember the sculptors who created copies of earlier Greek masterpieces. Ultimately, the contributions of cultural imitators pale in comparison. What endures from the Civilization-phase of antiquity are the conquests of men like Julius Caesar and monumental engineering projects such as the aqueducts and Roman roads.

Among Westerners today, there are no great paintings left to create or symphonies to compose. This is a frank assessment that can guide those who seek glory and fame in this era. As Spengler states, "No, I am not a pessimist. Pessimism means not to see any more tasks. I see so many unsolved tasks that I fear we shall have neither time nor men enough to go at them." What tasks remain for us Westerners? They lie in the realms of territorial conquest, political intrigue, and the hard sciences. So, what is truly best in life, given our historical situation? To become a Caesar! To become a Frontinus! To embrace the tasks and hardships of Civilization!

However, this assessment held true only


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until the mid-20th century. At the time when Spengler wrote, the world still brimmed with possibilities. After *The Decline of the West*'s publication in 1918, the West faced one catastrophe after another. The Germans had been defeated later that year and together the two World Wars claimed the lives of millions of Europe's finest men. The '50s and '60s witnessed the decolonization of Africa and Asia, spearheaded by race-communists. Thus, the global Faustian empire Spengler envisioned began to crumble. The Moon landing did signify a scientific accomplishment, but it was ultimately abandoned as NASA shifted its focus toward climate science. The '90s witnessed the American "unipolar moment," but any Fukuyamist optimism that once existed has since dissipated. Perhaps the most damning aspect of these times is the degeneration of political mores. While Roman patricians esteemed ancient customs and displayed their courage in battle, our modern political elite now adorn their homes with signs proclaiming slogans like "In This House We Believe…". While the Romans spent this time engaged in conquest and building the martial virtue of their aristocracy, the United States has strived to export gay pride parades to Eastern Europe and establish gender quotas in the Afghan constitution. *O tempora, o mores…*

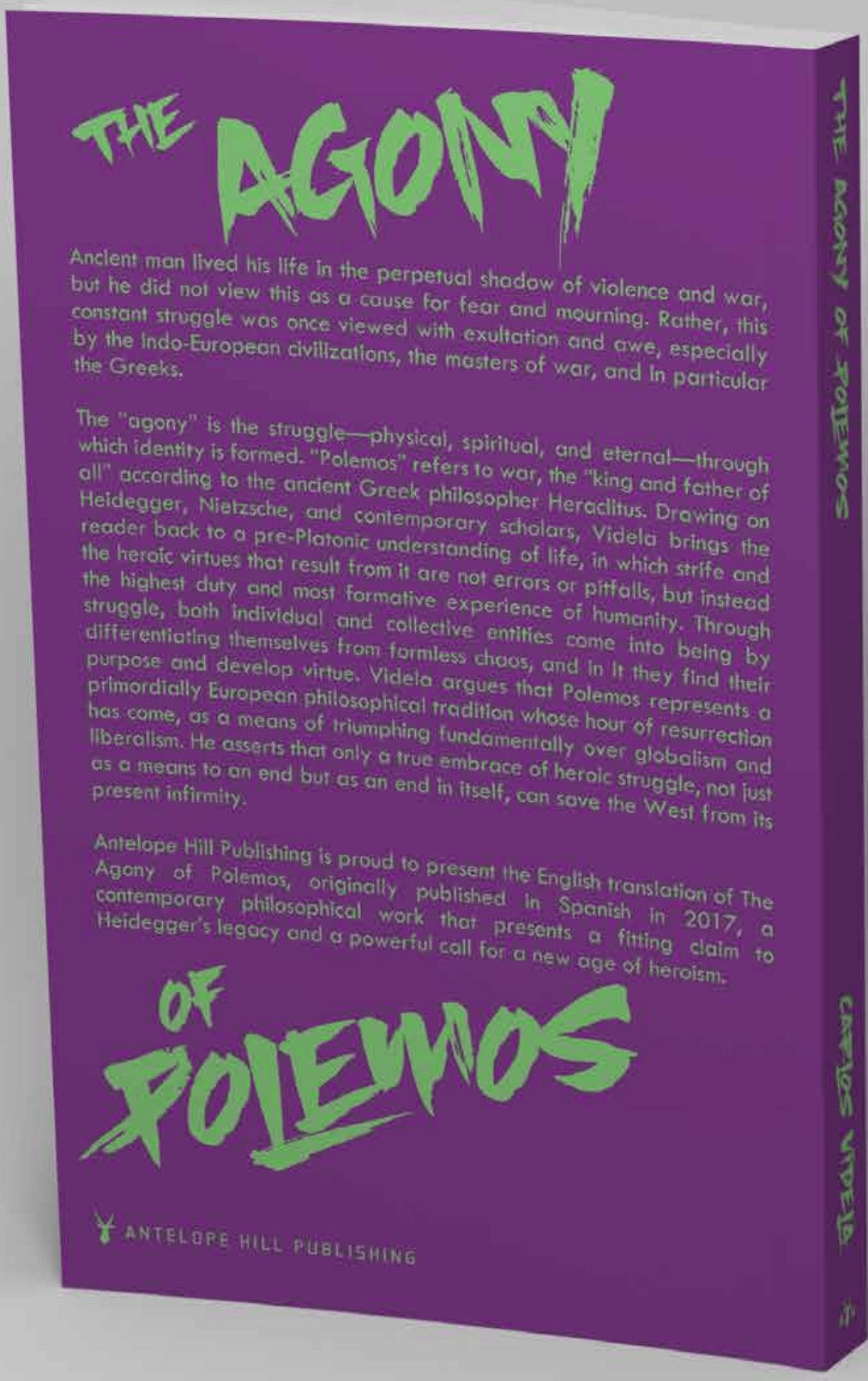
What has caused this shift? Why were the Romans up to the challenge while the Americans, thus far, have stumbled and fallen short? What did the Romans possess that the Americans lack? In a single word: *virtù*. Rome was a patriarchal military aristocracy, embodying characteristics opposite to the pantsuit-dominated liberal anti-empire of the United States. Roman men were expected to serve the republic dutifully in the military and stand resolute against its enemies. The *virtus*, or masculine courage, of men like Horatius Cocles became legendary among the Romans. Cicero proclaimed that "*virtus* is the badge of the Roman race and breed," as it made them unique and channeled the masculine energy of their men toward advancing Rome's position in the Mediterranean. On the other hand, the United States tends to send courageous defenders of public order like Jordan Neely, Kyle Rittenhouse, and Derek Chauvin to show-trials. This creates a disincentive for potential virtuous men.

Machiavelli also identifies the abundance of men with *virtù* as the source of Roman political genius. Alongside the martial and masculine courage of Latin *virtus*, Machiavelli's *virtù* encompasses the willingness to risk everything in pursuit of political and military glory. It is a gambler's spirit but employed by one who has calculated the odds in his favor to the best of his ability. As Caesar famously declared upon crossing the Rubicon, "*iacta alea est*" [the die is cast]! Machiavelli contrasts the bold risk-taking of *virtù* against the lazy stupor and *ozio* [indolence] of others. Nietzsche, in Beyond Good and Evil, concurs with this assessment of Roman political genius. He identifies a robust and masculine energy in the Romans "who must fertilize and become the causes of new orders of life." Once again, we see the significance of virility within Roman politics.

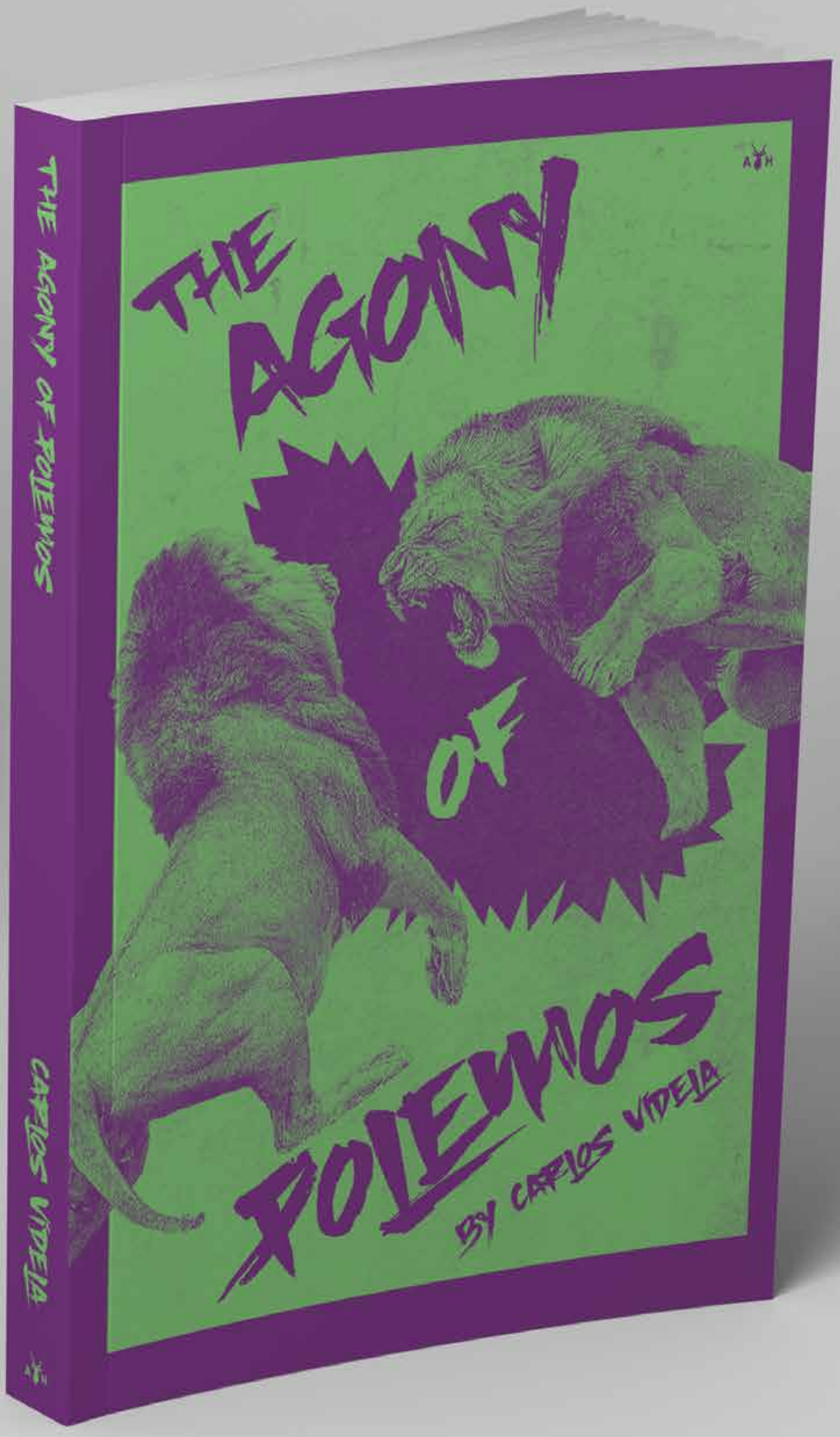
If we heed Spengler's advice, we must reject the naivety of returning to the past or hoping for a cultural revival. "Optimism is cowardice." Culture is dead. The great tasks that remain demand Roman fortitude. Herein lies the contradiction of our time: the challenges we face require a certain virtù that we lack. Nevertheless, the battle is not lost. Spengler urges the young men of the West to persist and cultivate a martial spirit. "There is only one worldview that is worthy of us, the aforementioned one of Achilles: better a short life full of deeds and glory than a long and empty one."

How can we cultivate the required *virtù*? Machiavelli implores his reader to study the lives of great men, hoping that "at least some of their [*virtù*] may rub off on him". We must embrace a serious study of masculine virtue–not just historically, but physiologically and spiritually as well. This means a serious engagement with everything from fitness and diet to Machiavelli's commentaries on the deeds of great men. Anything less, and I fear we may not be man enough for the tasks we have ahead.

In our time, greatness necessitates understanding the remaining paths open to us. What this Civilization phase has yet to achieve lies squarely in the domains of politics and the sciences. Go forth and be bold! Greatness demands that men take risks. Our lives are short, and death is inevitable. All the more reason to live passionately!


THE AGONY OF POLEMOS
Ancient man lived his life in the perpetual shadow of violence and war, but he did not view this as a cause for fear and mourning. Rather, this constant struggle was once viewed with exultation and awe, especially by the Indo-European civilizations, the masters of war, and in particular the Greeks.
The "agony" is the struggle—physical, spiritual, and eternal—through which identity is formed. "Polemos" refers to war, the "king and father of all" according to the ancient Greek philosopher Heraclitus. Drawing on Heidegger, Nietzsche, and contemporary scholars, Videla brings the reader back to a pre-Platonic understanding of life, in which strife and the heroic virtues that result from it are not errors or pitfalls, but instead the highest duty and most formative experience of humanity. Through struggle, both individual and collective entities come into being by differentiating themselves from formless chaos, and in it they find their purpose and develop virtue. Videla argues that Polemos represents a primordially European philosophical tradition whose hour of resurrection has come, as a means of triumphing fundamentally over globalism and liberalism. He asserts that only a true embrace of heroic struggle, not just as a means to an end but as an end in itself, can save the West from its present infirmity.
Antelope Hill Publishing is proud to present the English translation of The Agony of Polemos, originally published in Spanish in 2017, a contemporary philosophical work that presents a fitting claim to Heidegger's legacy and a powerful call for a new age of heroism.
OF POLEMOS
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CARLOS VIDELA

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THE CASE OF THE PERSIAN PRINCESS

How an archaeological wonder became a macabre murder investigation

archaeology by STONE AGE HERBALIST



Our story begins with a VHS videotape. Sometime in October, 2000, police in Pakistan were made aware of a tape circulating around individuals known to be involved in various black market activities. The tape was a sort of advert, showing that someone in the country possessed an ancient mummy, and it was for sale. After a tip-off, the police found a Karachi man called Ali Akbar, who denied possessing the mummy or its sarcophagus. The asking price for the mummified remains was a cool $11 million, a significant sum, even for a valuable archaeological artefact. Akbar led the police into Balochistan province, an area split between Iran, Afghanistan and Pakistan, and riven with ethnic conflict. In Quetta, the police located the mummy in the house of a local leader, Wali Mohammed Reeki, who claimed it had been given to him by an Iranian man called Sharif Shah Bakhi. Sources seem to vary on what happened next, but it appears that the Pakistani authorities managed to find Bakhi, question him and corroborate the story that he discovered the mummy after an earthquake in a small Iranian border town. After that Bakhi was never heard from again. Akbar and Reeki were both charged under the country's Antiquity Act and the mummy was taken to the National Museum in Karachi.

A BIG ANNOUNCEMENT

A mummy in Pakistan is big news, and one of the nation's most prestigious sons knew it. Ahmed Hasan Dani (1920-2009) was a giant in his field, responsible for essentially creating archaeology as a discipline in Pakistan. He apparently spoke dozens of languages, wrote as many books, and was showered with awards and honours from all over the world, including the coveted French *Légion d'honneur* in 1998, the German Order of the Merit in 1996 and an Aristotle Silver Medal from UNESCO in 1997. He would have known what was at stake when he first approached the sarcophagus, with its cuneiform stone carvings, gilded wooden coffin and Zoroastrian iconography.

On October 26th, in front of TV cameras and journalists, Dani announced the museum's preliminary findings: the mummy and its



Bottom left: the "Persian Princess"; main image: Ahura Mazda, the great Zoroastrian deity worshipped by the ancient Persians; overleaf: a relief of Darius IA

coffin and sarcophagus dated back to 600 BC, Persia, and appeared to be a princess, potentially from an important family. She had been preserved in the Egyptian style and laid atop a mat coated in honey and wax. She could have been an Egyptian princess, married into the royal family, or potentially a daughter of Cyrus the Great himself. Either way, here was an extraordinary find, the first remains of a Persian royal, and mummified in a way not known to the region.

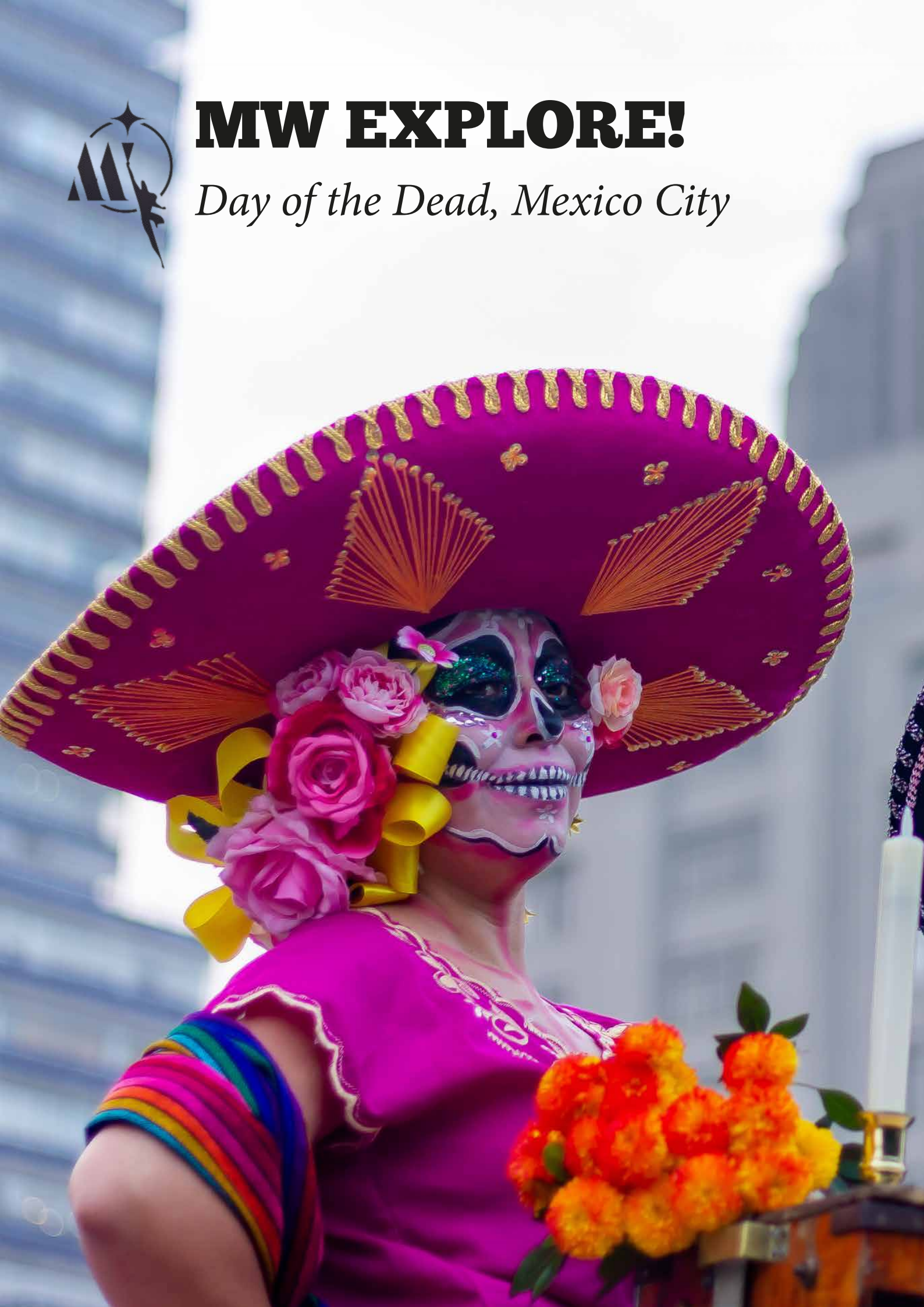
A DIPLOMATIC MELTDOWN

Almost immediately Dani's conference provoked outrage, first and foremost amongst the Iranians, who felt that they should now take over the care and investigation of the mummy, since she had been identified as Persian royalty. The Iranian Cultural Heritage body lodged a complaint with UNESCO, prompting a war of words between Pakistan and Iran, the former highlighting that the mummy was recovered on Pakistani territory. To complicate matters, the Awan tribe of Balochistan filed a petition with the High Court, insisting that the mummy must belong to them instead. Finally, a month later, the Taliban of all people chimed in, saying they had interrogated a group of cross-border smugglers, who revealed that the mummy had surfaced originally in Afghanistan. This was quite a bold move for a regime which was renowned for destroying its pre-Islamic inheritance, but they threw their hat into the ring - a showdown between Pakistan, Iran, Afghanistan and Balochistan was underway.

Dani tried to sidestep the problem by negating everyone's claims, saying that the princess was most likely Egyptian, and therefore did not belong to Iran. The Iranians played their own cards, announcing that an Italian archaeologist by the name of Lorenzo Costantini had validated the Iranian claim to the mummy, by authenticating the inscriptions on her coffin. Costantini, bewildered and angry, hit back on Iranian television, retorting that he had been shown a photograph sent by the Iranians, which possibly said the word 'Xerxes' or 'Cyrus', sources seem to vary. The name 'Rhodugune' is listed in many articles about the princess, but Constan-

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Day of the Dead, Mexico City





tini himself is quoted as saying:

"I never gave an interview to any Iranian journalist…I shortly talked on the telephone with an Iranian woman of the IRNA office at Rome. During the talk, I told her that the name of Xerxes was mentioned in the [coffins'] inscriptions…she asked, 'Who's he?' This small comment reveals the degree of knowledge of the person I was speaking to"

One has to imagine the rumours swirling around the press offices at the time led to much confusion about names of ancient Persian kings, but certainly later accounts differ from Dani's original announcement.

The battle over ownership and authentication was to continue for some time. Before Christmas 2000, the mummy underwent a CT scan at Aga Khan University Hospital in Karachi, revealing her to be a young woman with a broken spine.

THE DEALER AND THE ARCHAEOLOGIST

Before any of this happened, back in March 2000, a letter with four Polaroid pictures landed on the desk of Oscar White Muscarella at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. He opened it, finding images of what seemed to be a mummy with a gold breastplate, along with a translation of the cuneiform - "I am the daughter of the great King Xerxes. Mazereka protect me. I am Rhodugune, I am". The letter had been sent by one Amanollah Riggi of New Jersey, acting as a middleman for a seller in Pakistan. They were offering Muscarella and the museum the opportunity to buy this priceless artefact.

Muscarella seems an odd choice for this venture. This was a man who was not only an expert in ancient Persia, Anatolia and the Near East, but had a reputation for being the 'conscience of the discipline'. He had devoted much of his life to stopping and undermining archaeological looting, forgeries and illegal purchases. He quite literally wrote the book on the subject, *The Lie Became Great. The Forgery of Ancient Near Eastern Cultures*, which accused many museums, and even his own institution of purchasing forged antiquities. Naturally he was intrigued by the photos and translation, but also suspicious. He demanded better photographs, and reached out to the academic who had supposedly translated the cuneiform on the breastplate.

Things unravelled quickly for Riggi. Muscarella discovered that the academic had written up much more than he had been shown in the letter. In fact, the linguist had determined that most of the writing had been lifted directly from the famous Behistun Inscription, which outlined King Darius I's achievements. He also highlighted numerous inconsistencies in the production, concluding that the work was most likely a forgery. The scholar had laid this out to Riggi, who in desperation sent back radiocarbon dates for the wood in the coffin. It was no more than 250 years old, a discrepancy that seemed to evade him - "it cannot be called modern" pleaded Riggi. Muscarella severed communication and went back to his work, roused only when he was invited by *Archaeology* magazine to give a statement on the mummy find in October, 2000. He realised the photos and the mummy now in the news were one and the same, and submitted all his evidence to Interpol. Any chance of the princess being authentic was disintegrating away.

THE IRANIANS ARRIVE

The details don't seem to be available, but sometime in January Pakistan relented and allowed an Iranian archaeological delegation to come to Karachi and analyse the mummy. A joint team made up of Dani, Pakistan's National Museum curator Asma Ibrahim, and the Iranians - led by the veteran Mir Abedin Kaboli - launched a new investigation of the remains. What they found was shocking. Not only was the body covered in modern petrochemicals, the coffin carvings guided by lead pencil markings and the radiocarbon dates miles off 600 BC, but the woman herself was a modern person. She had had her heart and other organs removed, contrary to classical practice, before being stuffed with salt and bicarbonate powder. Her tendons were visible, there was fungus developing on her face, her teeth had been removed to prevent easy identification. Where traditional Egyptian mummification would have seen her organs carefully removed, cleaned and returned to her body, this woman


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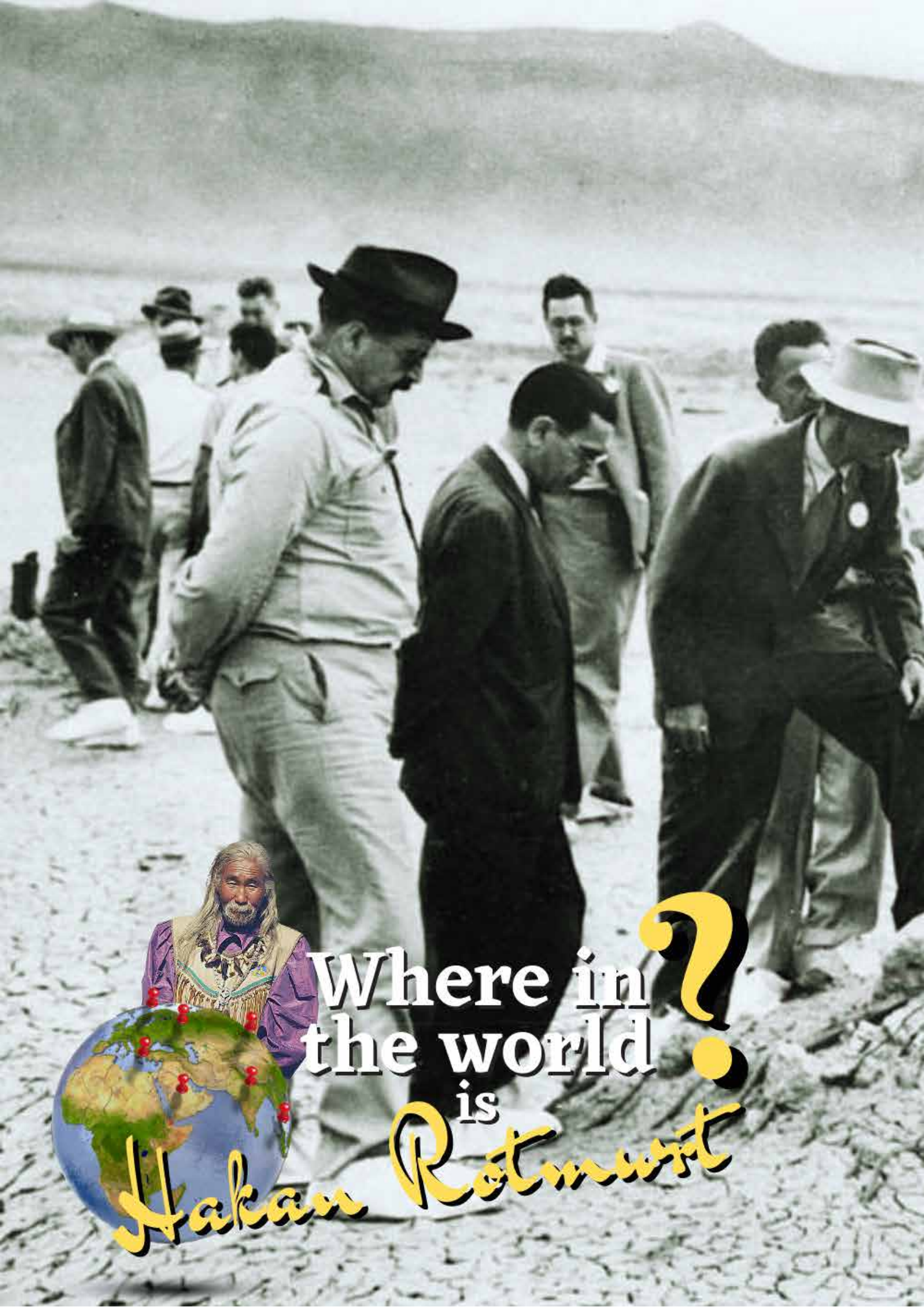


had been crudely gutted and improperly preserved. Further radiocarbon dating placed her death tentatively around the mid 1990's.

What had originally been a story of archaeological wonder had quickly devolved into a sordid tale. German researchers were sent samples of the body, coffin and more, confirming the joint Iranian-Pakistani conclusions. A young woman had died around 1995 of a broken neck, possibly killed deliberately, and was then subject to a mockery of a mummification procedure, and turned into a forged ensemble to be sold for $11 million to a buyer who believed her to be a Persian princess. Ibrahim released her report on April 17th 2001. The Pakistani authorities then treated the case as murder, but they had let their most valuable suspect, Sharif Shah Bakhi, disappear into thin air.

AFTERMATH

For all the attention paid to the mummy when it was found, nobody cared after it was announced the remains were a hoax. By all accounts the police gave up looking for the people responsible, the department in Balochistan dragging its feet for so long it took until 2008 for the mummified woman to be buried. The experts who had been so confident in their pronouncements, Dani in particular, were silent. A BBC documentary was made on the case, concluding that this had to have been the work of many skilled people - a stonemason, a joiner, a goldsmith, someone with a working knowledge of anatomy and embalming, and someone familiar enough with cuneiform and Persian history to conduct the choir. Despite the mistakes, this was a relatively sophisticated operation, and one with bravado, either killing or acquiring a body and quickly producing a mummy to be sold on the black market. Someone out there knows what happened, and maybe they've done it before and since. Someone knows who she was, and how she ended up in a sarcophagus with a golden breast plate. But we'll likely never know, just as we'll never know how many such fakes fill our museums and archives, maybe there are other bodies to be found.


Where in the world is Hakan Rotmert?



By CHARLES HAYWOOD

A review of Patrick Deneen, Regime Change: Toward a Postliberal Future

Vladimir Lenin taught that "he who says A must say B." He was correct, but Patrick Deneen has not listened. Deneen says A, that our Regime, our ruling class, is destructive and evil. But he then refuses to say B, that the Regime is therefore wholly odious and illegitimate, and before any new system is possible, it must be destroyed. Instead, Deneen's response to A is magical thinking. When the people peacefully complain enough, you see, the Regime will dismantle itself voluntarily and hand over power to a new ruling class, which will hold and implement opposite views on every matter under the sun. This absurd fantasy, even when cushioned within much fancy philosophy, harms rather than advances the postliberal project.

I looked forward to this book, which should have been the culmination of Deneen's bold decade-long project to discredit and replace the so-called Enlightenment, and should have cemented his position as one of the most important leaders of the postliberal American Right. Beginning in 2016's *Conserving America?*, and



"NOT WITH A BANG..."

continuing with the outstanding *Why Liberalism Failed*, Deneen ably described the origin of our present discontents, namely the inherent defects of Enlightenment ideology, that is, Left ideology. I will not repeat his analyses and arguments from those earlier works here, although you should read my summaries of them, and my thoughts on them. But here Deneen's project dies with a whimper, either because he actually believes, contrary to all history and common sense, that in politics one can get a free lunch, or because he is afraid to identify himself as an genuine enemy of the Regime, thus associating himself with the wrong sort of people, and thereby risk being expelled from polite society, membership in which is wholly controlled by the Regime.

Still, Deneen's analysis in *Regime Change* is of some value, so let's examine it. In his earlier works, Deneen's main focus was liberty and its limitations. The prime aims of Left ideology (what Deneen prefers to call liberalism), as I often say, are a never-ending and always-increasing demand for emancipation from unchosen bonds (that is to say, unlimited liberty), combined with forced egalitarianism, all in service of creating a utopia. While in an inchoate sense the Left has existed since the Serpent in the Garden, as a political philosophy this dogma only arose with the Enlightenment, which was nothing more than the reification of the most destructive desires of mankind. Here Deneen expands his earlier frame, mapping Left ideology onto a much older political divide, the eternal split between the many and the few.

As Deneen outlines, what exactly constitutes the few and the many differs across societies, but every society has this division, of elite and non-elite, in which a small group has disproportionate control of both wealth and power, leading inevitably to conflict. Before the

rise of Left ideology, proposed solutions to this problem revolved around creation of balance between these two broad classes, in order to secure the common good. Given the nature of mankind, results were variable. The Left, since 1789, has upended this search for balance in favor of the search for progress, for the removal of limitations, for supposed emancipation, held to obviate the need for balance. The cretinous John Stuart Mill offers the clearest exposition of this philosophy, which in practice has simply resulted in a new few and a new many, along with the destruction of all Western societies. Deneen's project is to restore the older search for balance.

That's not to say, although Deneen only touches on it and it is a topic for another day, that America's many are a reservoir of virtue; they are in very bad shape indeed, a direct result of emancipation and forced egalitarianism. But the few are worthless and irredeemable, and Deneen counts the ways, in the competent first section of his book. We discuss the managerial elite, identity politics as a political tool, the inevitable creation of new hierarchies, and so on. The result, Deneen tells us repeatedly, is that we live in a tyranny. He is certainly correct there.

The tyranny Deneen identifies is not only the most obvious tyranny, of what is sometimes called the progressive Left, because that is merely one head of the Left hydra. The Left also includes so-called classical liberalism, which is roughly coterminous with what has, since the 1950s, been called "conservatism," a false label, as well as Marxism and its variants. All strands within liberalism posit the need for an elite to lead the way to an emancipated, egalitarian future, differing only in who should compose that elite and how the people participate, especially in their economic life. (Deneen fails to understand how a Left elite can coexist with simultaneous Left demands for egalitarianism, because he does not understand that call for egalitarianism is simply a call to steal from, then kill, whoever the kulaks of the age are, not a call for real leveling, except in the utopia that is always just over the horizon.) But the progressive Left, classical liberals, and Marxists all reject the idea of the many and the few together cooperating to advance the common good. Instead, the elite is to deliver progress, supposedly good things, to the masses, regardless of whether the masses think they are receiving good things.

So far, so good. Then, in rambling fashion, Deneen tells us how we should instead be governed—by a mixed constitution, by which he means a governing form designed to alleviate the conflict between the elites and the masses, which at the same time rejects liberalism. We get Aristotle and Plato, we get Edmund Burke, we get Thomas Aquinas, Benjamin Disraeli, and Alexis de Tocqueville. We get discussion of whether a mixed constitution should seek blending of high and low, to create something new, or instead counterpoise a separate high and low. It's somewhat interesting, though not really new, and often the reader wonders where we are going, or whether we've stumbled onto an undergraduate seminar led by a slightly inebriated professor. Thus, Deneen cites Polybius for his famous analysis of the Roman mixed constitution, and claims that Polybius said that the "benefits of kingship were manifested in the unitary rule of the emperor," while being restrained by the political power of the common citizens. But Polybius died in the second century B.C.; he never saw a Roman emperor. He was talking about the Republic, where the monarchical element was the consuls; the Empire was not a mixed government. Moreover, the common citizens had very little direct political power in the

HERODOTEAN FIRE



BY LYCURGUS

Cuck Operator
Coffee Kompany



FIGHT BIGOTRY, ONE MACCHIATO AT A TIME.

Roman system; their interests were instead represented by the tribunes of the plebs, whose primary power was veto. The reader wonders if the professor should have passed on hitting the bar before class, and what else is a little off in this analysis.

Despite the reader's uneasy feeling, however, we are, indeed, going somewhere. The point is to offer an alternative, which we reach after 150 pages—in the last third of the book, headed "What Is To Be Done?," with credit for the phrase given neither to Lenin nor to Nikolay Chernyshevsky. What is to be done is to call for "aristopopulism," which Deneen not-very-crisply defines essentially as a system in which the elite and the many each improve the other while both seeking to advance the common good. Neither the elite nor the masses have all the answers; the former, ideally, have a higher level of competency and focus, while the latter are often a repository of common sense. Together, it is feasible to reach a political balance between high and low that will create a good society.

I suppose that's a possible future, even if one without historical precedents (Deneen offers none, nor could he, though probably the American Founding comes closest), but what we don't get is any insight into how this new thing is going to be created. We instead get eighty pages of aspirational bromides. "The creation of a new elite is essential," and its first act must be to replace the existing elite. No doubt it is, and it must be, but no mechanism is offered to make either happen. Over and over we hear this or that "should" happen, "must" happen, "needs to" happen, but not any way for it to manifest. I will spare the reader a detailing of the obvious—that the Regime will never permit any erosion of its power, and will terrorize or kill anyone who rises up to actually threaten its power. The rule of law is long gone, the rule of iron is here, and it seems likely to me that whatever is next, after a crisis that destroys our fragile Regime, will involve the rule of lead, and perhaps after that a new society. Deneen, either afraid or obtuse, adverts to none of this.

This is bad enough, mostly because the reader has the sneaking suspicion that Deneen's real, but unstated, prescription is "vote harder," but worse is his repeated insistence on weakening what he says by constantly complying with the demands of his, and our, enemies about how we are allowed to think and talk. He calls for an aristocracy but adopts a defensive crouch about aristocracy, because that's what the Left demands. Similarly, it means much more than one might think that Deneen meekly uses "she" and "her" as generic pronouns. It betrays either cowardice or internalization of Left semiotics. He even translates the medieval maxim *Cuius regio, eius religio* as "Whose realm, their religion."

But these reflexive obeisances to the Left are small beans compared to the way he heaps ashes on his head, and your head, about so-called racism, by which he does not mean the ubiquitous anti-white hatred, with concrete and often fatal effects, today aggressively demanded by our elites, but instead non-specific thought crimes supposedly directed at non-white people by white people. Under no circumstances, we are told, can aristopopulism do anything but make ending this supposed racism and its imaginary consequences a primary goal. This obeisance to the Left leads Deneen to write bizarre passages, in which he contorts himself into a pretzel. For example, we are told that black lack of present-day success in America is due not to the Left destruction of the black family and community since the 1960s, nor to any inherent racial differences, nor even to long-past housing discrimination or Jim Crow. Rather, it

"Deneen does not address that a society that is too heterogenous can never find the common good, because the people lack adequate common interests"

is due to black slave families being separated more than 150 years ago, which is somehow the fault of today's white people, and means black people must be eternally elevated by any aristopopulist system to expiate this long ago sin.

The craziness of this beggars belief, and the approach Deneen demands, if implemented, would instantly cripple both the effectiveness and legitimacy of aristopopulism. In fact, contra Deneen, any new system after the end of our current Regime, if it desires the loyalty of the common people, should reject all claims that anything but minor interpersonal racism exists (and that directed mostly at white people), declare that regardless, the phenomenon is utterly unimportant, and reject any responsibility for altering differential racial outcomes, while removing all prohibitions on free association. No surprise, nothing like this obvious and crucial program emerges from Deneen's pages.

Deneen seems completely to fail to understand, or more likely, not being dumb, he knows he cannot be seen to understand, that the supposed racism of whites is the keystone of the Left project in America, because endless wailing about it has proven crucial to achieving both of their two core aims. It is a never-ending trump card with which to demand more supposed emancipation, but the chief form of that emancipation is the transfer of wealth from productive whites to unproductive non-whites (and parasitic white email-class elites), which also serves the goal of forced egalitarianism, as the engines of productivity are silenced, as airplanes fall from the sky and the electricity fails. The only way to deal with this farce is to reject it without any discussion whatsoever. But Deneen does the opposite.

On a philosophical level, Deneen's contortions about race relations are merely part of a larger defect with his aristopopulism. He does not address that a society that is too heterogenous, or too diverse, in the cant of the Left, can never find the common good, because the people lack adequate common interests. For example, Deneen assumes without analysis that working class blacks have interests identical to working class whites, and that the only reason the two groups don't cooperate is a divide-and-conquer strategy used by "mostly native, mostly white overclass elites." Well, maybe. But also maybe, especially after years of hatred being whipped up against whites, blacks and whites don't have enough in common anymore for there to be a common good between them, other than at the highest level of generality, at which point the common good becomes essentially meaningless. The same is true of many other divides in America, which suggests breaking up America is the way to go. You won't find the slightest hint of that in this book, though.

Deneen obviously senses the problem that heterogeneity is fatal to the common good, but he does not want to address it directly, because he might be Doing a Racism. Yet he has to offer a solution to the Regime's tyranny. So he repeatedly refers to an "increasingly multiracial, multiethnic working class" supposedly opposed to our elites, and therefore to the Regime, from which a challenge to the Regime will spring. This working class will create a new elite:

What is first needed is a "mixing" that shatters the blindered consensus of the elite, a mixing that must begin with the raw assertion of political power by a new generation of political actors inspired by an ethos of common-good conservatism. In order to achieve this end, control and effective application of political power will have to be directed especially at changing or at least circumventing current cultural as well as economic institutions from which progressive parties exercise their considerable power. Otherwise,



Opposite: The Greek philosopher Aristotle, one of Deneen's principal "post-liberal" influencesA



WHAT IS THE WORTHY HOUSE?

The Worthy House is the project of Charles Haywood. His end is outlining, and preparing for the advent of, a political philosophy, which he has named Foundationalism, and which he is preparing to implement in real life. He uses the process of writing mainly to develop his own thoughts — battle preparation. If they are useful to others, so much the better. The vehicle for this effort is often book reviews, or rather, Haywood's thoughts masquerading as book reviews.

The selection of writing topics on The Worthy House is not random. The aim is to create a coherent whole; therefore, repetition of the exact same points from piece to piece is avoided. Often certain general topics or themes will receive sustained focus for some months, interspersed with items relating to current events and occasional human-interest pieces.

As to Haywood, he was born in Indiana, where he now lives with his Australian wife and five children. His father taught Russian history at Purdue University. His mother was born in Hungary, and he has spent quite a bit of time in Hungary and maintains a keen interest in Hungarian affairs. He was once a big-firm lawyer, in Chicago in the late 1990s and early 2000s, primarily practicing mergers-and-acquisitions and securities law.

However, Haywood tired of law and wanted to be rich. So he moved back to Indiana and started a business that developed and manufactured hair care products (after first briefly operating a woodworking and cabinetry business). He sold that business in 2020, and now he causes trouble, when he is not trying to be a gentleman farmer.

Visit theworthyhouse.com to read reviews of various books, including Mary Harrington's Feminism Against Progress, Luca Fezzi's Crossing the Rubicon: Caesar's Decision and the Fate of Rome and Raw Egg Nationalist's The Eggs Benedict Option.

those institutions will be utilized to circumvent and obstruct the only avenue to redress available to the "many": demotic power. The aim should not be to achieve "balance" or a form of "democratic pluralism" that imagines a successful regime comprised of checks and balances, but rather, the creation of a new elite that is aligned with the values and needs of ordinary working people.

...

What is needed is the application of Machiavellian means to achieve Aristotelian ends—the use of powerful political resistance by the populace against the natural advantages of the elite to create a mixed constitution . . . in which genuine common good is the result.

We can leave aside that Deneen's class analysis is simplistic in the extreme—he equates the "many" with the "working class," whereas the many are in fact comprised of several very distinct classes with divergent interests, including the underclass and the middle class. There is no unified non-elite class, which makes it impossible for their "demotic power" to be "asserted." This is basic elite theory, about which Deneen seems to know nothing. Moreover, Deneen keeps blurring his calls for a new elite with, among other softenings, positing a cooperative relationship, rather than a paternalistic relationship, between the many and few. Deneen ignores that the common people never directly balance the elites. Instead, ideally, they act as a damper on elite action, with their customary rights preventing any type of rapid change. They do not and will not get together with the elites to improve each other, in some kind of healing circle where everyone hugs it out. The elites rule, always and everywhere, and ideally they keep the good of the masses in mind, either out of self-interest or as a moral duty. Regardless of whether the many are multiracial and multiethnic, or completely homogenous, this is the way it has always been, and always will be.

To the extent that Deneen simply wants a new elite that will force a new society, he is certainly on firm ground. I'm all for that. The Left is evil. It must be destroyed. A new elite should cauterize anything that remains and then set up a mixed government, using the twelve pillars of Foundationalism as a guide. But instead of a call for this obvious solution to the need for regime change, we get weak tea. Rather than explaining how the new elite should confiscate the wealth of all members of the existing Regime, then, after trials and adequate direct punishments, lustrate and exile or rusticate all remaining important members of the Regime, we get calls for various modest technical/structural changes, such as massively increasing the number of members of the House of Representatives and having bureaucrats work outside Washington. These are old ideas, and last I checked, the Regime wasn't permitting them. Then Deneen suggests, big reveal, a national service requirement. Aside from that would be an obvious violation of the Thirteenth Amendment, which he ignores, that would simply grant massive power to the Regime, which would have a new huge labor pool to direct to its ends. And Deneen's other specific political prescriptions are no better and no more realistic.

To be fair, Deneen does find his footing when it comes to the question of immigration. The problem is, it's a stupid footing, one which demonstrates beyond doubt that his aristopopulism is infected with Left doctrine. Immigrants are not the problem, you racist. They're wonderful, and certainly never create any problems for actual Americans, such as rape them and turn their country into a shithole. It's certainly not a matter of concern that the Regime is now offering illegal

immigrants a path of a few weeks to citizenship if they'll join the military, in order to be used by the Regime to terrorize and kill actual Americans who try to assert their demotic power. Oh no. The only thing we need to do, maybe, is try a little harder to prevent illegal immigrants from being formally employed. That is, we should punish white people who hire immigrants, but hands off the immigrants themselves, unless we're giving them freebies and exalting them on a pedestal as our moral superiors. I wonder what Deneen would say if his aristopopulist elite's first act was, as it should be, to deport, using whatever level of force necessary, every illegal immigrant, along with every legal immigrant from the past fifty years who does not meet the new standards of American common good. He'd probably shriek in horror and wish the Left was back in charge.

In fact, we know for certain that he'd recoil from any actual action to restore America to what it could be. Heaven forbid we aim for the "destruction" of our current elite—"for, as we know from history, those who replace the elites simply become the new elites, and are often harsher and more brutal." This is both silly and incoherent. Deneen himself calls for a new aristocracy in the next sentence, to replace today's elites, thereby contradicting himself. But more importantly, it is not true there is any historical rule, or even trend, that a new elite is worse; quite the contrary, in fact, if the new elite is not Left (if it is Left, then mass murder is inevitable). Then, a few sentences later, we get "Today . . . it is safe to conclude that an ennobling of our elite will not come about from goodwill, but rather through the force of a threat from the [common people]." Which is it? Threats, which must mean the possibility of destruction? Or the Regime, against all odds, simply bending to political pressure from below? The reader gets whiplash trying to figure out what is being suggested, and he gets the feeling the confusion is deliberate obfuscation.

Ultimately, *Regime Change* is just a grab-bag of concepts that could have been made into a coherent and punchy whole, but weren't. For example, Deneen could have offered a discussion of progress—whether some forms of progress are, or can be, good, even though the promise of supposed progress is often used by the Left in order to ignore the common good. But instead Deneen uses the word as a combination of ideological marker and swear word, not illuminating the reader in any way.

In a month or two, this book will be forgotten. That's too bad. Deneen could have been a contender. Instead, he pulled his punches, probably deathly afraid of being cast as too right-wing. After all, the Left's chief command to the catamite Right is to always police its rightward boundary, and Deneen's reaction to criticism of his book from the Right has, sadly, confirmed his drift towards that camp.

And, finally, reinforcing my complaints, Deneen concludes the book with a heaping helping of Scrutonism. "The day is late, but a lighted shelter can be discerned among the gloam. It is time to abandon the ruins we have made, seek refreshment, and then build anew." The day is indeed late; as my Twitter bio says, "The hour is late, and Moloch is within the gates." That calls for tearing up the floorboards and unlimbering what we find there, not seeking refreshment. We can refresh ourselves after the Regime is dead and gone, all its power permanently broken, the Left as forgotten as Mithraism, and its chief criminals duly punished while the former myrmidons of the Left have all adopted the new modes and orders promulgated by the new elite. That'll be the regime change we need. What's on offer here is—not.

SAY

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TO A MATE WHEN THEIR BEHAVIOU

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R TOWARDS WOMEN GOES TOO FAR

#HAVEAWORD

By AL DANTE

Artists and thinkers associated with right-wing thinking or politics have historically shown an interest in the art of theater and playwriting: Nietzsche, Gobineau, Céline, Mishima, Claudel, Marinetti, Artaud, Eliot, Mencken, Jeffers, etc. In our century, theater has a unique opportunity for the Right due to its possibility of exalting and exploring the body, language, energy and action; moreover, the historical role of ancient comedies and satires is instructive in how the Right can undermine the reigning ideology of the Left and The Current Regime.

These features are more important than what are traditionally thought of as the virtues of theater (narrative, arguments, ideas, sentimentality, etc.). Mencken remarked nearly a century ago that even the best "theater of ideas" plays are narratives of popular platitudes and caricatures intended for plebs. Today "well-made plays" in the style of Ibsen and his century are the overwhelming majority of works written and performed in America. There are numerous examples of contemporary plays and playwrights to cite as evidence.

In America the theater as an institution has a function similar to welfare. People who



"THEATER AND TODAY'S RIGHT: OPPORTUNITIES"

are considered the most marginalized (i.e., ethnic minorities of all kinds and colors) are lionized and granted institutional support and opportunities. As with welfare, it would be nearly impossible to live on the income of theater in a dignified way; therefore, most commercially successful theater-writers pivot to TV and adjunct teaching to make ends meet. This has a paradoxical effect. In one respect it's good that there is essentially a jobs program for otherwise useless and deformed people. However, it tends to have a noxious ripple effect on the country's culture when spiritual gimps are creating mass media content.

The American Theater's commitment to social justice and its multiple-minority-complex lottery has resulted in a slurry of new plays, many of which bear amusing titles such as: ChinkMart, Colahed Water, etc. While occasionally touching on sociopolitical themes of importance like food/water safety or population health, these plays are typically bogged down in the politics of ethnic grievances. In fact, the issues are often seen as inseparable or one and the same (i.e., whitey poisoned us on purpose), and the problem of complexity is swept away; a White character emerges as the symbol of evil and agency, all is well and easily understood.

Aside from ethnic grievances another characteristic that most newly produced plays share is their intrinsic commitment to left/liberal ideological positions. A more recent example is Wolf Play. It tells the story of a troubled child adopted into a household by a woman and her trans partner (FtM). A white man and his wife had recently fostered the child but decided not to adopt due to several reasons (mostly the child's difficult behavior). However, as soon as the ehite man recognizes that the child is going to be adopted by a woman and trans-man, he does his best to undermine

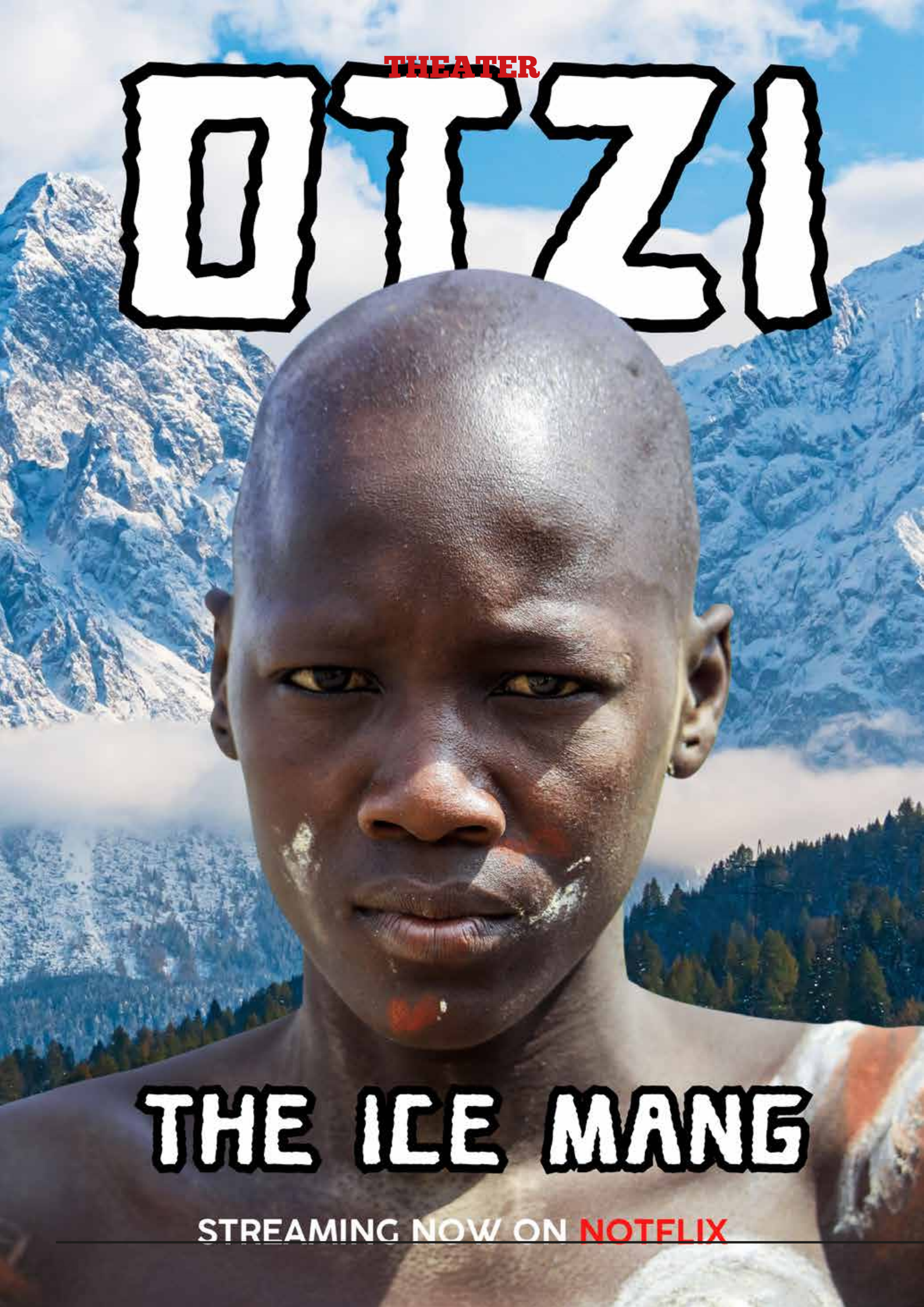
the adoption and re-situate the child in a more traditional household. As is typical in American theater now, the white man is portrayed as a nerd and is the butt of every joke.

The notion that being transgendered is normal and healthy and good is taken as an obvious fact. Much like the notion that being raised by a person like this is also an obvious and uncontroversial good. There are additional plot devices that complicate the story; for example, the transman has a budding boxing career and antipathy toward starting a family. However, his partner and her needs for domesticity win out, and in the end the transman actually finds the troubled child rather endearing and charming; he recognizes himself in the child. The play is archetypal of what's produced in the most celebrated theaters in New York City. A culturally topical piece that narrativises all of the liberal-left sociopolitical assumptions while laying the blame for societal issues at the feet of the corny, uptight, and now somewhat effeminate (the new archetypical) white man.

Theater from ancient to modern times has not always been this pedantic and puerile. It may be true that the majesty of the Ancient Greek tragedies is lost on us. I think the same might even be true of Shakespeare's history plays (e.g., when a person who looks like a lesbian behind a coffee bar is cast as Henry V). But one salient form not lost to us, and one which thrives on the Right, is comedy, and more specifically satire. Many of Aristophanes' plays remain relevant. Think of The Clouds. The overthrow of traditional authority and order leading to arson and possibly murder is the result of the son's introduction to Socrates' philosophical project. The play lampoons both the hyper-intellectual and the country bumpkin — two of the more noxious online ideologies of today. The Roman satirical poetry and drama of Juvenal and Terrence are examples of comedy that bite and push back against the political and biological (i.e., mass demographic changes) corruption of their time.

Indeed, our situation may even more closely resemble England's Restoration period (when 100 satires bloomed) in certain important respects. Reading Wycherley's adaptation, The Country Wife, it's easy to recognize so many funny analogues to our time. Imagine a contemporary re-telling where a pathic-transman (pre-op) infiltrates DC political circles and seduces the wives of stuffed-shirt, traditional conservatives. Our comedy is not the idealized one of George Meredith's with all its egalitarian fervor; no, it is more bombastic and aligned with the animalistic fury of Juvenal, Terrence, Rochester, and Swift.

Aside from the importance of satire and comedy, which has been reiterated for the Right by people such as BAP, there is also the importance of what was stated above: health, the body, language, energy and action. Artaud and Marinetti were starting points at the beginning of the 20th century and in certain respects their projects were not all that dissimilar. Artaud re-introduced animism back into the theater where it was previously repressed by the manners and sentimentality of the preceding century. Marinetti physicalized language and re-introduced the importance of energy and conflict between performers and spectators. More recently there have been a few artists carrying on this tradition. Jan Fabre is probably the most significant example. His theater is a merging of forms that have come to be overspecialized and distinct: ballet/dance, orchestra, narrative plays, etc. His work also exemplifies the body in all of its splendor and introduces a heroic and physiological body-consciousness — recalling a medieval Christian sensibility that is lost in our predominantly scle-

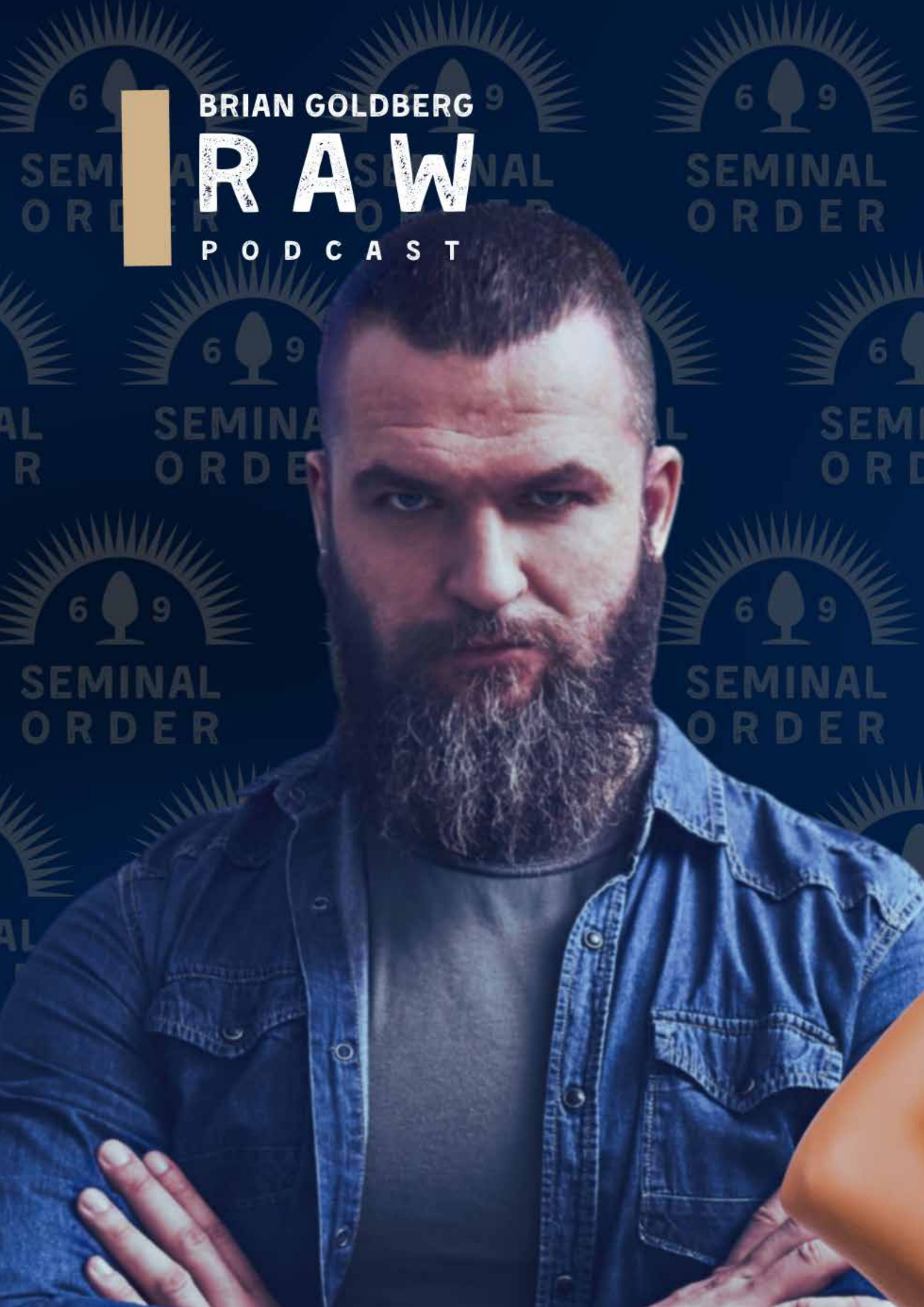

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rotic, ethno-narcissistic, and emotionally-impotent world. In the countercultural scene of 1960s America, the poet Michael McClure was one of the few literary artists keenly interested in the problems of body, energy, health, and animality — his play The Beard was an attempt to bridge body and language. The Wooster Group and Richard Foreman are additional examples, and their work frequently strives toward a more holistic theatrical experience. In the American scene, these artists and groups are traditionally considered left-wing or left-adjacent; but as left-wing politics have resulted in their natural conclusions of aesthetic ugliness, resentment, and dysgenic life, these artists become useful for the Right and its exaltation of biological energy, physical beauty, strength, humor and health.

From a practical consideration the Right should consider concentrating some of its energy on creating theater and theatrical experiences. There are interesting developments in NYC that are reintroducing the Romantic period's conception of the private viewing or closet-plays. Performing in spaces with friends and limited strangers can serve as a place to introduce and share vital ideas and to create bonds with people who are likeminded in their worldview and politics. Mr. Gasda, who has been associated with the Dimes Square Scene, has demonstrated that there is both an audience and performers who are interested in plays that move beyond the platitudes of the left-liberal worldview.

Another way the Right can have impact is parlaying these talents for comedy and storytelling out of the living-room samizdat space and into forms of mass media. This is a possibility that will require long-term planning; however, with recent developments in Hollyweird among the castrati-writing-class, there may be more windows of opportunity to create narratives that have a wider audience. Ultimately, these would by necessity be in the form of comedy or satire. But the importance of energy-building (which is really what the Futurists in Italy and Russia were doing) among a small cadre of influential, intelligent, and interesting people should not be underestimated; it's a great place to start. ■




BRIAN GOLDBERG
RAW
PODCAST
SEMINAL ORDER

EPISODE 31: MIA MUTT MONGO

FORMER ADULT FILM STAR AND FREE-SPEECH ADVOCATE



By AUSTIN JEPSKY

Amid all of the events and turmoil of 2020, one significant news story slipped largely under the radar. The State of Wyoming, with the smallest population of any US state, submitted a bid of over $1 billion for even more land. This land, owned at the time by the Occidental Petroleum Corporation, followed the path of the original transcontinental railroad and covered a surface area of over one million acres with another four million acres of subsurface mineral rights. These landholdings, a portion of the lands originally granted to the Union Pacific Railroad by the US Government for constructing the transcontinental railroad, stretched across not only southern Wyoming but also northern Colorado and part of Utah.

The Governor of Wyoming, Mark Gordon, was largely the public face for the push to acquire this land. As a conservative, Gordon's push to acquire the land obviously drew the ire of the handful of left-wing residents in Wyoming. Viewing old interviews or opinion pieces from these individuals concerning the land deal, one is struck by



"THE NEED FOR LAND"

a common theme. While these people were in opposition to the deal, they were arguing against it from the standpoint of uncertainty about spending the public funds and how the process of submitting the bid was being conducted. They were not articulating an argument that acquiring the land for Wyoming, as Wyomingites, was a bad thing. In fact, the only people articulating this point were residents and politicians in the neighboring states of Utah and Colorado, concerned with another state having so much influence in their internal affairs via major land ownership.

Ultimately Wyoming's bid for this land fell short and the land was sold to an investment firm from New York City. There is talk that this land may soon be on the market again, and Wyoming will try to acquire it again. Yet the question remains, why does the least populous state in the US want more land?

For one, the land in question would generate income for the state. From mining leases to cattle grazing, a steady stream of revenue for the state would be generated. Secondly, acquiring these lands would resolve a long running issue in that part of Wyoming concerning access to other parcels of land due to how land was allocated by the US Government in a checkerboard pattern (for more information about this issue, read about "corner crossing"). Yet these two benefits pale in comparison to the third reason for acquiring this land. It provides Wyoming with leverage and control.

For the property located in Wyoming itself, this land is now firmly under state control and subject to the state's sole authority. Furthermore, in the checkerboard areas where newly

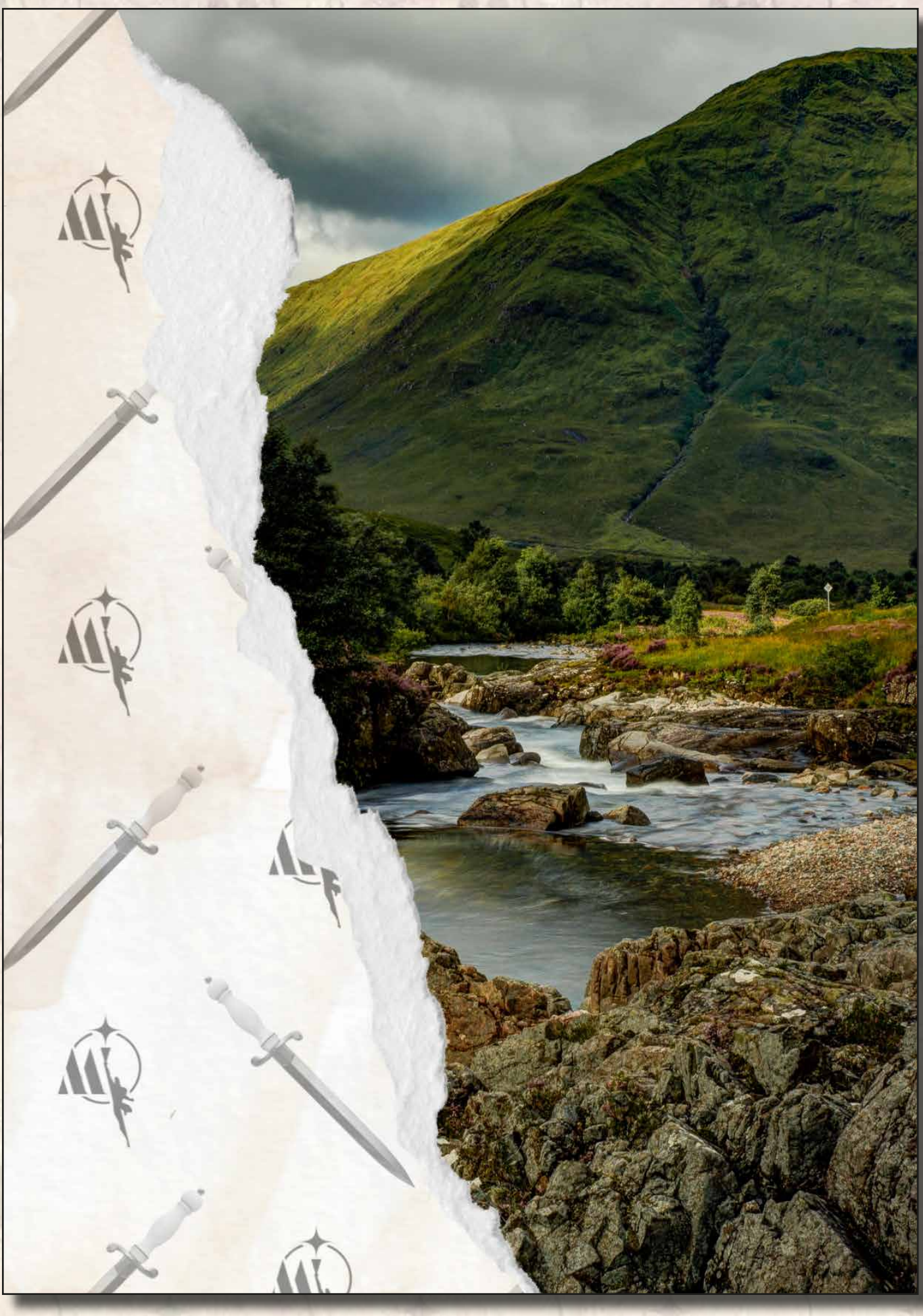
acquired state land entirely surrounds parcels of the Bureau of Land Management (BLM, one of the largest landowning agencies of the US Government), the state can use access rights as leverage to either get concessions from the BLM on resource management issues or to make the case for future acquisition of these lands by Wyoming as a continuation of the Sagebrush Rebellion. In a similar vein, Wyoming would be able to use the lands it owns in neighboring states to put pressure on those states and the policies they enact. Should Colorado or Utah consider legislation to which Wyoming objected, Wyoming could halt access or freeze extraction from lands it owns in the neighboring state. This would economically cripple portions of those neighboring states, forcing negotiation on the part of politicians to avoid voter backlash.

Ultimately, land means power. This is a simple truth which has been largely forgotten in the West. Ownership of land brings with it the ability to provide for oneself and to have final say over what occurs on your land. The more land you own, the more absolute these two things become.

It is this latter issue of having final say over what occurs on your land that has fueled so many conflicts in history. One of the best examples that comes to mind is the history of the Huguenots in France. While France had formed into a state resembling its modern boundaries by the start of the 17th Century, individual towns and cities under the control of protestant Huguenots still existed across France. Within these walled settlements, the Huguenots were able to not only practice their own religion, but also enact their own laws and develop their own customs. To Cardinal Richelieu, seeking to establish a firmly Catholic and centralized French state under the monarchy, that was unacceptable. This in turn led to the siege of La Rochelle, the largest of the Huguenots' cities, and after its fall to royalist forces in 1628 the gradual rolling up of the other Huguenot settlements in the following years.

A much gayer version of this history can be seen playing out more recently in Florida. The Walt Disney Company created the Reedy Creek Improvement District as a means of having a state within a state to have maximum political control over the land on which its main theme park sits. After Disney thoroughly made an enemy of Ron DeSantis, DeSantis sought to strip Disney of the power it held over its land. While this fight is still unfolding, and has unfortunately involved more legal documents than siege cannons, the basic principle at hand remains the same. Ownership of land gives you power and if your political enemies are within your territory, you should seek to take this power from them.

This power from land ownership is not strictly limited to state actors and multinational corporations. Most readers of this magazine can and should be able to achieve significant land ownership in a reasonable time scale. An essay published early last year on the website Front Porch Republic titled "500 Acres and a Castle" goes into more detail about this topic of individual land ownership and the relevant philosophical points to be considered when pursuing this goal. To paraphrase from the last line of that essay, and given the growing instability in across the West, this is one of the best ways to insure against the coming chaos.



THE 39 STEPS

fiction by JOHN BUCHAN

John Buchan's thrilling tale of murder, espionage and evasion reaches its conclusion, as Richard Hannay desperately tries to foil the Black Stone's terrible plan...

A pink and blue June morning found me at Bradgate looking from the Griffin Hotel over a smooth sea to the lightship on the Cock sands which seemed the size of a bell-buoy. A couple of miles farther south and much nearer the shore a small destroyer was anchored. Scaife, MacGillivray's man, who had been in the Navy, knew the boat, and told me her name and her commander's, so I sent off a wire to Sir Walter.

After breakfast Scaife got from a house-agent a key for the gates of the staircases on the Ruff. I walked with him along the sands, and sat down in a nook of the cliffs while he investigated the half-dozen of them. I didn't want to be seen, but the place at this hour was quite deserted, and all the time I was on that beach I saw nothing but the seagulls.

It took him more than an hour to do the job, and when I saw him coming towards me, conning a bit of paper, I can tell you my heart was in my mouth. Everything depended, you see, on my guess proving right.

He read aloud the number of steps in the different stairs. "Thirty-four, thirty-five, thirty-nine, forty-two, forty-seven," and "twenty-one' where the cliffs grew lower. I almost got up and shouted.

We hurried back to the town and sent a wire to MacGillivray. I wanted half a dozen men, and I directed them to divide themselves among different specified hotels. Then Scaife set out to

prospect the house at the head of the thirty-nine steps.

He came back with news that both puzzled and reassured me. The house was called Trafalgar Lodge, and belonged to an old gentleman called Appleton—a retired stockbroker, the house-agent said. Mr Appleton was there a good deal in the summer time, and was in residence now—had been for the better part of a week. Scaife could pick up very little information about him, except that he was a decent old fellow, who paid his bills regularly, and was always good for a fiver for a local charity. Then Scaife seemed to have penetrated to the back door of the house, pretending he was an agent for sewing-machines. Only three servants were kept, a cook, a parlour-maid, and a housemaid, and they were just the sort that you would find in a respectable middle-class household. The cook was not the gossiping kind, and had pretty soon shut the door in his face, but Scaife said he was positive she knew nothing. Next door there was a new house building which would give good cover for observation, and the villa on the other side was to let, and its garden was rough and shrubby.

I borrowed Scaife's telescope, and before lunch went for a walk along the Ruff. I kept well behind the rows of villas, and found a good observation point on the edge of the golf-course. There I had a view of the line of turf along the cliff top, with seats placed at intervals, and the little square plots, railed in and planted with bushes, whence the staircases descended to the beach. I saw Trafalgar Lodge very plainly, a red-brick villa with a veranda, a tennis lawn behind, and in front the ordinary seaside flower-garden full of marguerites and scraggy geraniums. There was a flagstaff from which an enormous Union Jack hung limply in the still air.

Presently I observed someone leave the house and saunter along the cliff. When I got my glasses on him I saw it was an old man, wearing white flannel trousers, a blue serge jacket, and a straw hat. He carried field-glasses and a newspaper, and sat down on one of the iron seats and began to read. Sometimes he would lay down the paper and turn his glasses on the sea. He looked for a long time at the destroyer. I watched him for half an hour, till he got up and went back to the house for his luncheon, when I returned to the hotel for mine.

I wasn't feeling very confident. This decent common-place dwelling was not what I had expected. The man might be the bald archaeologist of that horrible moorland farm, or he might not. He was exactly the kind of satisfied old bird you will find in every suburb and every holiday place. If you wanted a type of the perfectly harmless person you would probably pitch on that.

But after lunch, as I sat in the hotel porch, I perked up, for I saw the thing I had hoped for and had dreaded to miss. A yacht came up from the south and dropped anchor pretty well opposite the Ruff. She seemed about a hundred and fifty tons, and I saw she belonged to the Squadron from the white ensign. So Scaife and I went down to the harbour and hired a boatman for an afternoon's fishing.

I spent a warm and peaceful afternoon. We caught between us about twenty pounds of cod and lythe, and out in that dancing blue sea I took a cheerier view of things. Above the white cliffs of the Ruff I saw the green and red of the villas, and especially the great flagstaff of Trafalgar Lodge. About four o'clock, when we had fished enough, I made the boatman row us round the yacht, which lay like a delicate white bird, ready at a moment to flee. Scaife said she must be a fast boat for her build, and that she was pretty heavily engined.

Her name was the Ariadne, as I discovered from the cap of one of the men who was polishing brasswork. I spoke to him, and got an answer in the soft dialect of Essex. Another hand that came along passed me the time of day in an unmistakable English tongue. Our boatman had an argument with one of them about the weather, and for a few minutes we lay on our oars close to the starboard bow.

Then the men suddenly disregarded us and bent their heads to their work as an officer came along the deck. He was a pleasant, clean-looking young fellow, and he put a question to us about our fishing in very good English. But there could be no doubt about him. His close-cropped head and the cut of his collar and tie never came out of England.

That did something to reassure me, but as we rowed back to Bradgate my obstinate doubts would not be dismissed. The thing that worried

"I HAD BEEN MAKING A NET TO CATCH VULTURES AND FALCONS, AND LO AND BEHOLD! TWO PLUMP THRUSHES HAD BLUNDERED INTO IT"

me was the reflection that my enemies knew that I had got my knowledge from Scudder, and it was Scudder who had given me the clue to this place. If they knew that Scudder had this clue, would they not be certain to change their plans? Too much depended on their success for them to take any risks. The whole question was how much they understood about Scudder's knowledge. I had talked confidently last night about Germans always sticking to a scheme, but if they had any suspicions that I was on their track they would be fools not to cover it. I wondered if the man last night had seen that I recognized him. Somehow I did not think he had, and to that I had clung. But the whole business had never seemed so difficult as that afternoon when by all calculations I should have been rejoicing in assured success.

In the hotel I met the commander of the destroyer, to whom Scaife introduced me, and with whom I had a few words. Then I thought I would put in an hour or two watching Trafalgar Lodge.

I found a place farther up the hill, in the garden of an empty house. From there I had a full view of the court, on which two figures were having a game of tennis. One was the old man, whom I had already seen; the other was a younger fellow, wearing some club colours in the scarf round his middle. They played with tremendous zest, like two city gents who wanted hard exercise to open their pores. You couldn't conceive a more innocent spectacle. They shouted and laughed and stopped for drinks, when a maid brought out two tankards on a salver. I rubbed my eyes and asked myself if I was not the most immortal fool on earth. Mystery and darkness had hung about the men who hunted me over the Scotch moor in aeroplane and motor-car, and notably about that infernal antiquarian. It was easy enough to connect those folk with the knife that pinned Scudder to the floor, and with fell designs on the world's peace. But here were two guileless citizens taking their innocuous exercise, and soon about to go indoors to a humdrum dinner, where they would talk of market prices and the last cricket scores and the gossip of their native Surbiton. I had been making a net to catch vultures and falcons, and lo and behold! two plump thrushes had blundered into it.

Presently a third figure arrived, a young man on a bicycle, with a bag of golf-clubs slung on his back. He strolled round to the tennis lawn and was welcomed riotously by the players. Evidently they were chaffing him, and their chaff sounded horribly English. Then the plump man, mopping his brow with a silk handkerchief, announced that he must have a tub. I heard his very words—"I've got into a proper lather," he said. "This will bring down my weight and my handicap, Bob. I'll take you on tomorrow and give you a stroke a hole." You couldn't find anything much more English than that.

They all went into the house, and left me feeling a precious idiot. I had been barking up the wrong tree this time. These men might be acting; but if they were, where was their audience? They didn't know I was sitting thirty yards off in a rhododendron. It was simply impossible to believe that these three hearty fellows were anything but what they seemed—three ordinary, game-playing, suburban Englishmen, wearisome, if you like, but sordidly innocent.

And yet there were three of them; and one was old, and one was plump, and one was lean and dark; and their house chimed in with Scudder's notes; and half a mile off was lying a steam yacht with at least one German officer. I thought of Karolides lying dead and all Europe trembling on the edge of earthquake, and the men I had left behind me in London who were waiting anxiously for the events of the next hours. There was no doubt that hell was afoot somewhere. The Black Stone had won, and if it survived this

"WHAT IF THEY WERE PLAYING PETER'S GAME? A FOOL TRIES TO LOOK DIFFERENT: A CLEVER MAN LOOKS THE SAME AND IS DIFFERENT"

June night would bank its winnings.

There seemed only one thing to do—go forward as if I had no doubts, and if I was going to make a fool of myself to do it handsomely. Never in my life have I faced a job with greater disinclination. I would rather in my then mind have walked into a den of anarchists, each with his Browning handy, or faced a charging lion with a popgun, than enter that happy home of three cheerful Englishmen and tell them that their game was up. How they would laugh at me!

But suddenly I remembered a thing I once heard in Rhodesia from old Peter Pienaar. I have quoted Peter already in this narrative. He was the best scout I ever knew, and before he had turned respectable he had been pretty often on the windy side of the law, when he had been wanted badly by the authorities. Peter once discussed with me the question of disguises, and he had a theory which struck me at the time. He said, barring absolute certainties like finger-prints, mere physical traits were very little use for identification if the fugitive really knew his business. He laughed at things like dyed hair and false beards and such childish follies. The only thing that mattered was what Peter called "atmosphere".

If a man could get into perfectly different surroundings from those in which he had been first observed, and—this is the important part—really play up to these surroundings and behave as if he had never been out of them, he would puzzle the cleverest detectives on earth. And he used to tell a story of how he once borrowed a black coat and went to church and shared the same hymn-book with the man that was looking for him. If that man had seen him in decent company before he would have recognized him; but he had only seen him snuffing the lights in a public-house with a revolver.

The recollection of Peter's talk gave me the first real comfort that I had had that day. Peter had been a wise old bird, and these fellows I was after were about the pick of the aviary. What if they were playing Peter's game? A fool tries to look different: a clever man looks the same and is different.

Again, there was that other maxim of Peter's which had helped me when I had been a road-man. "If you are playing a part, you will never keep it up unless you convince yourself that you are it." That would explain the game of tennis. Those chaps didn't need to act, they just turned a handle and passed into another life, which came as naturally to them as the first. It sounds a platitude, but Peter used to say that it was the big secret of all the famous criminals.

It was now getting on for eight o'clock, and I went back and saw Scaife to give him his instructions. I arranged with him how to place his men, and then I went for a walk, for I didn't feel up to any dinner. I went round the deserted golf-course, and then to a point on the cliffs farther north beyond the line of the villas.

On the little trim newly-made roads I met people in flannels coming back from tennis and the beach, and a coastguard from the wireless station, and donkeys and pierrots padding homewards. Out at sea in the blue dusk I saw lights appear on the Ariadne and on the destroyer away to the south, and beyond the Cock sands the bigger lights of steamers making for the Thames. The whole scene was so peaceful and ordinary that I got more dashed in spirits every second. It took all my resolution to stroll towards Trafalgar Lodge about half-past nine.

On the way I got a piece of solid comfort from the sight of a greyhound that was swinging along at a nursemaid's heels. He reminded me of a dog I used to have in Rhodesia, and of the time when I took him hunting with me in the Pali hills. We were after rhebok, the dun kind, and I recollected how we had followed one beast, and both he and I had clean lost it. A greyhound

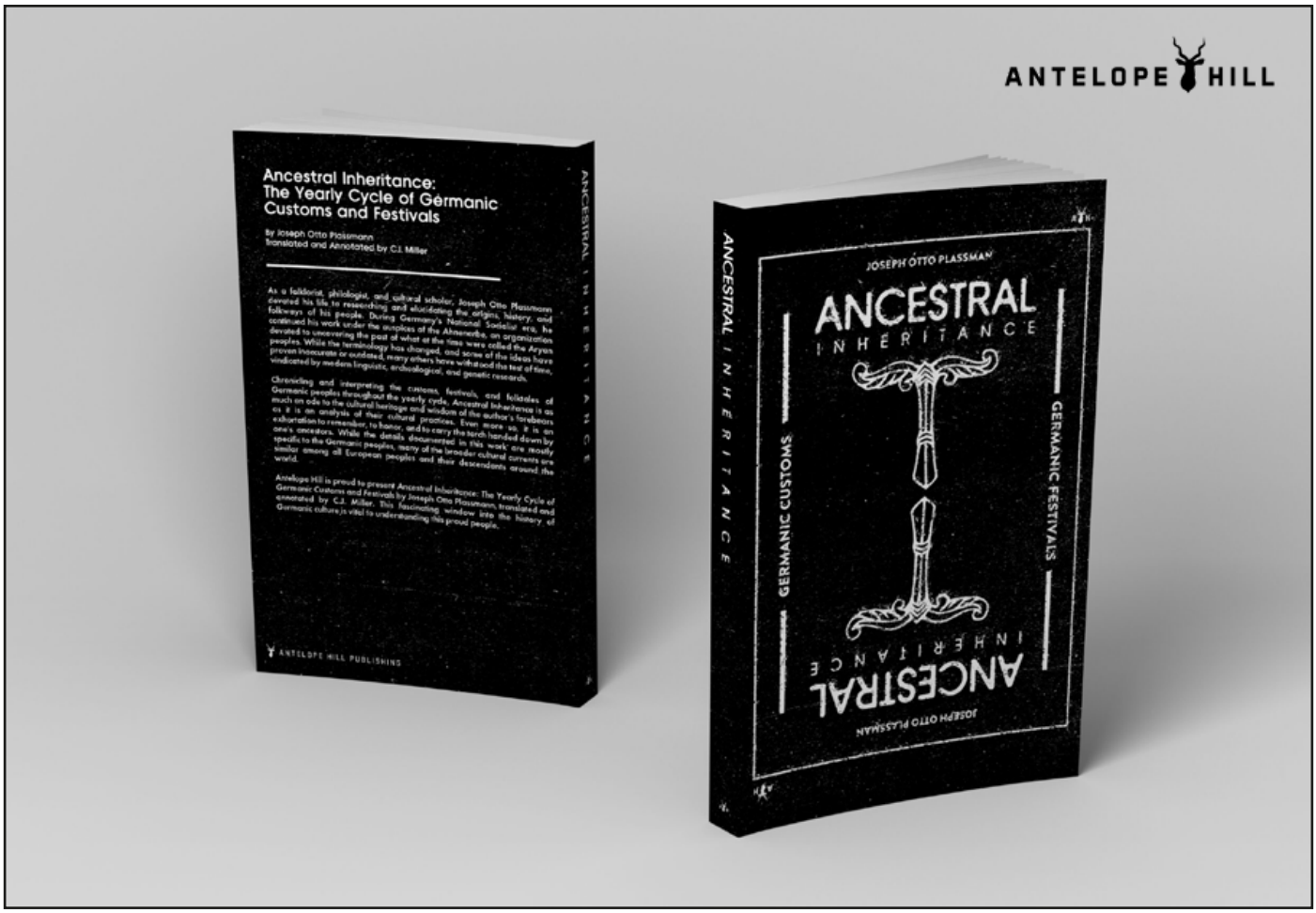
works by sight, and my eyes are good enough, but that buck simply leaked out of the landscape. Afterwards I found out how it managed it. Against the grey rock of the kopjes it showed no more than a crow against a thundercloud. It didn't need to run away; all it had to do was to stand still and melt into the background.

Suddenly as these memories chased across my brain I thought of my present case and applied the moral. The Black Stone didn't need to bolt. They were quietly absorbed into the landscape. I was on the right track, and I jammed that down in my mind and vowed never to forget it. The last word was with Peter Pienaar.

Scaife's men would be posted now, but there was no sign of a soul. The house stood as open as a market-place for anybody to observe. A three-foot railing separated it from the cliff road; the windows on the ground-floor were all open, and shaded lights and the low sound of voices revealed where the occupants were finishing dinner. Everything was as public and above-board as a charity bazaar. Feeling the greatest fool on earth, I opened the gate and rang the bell.

A man of my sort, who has travelled about the world in rough places, gets on perfectly well with two classes, what you may call the upper and the lower. He understands them and they understand him. I was at home with herds and tramps and roadmen, and I was sufficiently at my ease with people like Sir Walter and the men I had met the night before. I can't explain why, but it is a fact. But what fellows like me don't understand is the great comfortable, satisfied middle-class world, the folk that live in villas and suburbs. He doesn't know how they look at things, he doesn't understand their conventions, and he is as shy of them as of a black mamba. When a trim parlour-maid opened the door, I could hardly find my voice.

I asked for Mr Appleton, and was ushered in. My plan had been to walk straight into the dining-room, and by a sudden appearance wake in the men that start of recognition which would confirm my theory. But when I found myself in that neat hall the place mastered me. There were the golf-clubs and tennis-rackets, the straw hats and caps, the rows of gloves, the sheaf of walking-sticks, which you will find in ten thousand British homes. A stack of neatly folded coats and



waterproofs covered the top of an old oak chest; there was a grandfather clock ticking; and some polished brass warming-pans on the walls, and a barometer, and a print of Chiltern winning the St Leger. The place was as orthodox as an Anglican church. When the maid asked me for my name I gave it automatically, and was shown into the smoking-room, on the right side of the hall.

That room was even worse. I hadn't time to examine it, but I could see some framed group photographs above the mantelpiece, and I could have sworn they were English public school or college. I had only one glance, for I managed to pull myself together and go after the maid. But I was too late. She had already entered the dining-room and given my name to her master, and I had missed the chance of seeing how the three took it.

When I walked into the room the old man at the head of the table had risen and turned round to meet me. He was in evening dress—a short coat and black tie, as was the other, whom I called in my own mind the plump one. The third, the dark fellow, wore a blue serge suit and a soft white collar, and the colours of some club or school.

The old man's manner was perfect. "Mr Hannay?" he said hesitatingly. "Did you wish to see me? One moment, you fellows, and I'll rejoin you. We had better go to the smoking-room."

Though I hadn't an ounce of confidence in me, I forced myself to play the game. I pulled up a chair and sat down on it.

"I think we have met before," I said, "and I guess you know my business."

The light in the room was dim, but so far as I could see their faces, they played the part of mystification very well.

"Maybe, maybe," said the old man. "I haven't a very good memory, but I'm afraid you must tell me your errand, sir, for I really don't know it."

"Well, then," I said, and all the time I seemed to myself to be talking pure foolishness—"I have come to tell you that the game's up. I have a warrant for the arrest of you three gentlemen."

"Arrest," said the old man, and he looked really shocked. "Arrest! Good God, what for?"

"For the murder of Franklin Scudder in London on the 23rd day of last month."

"I never heard the name before," said the old man in a dazed voice.

One of the others spoke up. "That was the Portland Place murder. I read about it. Good heavens, you must be mad, sir! Where do you come from?"

"Scotland Yard," I said.

After that for a minute there was utter silence. The old man was staring at his plate and fumbling with a nut, the very model of innocent bewilderment.

Then the plump one spoke up. He stammered a little, like a man picking his words.

"Don't get flustered, uncle," he said. "It is all a ridiculous mistake; but these things happen sometimes, and we can easily set it right. It won't be hard to prove our innocence. I can show that I was out of the country on the 23rd of May, and Bob was in a nursing home. You were in London, but you can explain what you were doing."

"Right, Percy! Of course that's easy enough. The 23rd! That was the day after Agatha's wedding. Let me see. What was I doing? I came up in the morning from Woking, and lunched at the club with Charlie Symons. Then—oh yes, I dined with the Fishmongers. I remember, for the punch didn't agree with me, and I was seedy next morning. Hang it all, there's the cigar-box I brought back from the dinner." He pointed to an object on the table, and laughed nervously.

"I think, sir," said the young man, addressing me respectfully, "you will see you are mistaken. We want to assist the law like all Englishmen, and we don't want Scotland Yard to be making fools of themselves. That's so, uncle?"

"Certainly, Bob." The old fellow seemed to be recovering his voice. "Certainly, we'll do anything in our power to assist the authorities. But—but this is a bit too much. I can't get over it."

"How Nellie will chuckle," said the plump man. "She always said that you would die of boredom because nothing ever happened to you. And now you've got it thick and strong," and he began to laugh very pleasantly.

"By Jove, yes. Just think of it! What a story to tell at the club. Really, Mr Hannay, I suppose I should be angry, to show my innocence, but it's too funny! I almost forgive you the fright you gave me! You looked so glum, I thought I might have been walking in my sleep and killing peo-

ple."

It couldn't be acting, it was too confoundedly genuine. My heart went into my boots, and my first impulse was to apologize and clear out. But I told myself I must see it through, even though I was to be the laughing-stock of Britain. The light from the dinner-table candlesticks was not very good, and to cover my confusion I got up, walked to the door and switched on the electric light. The sudden glare made them blink, and I stood scanning the three faces.

Well, I made nothing of it. One was old and bald, one was stout, one was dark and thin. There was nothing in their appearance to prevent them being the three who had hunted me in Scotland, but there was nothing to identify them. I simply can't explain why I who, as a roadman, had looked into two pairs of eyes, and as Ned Ainslie into another pair, why I, who have a good memory and reasonable powers of observation, could find no satisfaction. They seemed exactly what they professed to be, and I could not have sworn to one of them.

There in that pleasant dining-room, with etchings on the walls, and a picture of an old lady in a bib above the mantelpiece, I could see nothing to connect them with the moorland desperadoes. There was a silver cigarette-box beside me, and I saw that it had been won by Percival Appleton, Esq., of the St Bede's Club, in a golf tournament. I had to keep a firm hold of Peter Pienaar to prevent myself bolting out of that house.

"Well," said the old man politely, "are you reassured by your scrutiny, sir?"

I couldn't find a word.

"I hope you'll find it consistent with your duty to drop this ridiculous business. I make no complaint, but you'll see how annoying it must be to respectable people."

I shook my head.

"O Lord," said the young man. "This is a bit too thick!"

"Do you propose to march us off to the police station?" asked the plump one. "That might be the best way out of it, but I suppose you won't be content with the local branch. I have the right to ask to see your warrant, but I don't wish to cast any aspersions upon you. You are only doing your duty. But you'll admit it's horribly awkward. What do you propose to do?"

There was nothing to do except to call in my men and have them arrested, or to confess my blunder and clear out. I felt mesmerized by the whole place, by the air of obvious innocence—not innocence merely, but frank honest bewilderment and concern in the three faces.

"Oh, Peter Pienaar," I groaned inwardly, and for a moment I was very near damning myself for a fool and asking their pardon.

"Meantime I vote we have a game of bridge," said the plump one. "It will give Mr Hannay time to think over things, and you know we have been wanting a fourth player. Do you play, sir?"

I accepted as if it had been an ordinary invitation at the club. The whole business had mesmerized me. We went into the smoking-room where a card-table was set out, and I was offered things to smoke and drink. I took my place at the table in a kind of dream. The window was open and the moon was flooding the cliffs and sea with a great tide of yellow light. There was moonshine, too, in my head. The three had recovered their composure, and were talking easily—just the kind of slangy talk you will hear in any golf club-house. I must have cut a rum figure, sitting there knitting my brows with my eyes wandering.

My partner was the young dark one. I play a fair hand at bridge, but I must have been rank bad that night. They saw that they had got me puzzled, and that put them more than ever at their ease. I kept looking at their faces, but they conveyed nothing to me. It was not that they looked different; they were different. I clung desperately to the words of Peter Pienaar.

Then something awoke me.

The old man laid down his hand to light a cigar. He didn't pick it up at once, but sat back for a moment in his chair, with his fingers tapping on his knees.

It was the movement I remembered when I had stood before him in the moorland farm, with the pistols of his servants behind me.

A little thing, lasting only a second, and the odds were a thousand to one that I might have had my eyes on my cards at the time and missed it. But I didn't, and, in a flash, the air seemed to clear. Some shadow lifted from my brain, and I was looking at the three men with full and absolute recognition.

The clock on the mantelpiece struck ten

o'clock.

The three faces seemed to change before my eyes and reveal their secrets. The young one was the murderer. Now I saw cruelty and ruthlessness, where before I had only seen good-humour. His knife, I made certain, had skewered Scudder to the floor. His kind had put the bullet in Karolides.

The plump man's features seemed to dislimn, and form again, as I looked at them. He hadn't a face, only a hundred masks that he could assume when he pleased. That chap must have been a superb actor. Perhaps he had been Lord Alloa of the night before; perhaps not; it didn't matter. I wondered if he was the fellow who had first tracked Scudder, and left his card on him. Scudder had said he lisped, and I could imagine how the adoption of a lisp might add terror.

But the old man was the pick of the lot. He was sheer brain, icy, cool, calculating, as ruthless as a steam hammer. Now that my eyes were opened I wondered where I had seen the benevolence. His jaw was like chilled steel, and his eyes had the inhuman luminosity of a bird's. I went on playing, and every second a greater hate welled up in my heart. It almost choked me, and I couldn't answer when my partner spoke. Only a little longer could I endure their company.

"Whew! Bob! Look at the time," said the old man. "You'd better think about catching your train. Bob's got to go to town tonight," he added, turning to me. The voice rang now as false as hell. I looked at the clock, and it was nearly half-past ten.

"I am afraid he must put off his journey," I said.

"Oh, damn," said the young man. "I thought you had dropped that rot. I've simply got to go. You can have my address, and I'll give any security you like."

"No," I said, "you must stay."

At that I think they must have realized that the game was desperate. Their only chance had been to convince me that I was playing the fool, and that had failed. But the old man spoke again.

"I'll go bail for my nephew. That ought to content you, Mr Hannay." Was it fancy, or did I detect some halt in the smoothness of that voice?

There must have been, for as I glanced at him, his eyelids fell in that hawk-like hood which fear had stamped on my memory.

I blew my whistle.

In an instant the lights were out. A pair of strong arms gripped me round the waist, covering the pockets in which a man might be expected to carry a pistol.

"Schnell, Franz,' cried a voice, "das Boot, das Boot!" As it spoke I saw two of my fellows emerge on the moonlit lawn.

The young dark man leapt for the window, was through it, and over the low fence before a hand could touch him. I grappled the old chap, and the room seemed to fill with figures. I saw the plump one collared, but my eyes were all for the out-of-doors, where Franz sped on over the road towards the railed entrance to the beach stairs. One man followed him, but he had no chance. The gate of the stairs locked behind the fugitive, and I stood staring, with my hands on the old boy's throat, for such a time as a man might take to descend those steps to the sea.

Suddenly my prisoner broke from me and flung himself on the wall. There was a click as if a lever had been pulled. Then came a low rumbling far, far below the ground, and through the window I saw a cloud of chalky dust pouring out of the shaft of the stairway.

Someone switched on the light.

The old man was looking at me with blazing eyes.

"He is safe," he cried. "You cannot follow in time.... He is gone.... He has triumphed.... Der Schwarze Stein ist in der Siegeskrone."

There was more in those eyes than any common triumph. They had been hooded like a bird of prey, and now they flamed with a hawk's pride. A white fanatic heat burned in them, and I realized for the first time the terrible thing I had been up against. This man was more than a spy; in his foul way he had been a patriot.

As the handcuffs clinked on his wrists I said my last word to him.

"I hope Franz will bear his triumph well. I ought to tell you that the Ariadne for the last hour has been in our hands."

Three weeks later, as all the world knows, we went to war. I joined the New Army the first week, and owing to my Matabele experience got a captain's commission straight off. But I had done my best service, I think, before I put on khaki.



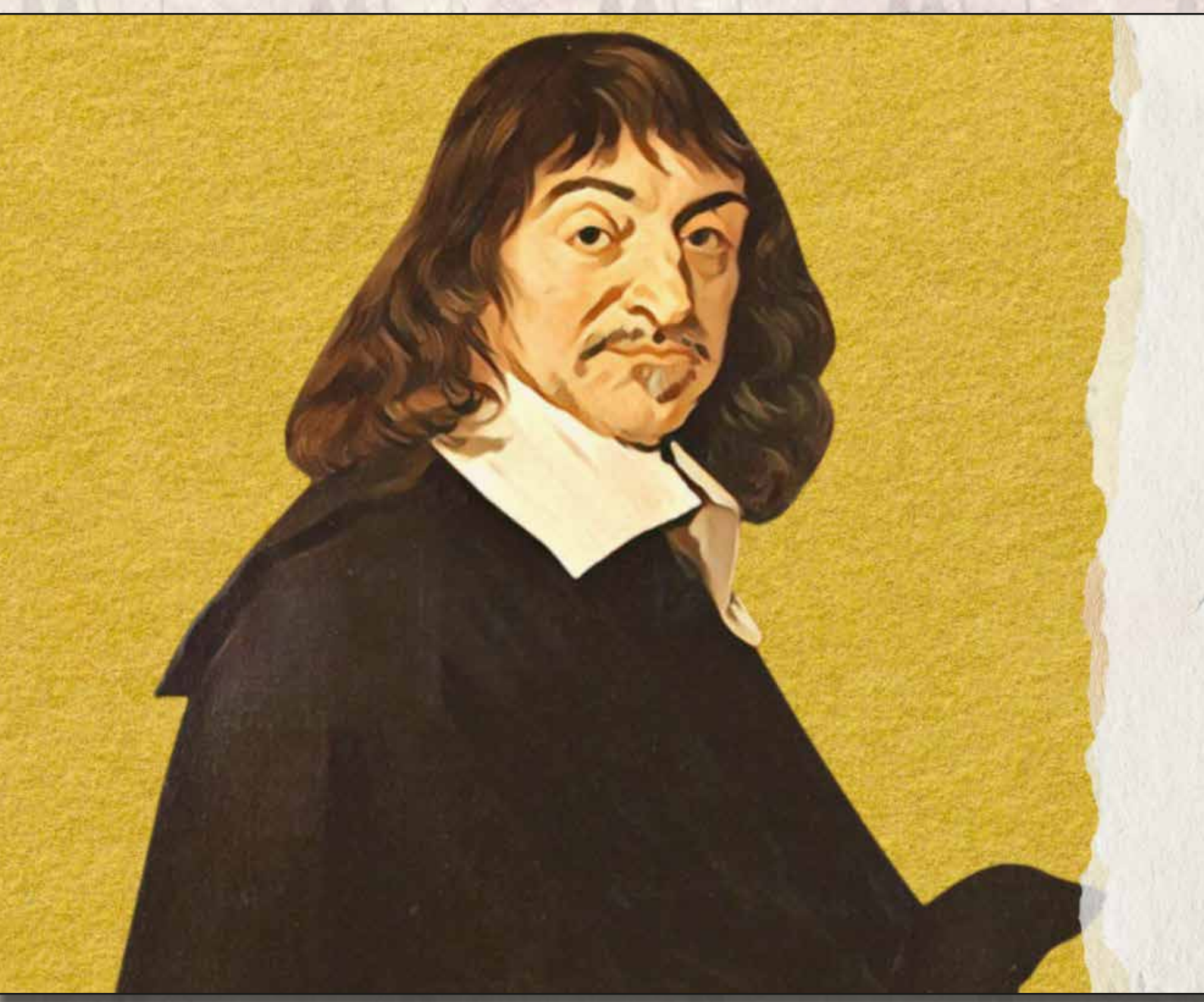
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D.O.

N.I.T.

BE A STUPID RETARD.

Stop posting dumb shit that isn't even cool or funny but allows the authorities to call you exactly what they want to call you. Stop telling other people to do it too.



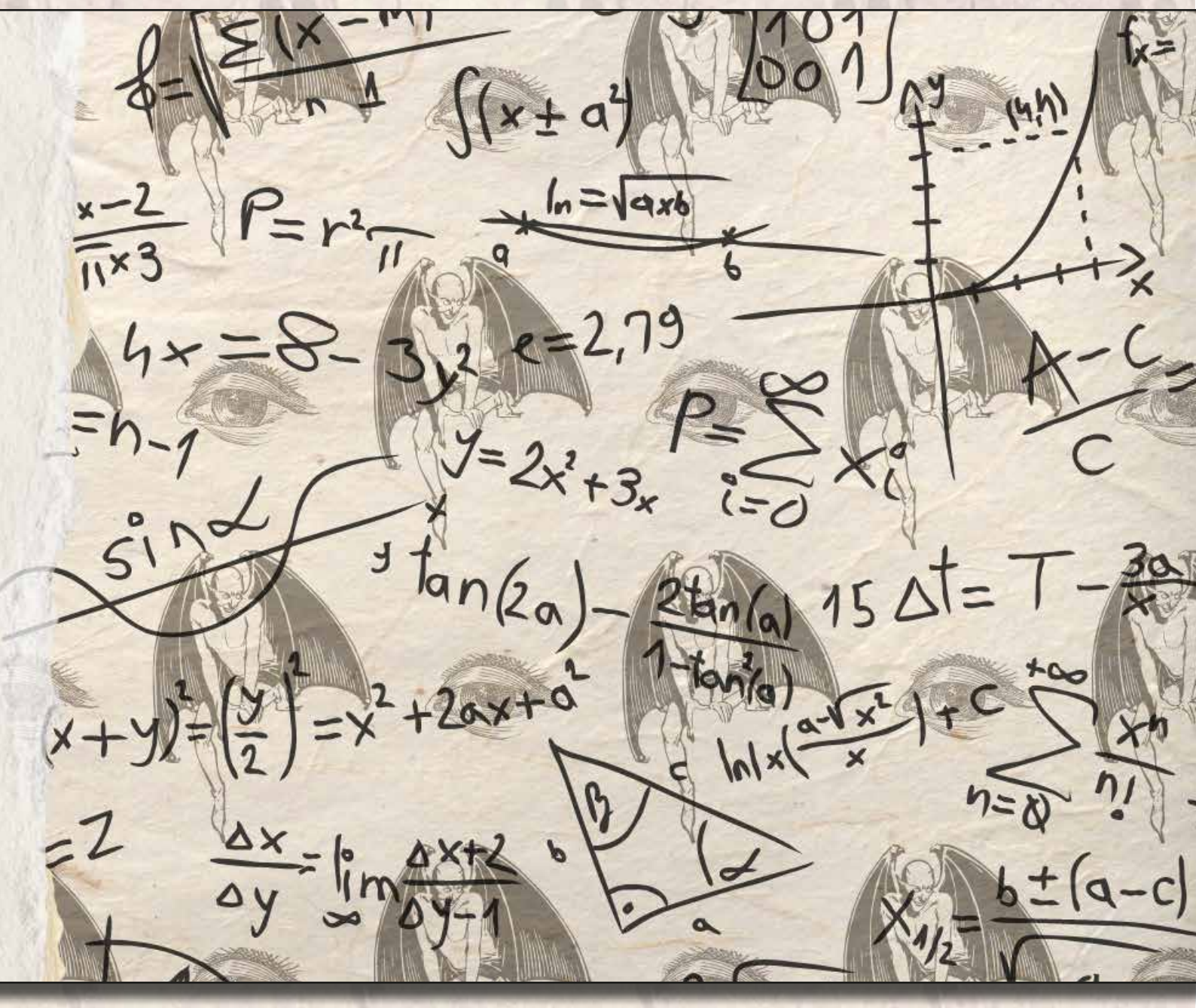
I. Difficult modernity

THE DECLINE OF INTUITION

What happens when thinking becomes not just a barrier but an enemy to thought?

by TÓLMA

To contemporary readers, Descartes is most known as the philosopher who separated mind from body and replaced traditional philosophy with a new scientific method. As such, his name itself has come to stand for all that we deem wrong with the modern world —man's separation from nature and the consequent environmental destruction, the failures of allopathic science-based medicine, and a world void of poetry. As much as there might be a real line of development between these wrongs and revolutionary thinkers such as Descartes, the complete story of philosophical modernity's founder is much more complex, and



much more beautiful.

It is true, Descartes separated soul from body and came to see man and nature as nothing more than machines. But we learn absolutely nothing if we do not ask why Descartes did so in the first place, if we do not ask after the spirit of this man that thought it necessary to re-think everything we hold dear and true. Why understand the body as a machine? So we can further our knowledge of medicine and live more healthy and powerful lives, and so we can stop feeling guilty for our sad passions, when they might just be caused by bodily indigestion due to a bad diet. And why should we understand the soul as indubitably certain in its separation from the body? So that, whatever might happen and however confused the world might get, we always have a stronghold against deception. You can deceive me, and I can even deceive myself, but I still am; at least this is certain.

And *even if* no one today can honestly believe in the key tenets of Cartesianism, the spirit of Descartes' philosophy can still inspire us. This spirit is one of creativity, confidence, and a unique desire for philosophy to be in the service of life. That is, for Descartes, philosophy should serve to give us clear and distinct knowledge so we can better guide our actions and "walk confidently through this life."

Looking around at the philosophy of his time, Descartes noticed something peculiar. Philosophy should bring us closer to truth and enhance our lives. Yet, it seems that the more philosophers

think, the more confused they become. The more they question, the less confident they get, and the less capable of action they become. Every idiot on the streets knows he exists, but the philosophers question whether they even exist, and they even question the value of existence. In the end, who is it that deserves to be called a lover of wisdom?

Hence Descartes' question: why does thought turn against the thinker, why does it make us weaker and more confused, when it should serve to make us stronger and wiser? And, his project: the construction of simple truths clear and evident by grace of pure intuition, so that thought can stop being an enemy to life, and regain its rightful place as life's most powerful ally.

II. Confidence as first philosophy

In Descartes' dialogue, *The Search for Truth by Means of the Natural Light*, we witness three men having a philosophical discussion. There is Polyander, a layman who served his life in the army and never enjoyed any higher education. We have Epistemon, a respected philosopher at the schools, deeply familiar with the tradition and the intricacies of scholastic philosophy. Finally, there is Eudoxus, representing Descartes himself. Like Epistemon, Eudoxus is a philosopher, but of an entirely different kind. He too studied at the schools, but after a while, he realized that he would be better off doing philosophy in a new manner, away from the academic way of doing things:

"I do not wish to examine what others have examined or ignored. I am satisfied in remarking that even if all the knowledge that one could desire were to be contained in books, the good in them would be intermingled with so many useless things, and scattered confusedly throughout such a massive pile of tomes, that we would need more time for reading them than we have in this life, and more spirit for determining what is useful, than we would need for coming up with it ourselves."

And so, Eudoxus left the schools to travel the world and think for himself. He is the private thinker as opposed to the university philosopher. In our dialogue, Polyander comes to the two philosophers because he would like to know a thing or two about philosophy, and the result is Eudoxus and Epistemon fighting over the correct method to instruct him. Moreover, they differ in their opinions on whether Polyander is even capable of learning much in the first place. According to Epistemon, Polyander should not hope for too much, for it takes a lifetime of being occupied with the most important texts of philosophy, and even then,

"The desire for knowledge, common to all men, is like an illness which cannot be cured, for curiosity grows with learning."

And so he tries to dissuade Polyander: if I as a great philosopher can't even attain the truth, then you certainly can't. Epistemon goes on to hammer away further at Polyander's confidence. The layman, at first happy to meet a few philosophers and ready to learn about the nature of reality, is now overcome with shame and an acute awareness of his own inadequacies, forever distanced from the experts by his ignorance, as man is from God.

However, Eudoxus disagrees with Epistemon, and he says to Polyander: you too can attain knowledge of those things most worth knowing. All it takes is the natural light of your own reason, a bit of common sense, and the will to truly and honestly think. Granted, you started late in life, and maybe you won't have the time to read everything Aristotle or Aquinas wrote, but since when is the power of one's thought measured by what one has read? The point is not to memorize Aristotle's works, but like Aristotle to engage in an honest search for truth. And you too can do this, as long as you are willing.

What happens is a sort of conversion of the soul, where Polyander goes from a layman ashamed of his own ignorance, convinced he will never know anything, to a man confident in his abilities to know the truth and act on it. This is why we can say that with Descartes, confidence is first philosophy. For before one can hope to know anything, one needs the confidence to truly think. This is all that "enlightenment" means.

As Kant thinks about the abstract transcendental conditions required for knowledge, Descartes thinks about the real existential conditions for thought. What type of man will attain the fruits of philosophy? The man who is willing to think, whose confidence hasn't been crushed by

education, and who doesn't need the assistance of common opinion. This is Descartes' idea, naive perhaps, but honest.

III. The problem of intuition (so intelligent they even doubt themselves)

At a crucial point in *The Search for Truth*, Eudoxus leads Polyander to the famous Cartesian proof: "I think, (and therefore) I am." Polyander is asked to doubt everything he can possibly doubt, and he soon realizes that if he does so, there is one thing he cannot doubt: the fact that he is doubting. And what is doubting? Well, a type of thinking. And if it is certain that I am thinking, then at least I know that I exist as a thinking thing. I might not know anything else about myself for the moment, but at least I know that I am a thinking thing. And so Polyander realizes that even if as an uncultured layman he doesn't know anything, he at least knows that he exists. It might not be much, but it is in any case more than those contemporary philosophers and scientists who go on and on about 'the self' not existing, or who question if there even is such a thing as truth.

Having gone through the reasoning by his own powers, Polyander rejoices. He, a simple layman, has attained what since Ancient thought has always been seen as the highest type of knowledge: self-knowledge, a thought that is able to think itself. But Polyander's excitement doesn't last long, as Epistemon comes in to crush his confidence once again:

"You say you exist and that you know that you exist, because you are doubting and because you are thinking. But what doubting is, and what thinking is, do you even know this?"

Eudoxus responds:

"I don't think there has ever been anyone so stupid that they first had to learn what existence was before they could conclude and affirm that they exist. And the same goes for 'doubting' and 'thinking'."

What is at stake is whether there are things of which we can be immediately certain, purely by grace of intuition, without needing an elaborate reasoning or definition for their existence. Can certain things, like our own existence or thought, be clear to us in and by themselves? It is a question of intuition, which Epistemon seems to lack. How is it that a simple layman like Polyander has an intuition of his own existence, whereas a professional thinker like Epistemon needs a definition for existence before he can conclude that he exists? Whose thinking is more autonomous, powerful, and capable? This becomes Descartes' problem.

The idea: there is a terrible danger to philosophy. Thinking and reading so much, filling one's mind with all sorts of opinions, one can lose the ability to use one's own common sense or intuition. Moreover, one becomes so trained in argumentation and logic that one attacks even those truths so clear that they do not even need logic to stand on their feet.

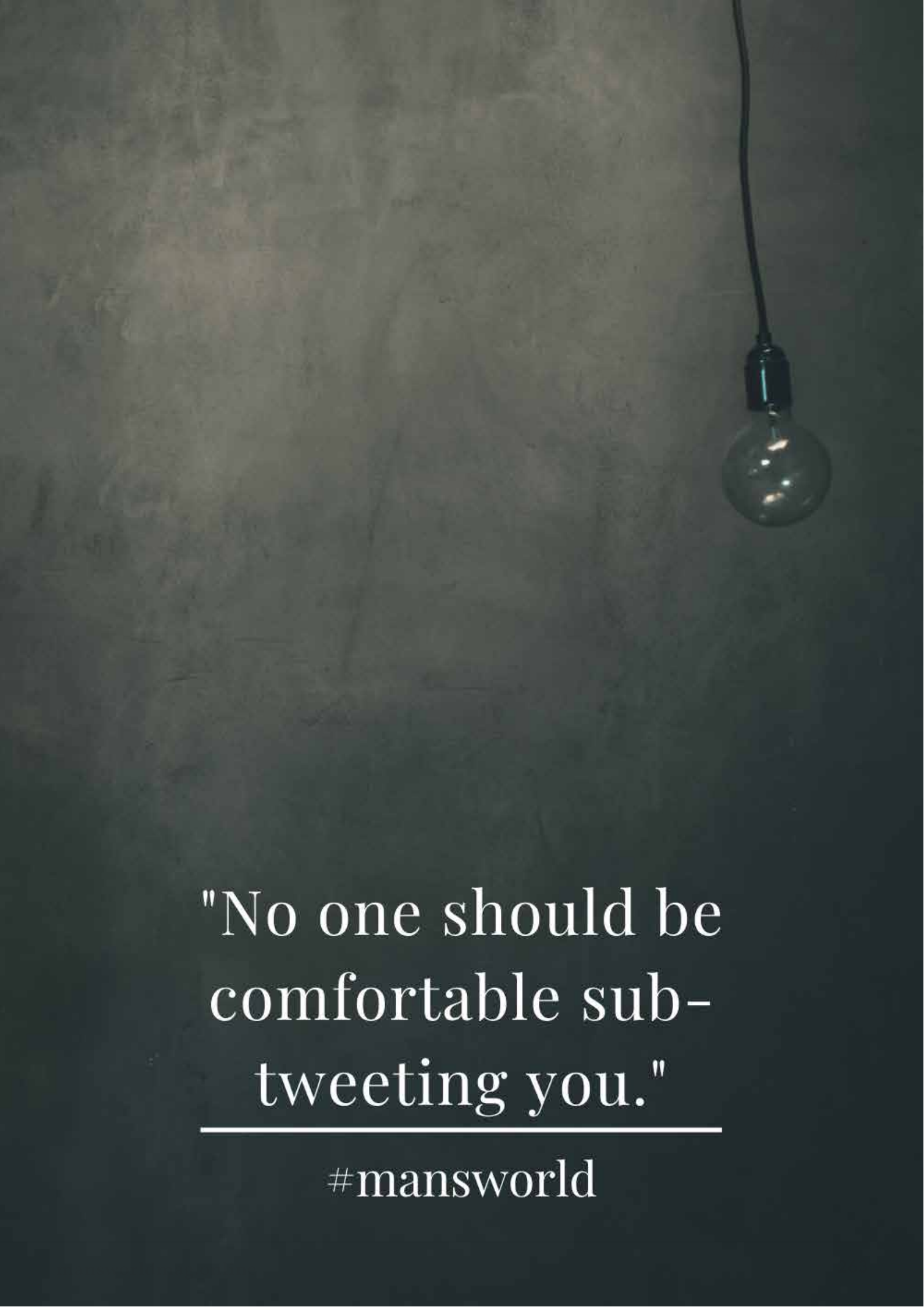
In his *Principles of Philosophy*, Descartes states, "I have noticed that philosophers, in trying to explain by the rules of their logic things that are manifest by themselves, have done nothing but obscure them." Why, asks Descartes, does philosophy — that noble pursuit that should give us clear truths so we can act in this life with more confidence — turn into an incessant questioning, no longer bringing us closer to the truth, but dragging us away from it? Why do philosophers, questioning after the nature of existence, end up taking pleasure in denying their own existence? Setting out to make our lives better, philosophy ends up making life impossible.

IV. Immediate certainty

Explicitly positing himself against Descartes, Nietzsche writes:

"There are still harmless self-observers who believe in the existence of "immediate certainties," such as "I think," [...] When I dissect the process expressed in the proposition "I think," I get a whole set of bold claims that are difficult, perhaps impossible, to establish, —for instance, that I am the one who is thinking, that there must be something that is thinking in the first place, that thinking is an activity and the effect of a being who is considered the cause, that there is an 'I,' and finally, that it has already been determined what is meant by thinking, —that I *know* what thinking is."




"No one should be comfortable sub-tweeting you."
#mansworld

What do we see here but a new Epistemon? In essence, philosophy is a sort of thinking that thinks against mere opinion, against doxa, but taking this idea to its limit, things can get quite unhinged. And from Descartes' perspective, we fall into all sorts of absurdities, such as philosophers questioning the truth of their own existence because they do not yet have a clear definition of existence. Or, like Nietzsche, attacking Descartes' proof with all sorts of questions —"What is thinking?"— even such questions already presuppose thought in the way Descartes understood it.

Thought, for Descartes, is nothing but the basic fact of awareness that accompanies any and all experience. In the second meditation, it is said that even if I can doubt everything that I see with my eyes (I might be dreaming or hallucinating), I cannot doubt the fact that I have the sensation of seeing. "*At certe videre videor*", it certainly seems to me that I see. This seeming, this basic fact of awareness that accompanies any and all experience whatsoever, this is what Descartes calls thought.

Why, then, use the word "thought"? Well, if I were to say, for example: "I walk, therefore I am," one could easily think this presupposes the existence of a body, working legs, an entire sensory apparatus, and so on. And these things can be doubted. Now, if I say: "I think I am walking, and therefore I am." It could be the case that I am dreaming and that I am not walking at all, but I still cannot doubt that I am thinking that I am walking. That it seems to me that I am walking, at least this is certain. This is all that thought means, and nothing else.

We can only see the truly radical nature of Nietzsche's questions when we accept that he is attacking even Descartes' most simple claim to certainty. Even this, that it seems to me that I am seeing, the mere fact of appearing, and that at least this is certain, not even this survives the Nietzschean moment. And today, we cannot take anything whatsoever as true on the basis of intuition or common sense. We know too much to be able to know anything at all.

No one should deny that this Nietzschean way of questioning is an interesting route for thought to go down, an absolute mad questioning, ad infinitum. Has thought ever seen such power? But one must stop to look at what it presupposes. It presupposes precisely the peculiar type of stupidity Descartes points to: questioning if you know anything about your existence, even though these very questions presuppose your existence. Questioning thought, even though this questioning itself is a type of thought. What does it lead to, when you can not take anything whatsoever as evident? What will you take as evident, if it isn't your own experience and thought?

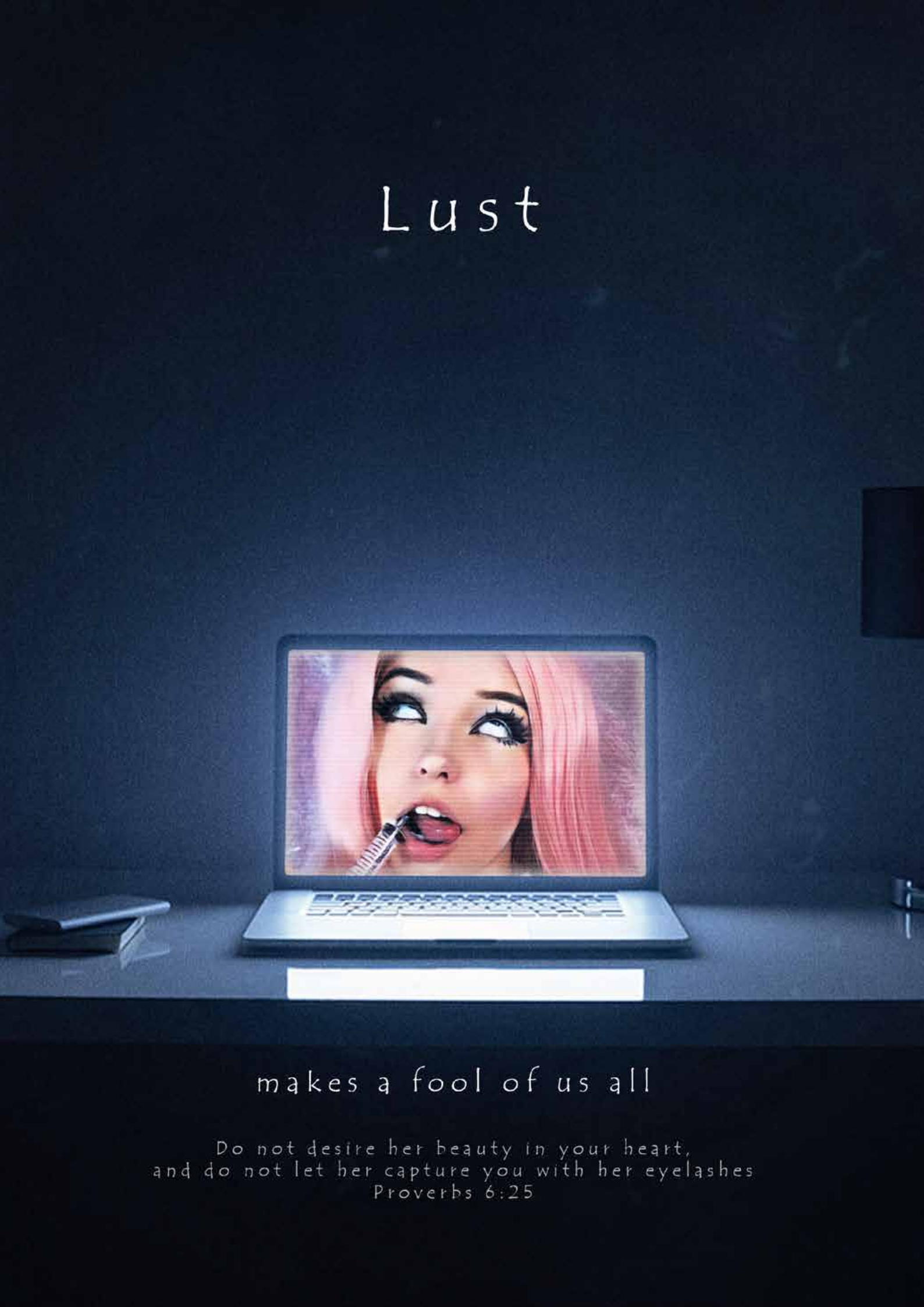
We have to recognize that Descartes was perfectly capable of questioning his "I think" like Nietzsche would do, as is evidenced by the appearance of Epistemon. Descartes had a clear idea of where thought would go if it questioned even such basic intuitions, but he simply didn't want to go there. Questioning even this, for Descartes, would amount to a type of circular stupidity, a sure road to madness, and the end of thought being able to serve the thinker. You question what "I think" means, but your very questioning presupposes thought. And so, thought turns against itself, and it turns against the thinker. Like an autoimmune disease on the level of thought. I, for one, do not deem myself more intelligent, reflective, courageous, or creative than Descartes, and I take it as imperative to think through this question: Why did Descartes prevent thought from going down the road of total problematization, why did he despise this total questioning of any and all immediate certainties?

There is a "vitalism" here, a concrete awareness of the dangers of theory when not bound by instinct and a healthy confidence in one's own abilities to know certain things, however small in number and insignificant they might be. Confidence, certainty, so that even if we are drowning in a world that deceives us at every step, we at least have a stronghold of certainty in ourselves.

V. Descartes' anti-philosophy

It is said that philosophy starts in wonder, this moment in which what first appeared as evident becomes question-worthy. And since at least Socrates, philosophy has always characterized itself as an incessant questioning. It presupposes a peculiar type of madness to ask "What is Being?" or "What is thought?" Descartes agrees that philosophy starts in wonder, but it should always ensure that it escapes from wonder and arrives at truth. From question to answer, from confusion

Lust



makes a fool of us all

Do not desire her beauty in your heart,
and do not let her capture you with her eyelashes
Proverbs 6:25

If you were remaking the world tomorrow



you'd download me, IRIS

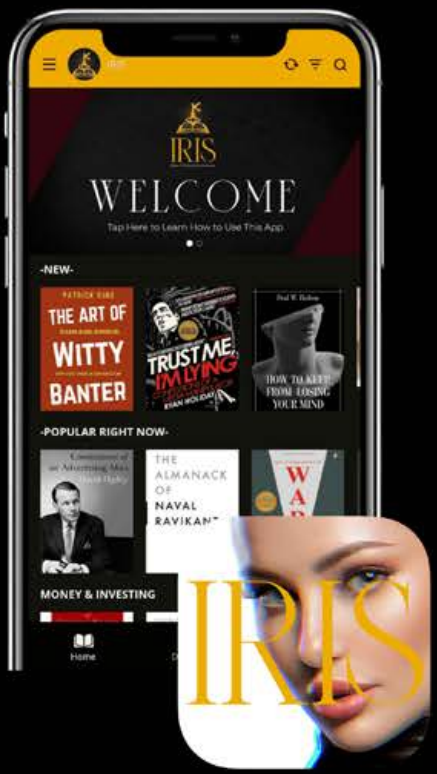
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to certainty. The problem is that it is always much easier to keep wondering, than it is to act on what one knows.

According to Descartes, the sensation of wonder is accompanied by an intense excitation in the brain. In wonder, we perceive something new that we haven't encountered before. As such, it is like a stressor the body isn't used to yet, leaving a much more intense impact on the brain than merely contemplating what we already know. This intense excitation can be addictive, says Descartes. And as one becomes addicted to this sensation of wonder, one goes on a mad quest to wonder at as many things as possible. Everything must be questioned, and even what is perfectly clear and evident must be distorted to turn it into a question.

But who gets addicted to wonder? Descartes says it is usually those who "have no high opinion of their abilities." Why? Well, you only question that of which you aren't certain, and if you don't believe in your own capacity to attain truth, everything thought touches turns into a question, including thought itself. Moreover, if one knows something, it comes with the responsibility to act on what one knows. And so, it is much easier to posit oneself as a Socrates who "knows nothing" and whose only task is to ask questions, than it is to take a stand for what one knows.

For Descartes, this is what philosophy can become at its worst; an activity in which thought is reduced to nothing else than producing petty questions, fueled by a lack of confidence and a desire for inactivity. Not to think what is, but to flee from it. Not to find what is truly question-worthy, but to avoid facing the real problems plaguing man by wondering away at the most insignificant questions. To question opinion, but only in so far as it separates man from his power and confidence. Crippling one's own natural connection to truth, separating others from their power too, and eventually destroying the possibility of man knowing anything whatsoever, as Epistemon sought to prevent Polyander from thinking. This is pure critique, fueled by the saddest of passions. So long as we are busy questioning what is already perfectly clear, we can postpone the work of creation. So long as we are questioning ourselves, we won't have to build a world. What is philosophy, but the name for all those thoughts that prevent man from thinking? Philosophy says: You are not yet ready to think, and you are not yet ready to believe in your own thought.

When Socrates started philosophizing with the youth of Athens, what did it lead to except a massive decline in confidence? A young man born and bred to be a statesman, feeling in his blood that he already is one, now questioning his own abilities due to the old man Socrates, because upon self-investigation he has realized that he isn't yet fully living in accordance with the Idea of the Statesman. And so, if we do not watch out and let thought, unbound by intuition and common sense, control our entire lives, it can effectively destroy us. For Descartes, as for all great modern philosophers, thought is immensely powerful, and just as it can save us, it can also destroy us.

Descartes' critique of excessive wonder and questioning might seem to contradict a core tenet of his philosophy — hyperbolic doubt. Wasn't he the man who said we should doubt everything? He was, but he said that one should do it at least once in one's life, and certainly not all the time. You would never think of engaging in metaphysical questions during combat. So think, question, and do so in the most radical way possible, but don't doubt if you lack the prerequisite intuition, and don't assume this type of thinking can serve as a guide in each of life's circumstances. In everyday life, we cannot wait for absolute certainty, we have to act on what is probable. And as we have seen, thought has a peculiar way of getting in the way of action.

To guide us in life, we can't just rely on the intellectual intuition needed to grasp metaphysical truths such as "I think, therefore I am." Instead, Descartes mentions a type of bodily intuition or instinct. In daily life, you cannot wait for indubitable certainty before you act on what you know, you have to act on probabilities, guided by instinct, knowing you are doing the best you can with what you know. These instincts find their origin in the body, and it is a characteristic of good health when one can trust one's instincts. We can, for example, imagine a paranoid schizophrenic with all sorts of instincts telling him to do various things, but they are all illusions, and none of them help him.

In this sense, Descartes says that disease or bad health is like an error of nature, for one thing because it literally leads us into error. An organism under stress is more likely to make self-destructive decisions. And so, the instincts of a disturbed body can not be trusted.

It is not that the body is a reservoir of evil inclinations and lies, as some religious fanatics would claim. Rather, Descartes sees that, depending on its degree of health, the body can either empower us, or destroy us. The same goes for thought: it can empower us, or it can destroy us.

VII. Metabolism and thought

What is health for Descartes? In most simple terms; a state of the body in which everything flows with ease, outside stressors are easily broken down and assimilated, food is easily digested, and nerves easily and accurately transport information to the brain where the soul can get an accurate picture of what is happening to the body. In this process, the heart, referred to as a "fire without light", plays a major role. The heart regulates metabolism, and the stronger the fire burns, the warmer the body, and the faster and easier stressors can be metabolized. The weaker the fire, the more clogged up the body gets.

In the brain, there is the pineal gland, which Descartes speculates to be the seat of the soul. When your hand touches something extremely hot for example, your nerves register this and send a signal to the brain, the information is translated to the soul in the pineal gland, and you get the sensation of hotness. From here, in an almost automatic way, the muscles are activated to move your hand away from the hot object.

This is the basic model for good health — effortless transportation of information, the body being capable of easily metabolizing whatever outside stressor it might encounter, and easily and correctly reacting without having to put in too much effort. This will also be Descartes' ideal of man in general: to be able to make good use of what happens to you, whatever the circumstances. In his principal ethical work, *The Passions of the Soul*, the ethical ideal is not so much to resist the passions in a Stoic manner or to rise above them like an enlightened sage. No, the passions are what make life beautiful, and the best men are not those who don't feel anything, but those who can feel all that life has to offer most intensely, but without letting it drag them down. The noble man can feel the strongest hatred, but he can let it course through him, quickly "metabolize" it, and move on with his life, without letting the hatred fester and grow into a crippling resentment. The noble man does not desire to escape from life, he does not stand above it, he moves through it with grace.

When stressors become too much, either through sheer overload or through the organism being too weak to process them, disease follows. The best course of action? Take some rest, recover your powers, build up energy, and be more sensible in what you take on in the future. It is important to know that these stressors need not be of a physical nature: they can also be thoughts. As was the case with the excessive wonder of certain philosophical types, or as is the case with too much study or thought acting as a stressor. We all know the experience of feeling drained and empty-headed after a long day of being engaged in intellectual matters. What is peculiar about Descartes is that he integrates this lived experience into his philosophy. Life is not what you do when you cease your philosophical reading or writing, it is not what you do when you leave the university halls. Life is the ground from which you think, and it is what co-determines the power of your thought. And even the most abstract metaphysical projects cannot be undertaken in earnest if not on the basis of a well-ordered life.

And so Descartes is justified in saying that not everyone should undertake his method of universal doubt. Some are just too weak-minded, and questioning everything into oblivion, they will be left with nothing at all. If your thinking is weak, you won't find a certain "I think" at the end of universal doubt. No, your thought will have broken down along the way. Who is it that questions the coherence and certainty of thought? He who is burdened by all sorts of stressors, making his thought and life incapable of the coherence and power needed to stand on their own.

So what is Descartes' fundamental insight? Whether one achieves truth does not depend on the amount of knowledge one has or the number of books one has read. It depends solely on the force of one's thought and on one's confidence, qualities which are as related to the health of one's body as they are related to learning. Dualism: you cannot treat reality from one angle only. If you only 'think', you will no longer be capable of thought.

Just like overtraining can impair the quality of one's training, so overthinking can impair the quality of one's thinking. If you do not take some rest from training, chances are you just dig a hole

in your recovery, dragging you further and further away from the gains you seek. The philosophically minded bodybuilder Mike Mentzer understood this well. The same is true with philosophy: Descartes says it is good to take some time off, or you will not get closer to the truth by thinking, but will think yourself further away from it. When you are burdened with stress, intuition —that clarity of thought that allows you to see with the natural light of your reason— it *will* be affected. How will you find the calm needed to contemplate the nature of the soul, when the body is crying out to you for help?

VIII. The decline of intuition: a question of health

In Descartes' famous correspondence with Princess Elisabeth of Bohemia, the princess says she is feeling terribly confused by all the questions they have been pondering about the relation between soul and body, how they are separate substances, yet mysteriously united at the same time. It seems as if, embarking on this search for truth that is philosophy, one only ends up in darkness. Descartes explains that it is very true that, if we do not watch out and conduct our thoughts in an orderly way, philosophy turns from a search for truth into a dwelling in darkness. And, for the really lost, the love of wisdom turns into a love of darkness and obscurity. And so it is of the utmost importance to prevent this 'turning' in which thought turns against itself.

Descartes goes on to explain how there are three primitive notions —soul, body, and the union of both— each of which is known through a different type of activity:

"Metaphysical thoughts, which exercise the pure intellect, serve to familiarize us with the notion of the soul; and the study of mathematics, which exercises principally the imagination in considering figure and movement, accustoms us to form distinct notions of body. But it is ordinary life and conversation, and the abstention from meditation and the study of things which exercise the imagination, that teaches us how to conceive the union of soul and body."

Descartes says he has always made it a rule to maintain a balance between these three orders in his own life. He tells us it is best to only spend a few hours a day exercising the imagination that leads to clear knowledge of body, and to spend most of the time on "the relaxation of the senses and the repose of the mind." As for the pure metaphysical thinking that detaches itself from the body and leads to familiarity with the soul? "A few hours a year."

If you want to know all there is to know, and maintain sanity, go for a walk. It is a similar theme we will find in Nietzsche — the scholar's terrible expenditure of nervous energy, and the remedy of sun and mountain air.

It is important to know when to use what type of thinking, and there is stupidity in applying the wrong way of thinking to the wrong situation. When doing mathematics, you would be an idiot to let the senses and your bodily instincts interfere with your thinking. Alternatively, only the lowest of thinkers believe that scientific thought can be applied to every area of life. As an example, Descartes mentions those doctors who always think they know better than their patients on the basis of their superior scientific knowledge of the body. But, says Descartes, often the patient's instincts are a more reliable guide to healing than the doctor's knowledge. For the instincts, belonging to the union of soul and body, are Nature speaking directly to the patient. Of course, one can be so totally fucked that one's instincts can no longer be trusted, in which case it is probably better to 'follow the science.' And so it all depends; who is thinking, when, in what way, and why? But here the question arises; who is it that needs logic to guide every moment of his life and thought? What type of man can no longer trust his own instincts and intuition?

Descartes is a philosopher of balance. If pure metaphysical thinking is not balanced with imaginative thinking and relaxation, pure thought itself suffers. When the organism is not in good health, thought ceases being accompanied by intuition, and a mad questioning ensues that is no longer even capable of recognizing truth when it stands before it.

This is Descartes' lesson; think, doubt, and do so in the most radical way possible, but only on the basis of a healthy union of soul and body. Think, radically, but cultivate the intuition to know when your questions are strengthening life, and when they are weakening it.

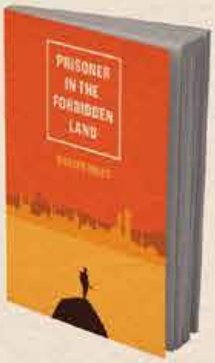
PRISONER IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND

GUSTAV KRIST

An Austrian soldier of the First World War finds himself captured by Russian forces. Facing near death at every turn GUSTAV KRIST tells his riveting true story of escapes, recaptures, and his quest to return home by any means.

But while the Russian Revolution would bring an end to the war, the chaos of the communist takeover of Central Asia would only make matters more dangerous.

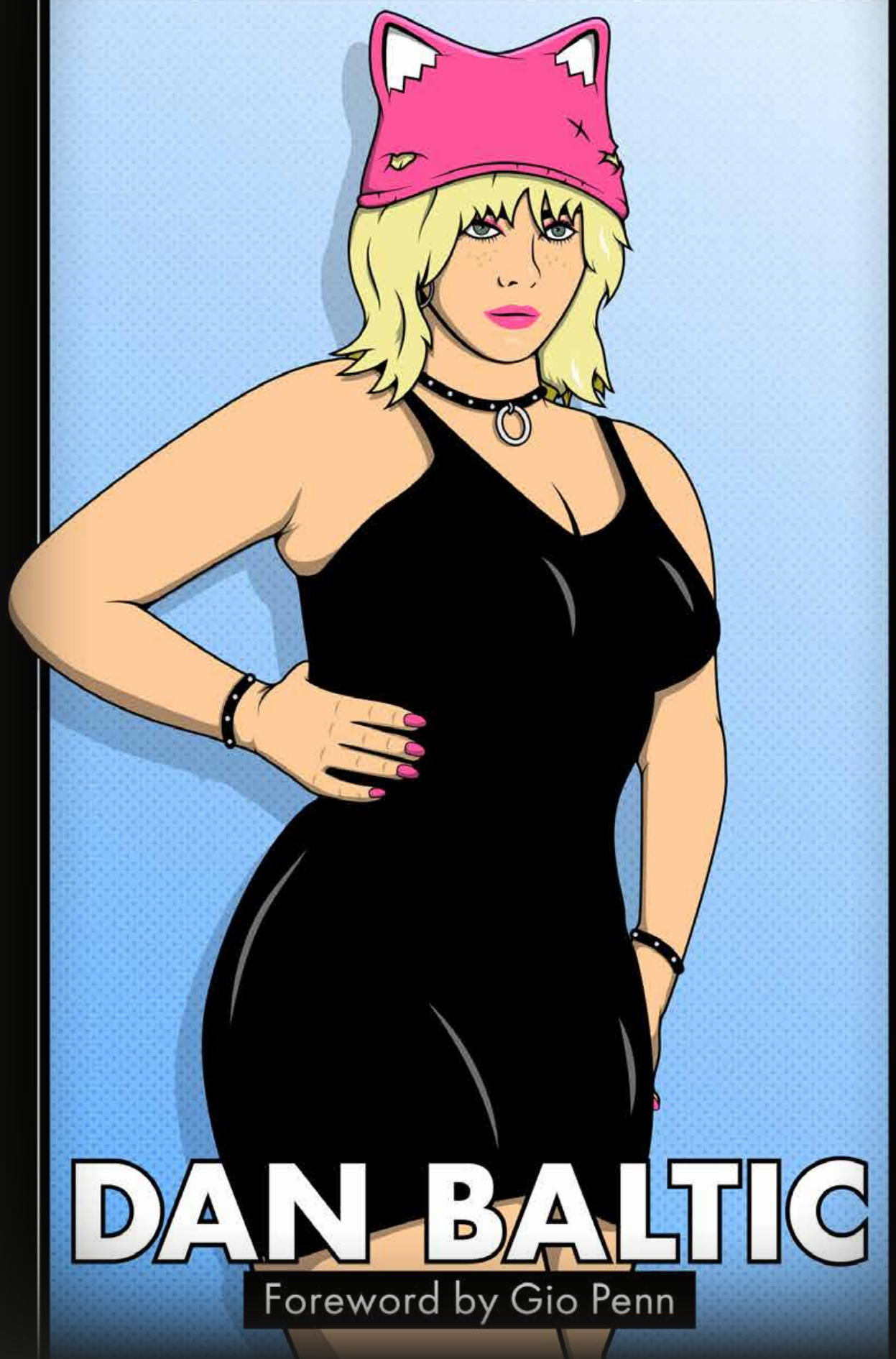




Agartha Publishing is a new independent publisher bringing lost works back to print for a modern audience. With a focus on Central Asia and the Russian Revolution they currently offer two books by GUSTAV KRIST, with more exciting releases coming soon.

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NUTCRANKR



DAN BALTIC

Foreword by Gio Penn

By CRAIG CARPENTER II

The United States has a Trump problem. One can easily imagine Donald Trump being re-elected president in 2024, but it also seems likely that a referendum to exile him to Florida in perpetuity would also pass – perhaps even by larger margins. Trump is simultaneously the nation's most hated and beloved politician. He is the Republican Party's largest liability, and their only hope for 2024. America's political near-future will be determined by how it deals with Donald Trump – whether that be an election win, loss, or something else entirely.

Classical Athens had a method for dealing with figures of this sort: ostracism. Ostracism (the word from which we get our modern concept of social exile) was said by Aristotle to have been invented by the "Father of Democracy" Cleisthenes as part of his other democratic reforms, so it was understood to be a foundational institution. The process was simple: every year Athens was required to have a vote on whether the polis would have an ostracism that year, without voting on who the victim would be. If the vote was successful, an ostracism would be held two months later, and citizens would then vote on the target. The ostracized person was given 10 days to leave Athens, under punishment of death, and could only return after a period of 10 years. Ostracism was not a part of the justice system (the indictment was voted on before they voted on who would be indicted), but a constitutional process to simply remove controversial and often popular politicians – without any pretence of wrongdoing.



"THE OSTRACISM OF DONALD TRUMP"

Perhaps the greatest example of an Athenian ostracism was that of Themistocles. A populist champion of common birth, he was therefore an unexpected victim of a democratic process, but as we shall see – the demos is fickle. Elected to Athens' highest office at a young age, Themistocles fought at the much-valorized Battle of Marathon against the vast Persian Empire, led the creation of Athens' main port at Piraeus, and was the architect behind the city's rise as a naval power, setting the groundwork for the Athenian Empire. This made Themistocles an enormously popular figure, but also a prime target for ostracism. In a near-constant struggle with tyrannies and oligarchies domestically and abroad, Athens was suspicious of political ambition. Themistocles was also infamous for being a lover of bribes, but it was not this unethical activity that would bring his downfall. In fact, his fellow citizens seemed to almost accept bribes as merely a function of the democracy. Rather, his ostracism was deeply personal; the demos was annoyed by his status and ego.

Circa 472 B.C., someone suggested Themistocles for that year's successful ostracism, and after the ostraka (shards of pottery used

as ballots in Athens, from which we get the etymology) were counted, Themistocles was ostracized. Comments written on some of the recovered ostraka show us just how personal the intentions were: one declares Themistocles to be a homosexual, and another refers to him as a "pollution in the land"; another reads "Themistocles, son of Neocles, asshole".

The United States has a virtual ostracism in the institution of impeachment – a process that President Trump went through an unprecedented two times – but the analogy isn't perfect. Whereas Athenian ostracism was a personal, democratic process, impeachment is restricted to "high crimes and misdemeanors" of public officials. And whereas ostracism was the result of a simple vote resulting in total removal from the polis, impeachment merely results in removal from office, and only if it is passed in both the popular House and oligarchical Senate. Finally, ostracism was liberated from the idea of individual rights found in the justice system, while impeachment carries no criminal penalty.

However, impeachment's constitutional restrictions mean it may not be enough to satisfy the Cathedral. If the Cathedral wants a real ostracism, it is more than willing to use means other than impeachment to eliminate Trump as a political threat. The Cathedral has already been frustrated in its pursuit of other means – the Russia collusion hoax, most notably – and this will only make its attempts more desperate.

It is with desperation that Trump's indictments are being pursued. A POTUS had never been indicted before Donald Trump, but now Attorneys General and other lawyers all over the country are racing to entrap the former president in their own proceedings.

On May 9th of this year, a civil jury handed down a verdict that Trump had sexually assaulted a woman in 1996 and later defamed her when she publicly accused him of rape in 2019, despite there being no physical evidence. The only evidence presented by the accuser's lawyer was a picture that proved she and Trump had met at some time in the past, testimony from two of the accuser's friends (neither of whom were at the store where the assault supposedly happened), testimony of two other women who had accused Trump of assault in the past, and Trump's general attitude toward women (the infamous Access Hollywood tape made an appearance).

A month later in June, Trump was indicted under the Espionage Act (even though the Presidential Records Act is more relevant) for classified documents found in a raid at Mar-a-Lago. In March, he was indicted in New York for "falsifying business records" related to hush money (which on its own is not illegal) given to Stormy Daniels – a porn star who claims she and Trump had an affair in 2006. He's also been facing the possibility of federal insurrection charges in D.C. since he left office.

The primary outcome opponents of Trump are hoping for is his elimination as a viable candidate – the ostracism they failed to get with impeachment. The immediate result of his legal troubles seem to be a boon in the polls, where he is gaining a larger lead over his number one rival Ron DeSantis. His 2-point lead over DeSantis in January ballooned to a 30-point lead in July. But this is no reason for complacency. His enemies want him gone, and in putting an end to him, they may also put an end to the Republic as well.

Meet the Contestants!

"The first rule of Doxx Island is don't trust anybody. Especially me!"

doxxisland



COMING SOON FROM NOTFLIX


Frankie, 37

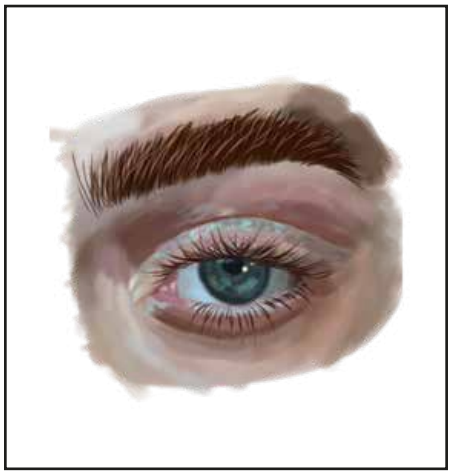
By SEEKER

A review of Marty Phillips, Millennium (Antelope Hill)

A fiction debut ought to stick to the basics. With a sophomore book there's room to buck tradition – plenty of time to return to form with novel three, after all. Why not try something different? And that's exactly what author Marty Phillips has done with his 2nd book: *Millennium*.

Marty's first book, *Let Them Look West*, explored a few weeks in the life of an urban journalist tasked with interviewing a radical Christian governor in a future Wyoming. *Let Them Look West* was characterized by restraint, never veering into political demagoguery or condemnation. Instead, it focused on the story of a tired, liberal journalist encountering something genuinely alien to his experience: faith. It was a breath of fresh air in many ways, a book you could loan to your grandparents without having to explain this or that meme.

Marty's second book maintains the non-ideological tone of the his previous work, but veers sharply from the format of a conventional novel. *Millennium* is a collection of four stories connected by a central theme: life as a White, male millennial finding his way in an unforgiving and yet still enchanted world.



"WITH FRESH EYES"

It begins with "Falwell", which follows the titular James Falwell as he leaps from the World Trade Center on 9/11, only to find himself caught in a Groundhog-Day-esque loop, always ending in the jump from the burning tower.

Next is "Holy Hunt", in which a young man, ruined by forced hallucinogenic drug intake, is rescued from cartel tormentors. But when his rescuers' aircraft goes down and leaves them stranded on a tropical island, they must work together to survive the depredations of nature and natives alike.

"Holy Hunt" is followed by "The Casper House", a fresh take on the venerable American weird tale, in which a young man named Jake Peters moves to a small town to manage the opening of a new store and flip a ruined home. Along the way he discovers there is more to the home than he'd expected, and in true weird fiction style, the story ends in blood, with the protagonist left to wrestle with the horror of an encounter with the unknown, both in himself and in existence at large.

The novel ends with "American Bastard", a riff on the tried-and-true story of a runaway son. What if the Prodigal Son only returns after his father has died, reluctantly inheriting his father's immense fortune, but unsure he wants anything to do with it?

All four stories are outstanding. They are of our era, yet do not fall into the trap of "meme-ing" or over-focus on current events. There is good fiction to be written in the moment, soaked in a vernacular that's dated by the time of publishing – if anything as an historical record! But the best

fiction is always work that is likely to be just as enjoyable in 50 years as it is now.

I'll restrict my analysis to two of the stories: "Holy Hunt" and "The Casper House", both because I wish to leave material for you to discover, dear reader, and because I believe these two fit most cleanly into that "timeless" category. Both stories use classic tropes – the tropical adventure, and the weird tale, respectively – with the twist being that the protagonist is a child of the aughts, with the difficulties and character quirks that accompany that generation.

"I don't want him to work. There's dignity in work. I want him idle" announces the drug-lord responsible for breaking the mind of the protagonist of "Holy Hunt", and turning him into "The Creature." The Creature was a typical aimless millennial, who gets kidnapped during an ill-advised motorcycle tour through Mexico, where he is taken to a jungle compound and used as a guinea pig to test the cartel's drug cocktails. When the cartel's fortress is ransacked by a crack team of spec-ops mercenaries, The Creature seems to be about to escape his hellish existence, only to have this moment of hope dashed as the escape plane goes down in a brutal tropical storm, leaving the Creature and his fellow survivors to struggle for survival on an archipelago that's home to strange and barbaric natives. What follows is an adroitly executed update of the classic survival story, seen through the eyes of the mentally destroyed "Creature."

I found "Holy Hunt" the most disturbing story in *Millennium*. It strikes at certain fundamental realities of the millennial experience. There it is in that first quote, "I want him idle," a feeling all-too familiar to a generation who so often spent their youth in interminable scholastic activities that seamlessly transitioned into mindless so-called "jobs" once the brain-washing was complete. And in a world where many of us watched friends and loved ones undergo experimental gene-therapy at the behest of our so-called elites, the experiences of a man forced to ingest toxic chemicals are a little more relatable than I'd like to admit.

In fact, it can be easy to feel that we are all simply victims to forces beyond their control, forces that have left us irrevocably botched. As a protagonist, the Creature explores that feeling by making it literal: he is irreparably mentally damaged in his attempt to survive a brush with seemingly inexorable powers. Although the similarity to Conrad's tropical adventures is obvious, after thought I found "Holy Hunt" more akin to stories like Kafka's "The Metamorphosis," in how it explores cultural life through physically allegory. The Creature is a mirror in which I pray we do not see too much of ourselves.

"The Casper House" opens with a citizen of a small rural town mourning the arrival of a grim omen: his town's first dollar store.

"Such establishments were a mark of shame on a small town such as ours. It was evidence of failure, a clear symptom of a terminal disease. We were being branded by the world's great financial powers as 'low income consumers.' The young had left us. Timber was taken from us. What was our crime? We loved the hills, the cove, the beauty of the land. We wanted to stay and not follow the money as it flowed inevitably to the great aquifers in the vaults of the metropolis. That was our crime."

The story then shifts to Jake Peters, a typical high-functioning millennial. Jake's worked his way up the





Sten KalveA

@sten_kalveA

THE MORALIST

Is It Okay That My Wife Makes Nude Figurines of Herself in Oolitic Limestone from Siberia?



"The question *Millennium* poses is whether children of the last millennium can truly answer the call of opportunity"

corporate ladder into a flexible dead-end position, and now has time to turn his hand to real-estate flipping in the evenings. He even plans on video-taping the house renovation for a future video project. Truly, a man of the age.

Jake purchases the titular "Casper House," an old home with an ill reputation among the locals. The remodeling is interrupted, however, by an ominous voice coming from the walls, which drives Jake to behave in an increasingly erratic manner. I won't spoil the reveal, but suffice to say it stays true to the weird tale, while still adding a genuinely unique and surprising twist.

What struck me in "The Casper House" and "Holy Hunt" was how both explored different versions of a similar character: a victim to circumstances who is unwilling and unable to adjust to dramatic events with self-confidence. Of course dealing with the challenges these characters face would shake most people's confidence, this is understandable enough. But in the case of these particular men – millennials – the fantastic challenges they face are in fact an opportunity to exit the stifling mundanity that has hitherto characterized their lives.

Jake's life is a type of drudgery familiar to anyone under the age of 40 these days – call it wage-slavery if you will. Any relief from the boredom would be a good thing, right? And yet, when Jake encounters something in the Casper House that throws the entire paradigm of the tired modern world askance, he simply… keeps working. He stays frustrated and miserable, unsure of himself, seemingly a victim to the end.

The Creature in "Holy Hunt" is similar, albeit with the veil of drug-damage doing its part to obscure the reality of the circumstances he finds himself in. You must consider why he ended up in Mexico in the first place, however. The Creature fled the boring, tame life of his high school and college experiences, and got a lot more than he bargained for. But in the events covered in "Holy Hunt", like Jake, the Creature encounters the call of adventure. Marooned in the tropics with worshipful natives and strong men at his side, this is the thing he sought when he took that motorcycle south. Is he too broken to appreciate it? To live it? That is the question.

For the world is as enchanted as it ever was, full of adventure for those with eyes to see. The circumstances are new, it is true, the limitations novel and often stifling. But opportunity awaits nonetheless, as it always has, and always will. The question *Millennium* poses is whether children of the last millennium can truly answer its call. Can they overcome the conditioning and medication and truly feel the wind on bare skin on a mountainside under the summer sun? If they can't, then perhaps they get what they deserve.

Millenium is a beautiful and creative work exploring the experiences of a new generation in a bold and forthright manner. While there are many self-help books written by and for the millennial – books on making money, or finding happiness or being an "ethical slut" or whatever else – few men have explored the mind of the millennial in relation to real adventure. It is in the encounter with great events that one is given tools to make one's own conclusions about life, and one's relation to it. The ending of "The Casper House" gives us one example of this. After studiously ignoring the call of the fantastic until it slips from his by then blood-stained hands, Jake Peters casts aside wage-slavery to get lost on the California coast, finally "free from the mirage." ■

By LYCURGUS

There has been much talk in recent years about the "dissent right" — perhaps too much talk. The great German philosopher Frederick Nietzsche once said, "To become what one is, one must not have the faintest idea of what one is. What does this mean?

There is a powerful tendency to over-intellectualize every new and exciting phenomenon. Simply observe how we live in very intriguing and problematic times. A growing number of people are beginning to sense a great ugliness smothering their lives, and the average young man can smell the degeneracy in his politics and culture. This is not so grim as it is invigorating; a crisis invariably becomes a great point of interest. People desperately want to understand the causes of their present troubles, find a way out, and even have their hand in shaping the future. Adventures are waiting to be had and victories are waiting to be won!

Perhaps you do not see things this way. "What crisis? What civilizational problems?" You must be quite comfortable in the present. Have you any depth? Do you desire anything beyond yourself? Perhaps you think the "dissident right" is some sort of LARP. Or maybe you just have a bad conscience about a people becoming who



"BEYOND MERE REACTION"

they are! Their longing for distant shores is an indictment of where you call home. What they are striving to become is a judgment against what you are.

The "dissident right" garners so much attention because, at its best, it is a total rebuke of the dilapidated losers dominating the present. They seem to be the only people in our society sensible to the stakes and the need for great heroes. Perhaps you think this is all an exaggeration. There are no heroes in the "dissident right" today, only critics with a friendly disposition towards the heroic. Nietzsche says, "the fact that a person resists the whole spirit of his age, stops it at the door, and calls it to account, must exert an influence! It is indifferent whether he wishes to exert an influence; the point is that he can."

We can know one thing: there are no other people hearing this call to adventure who are so unashamed to think heroically.

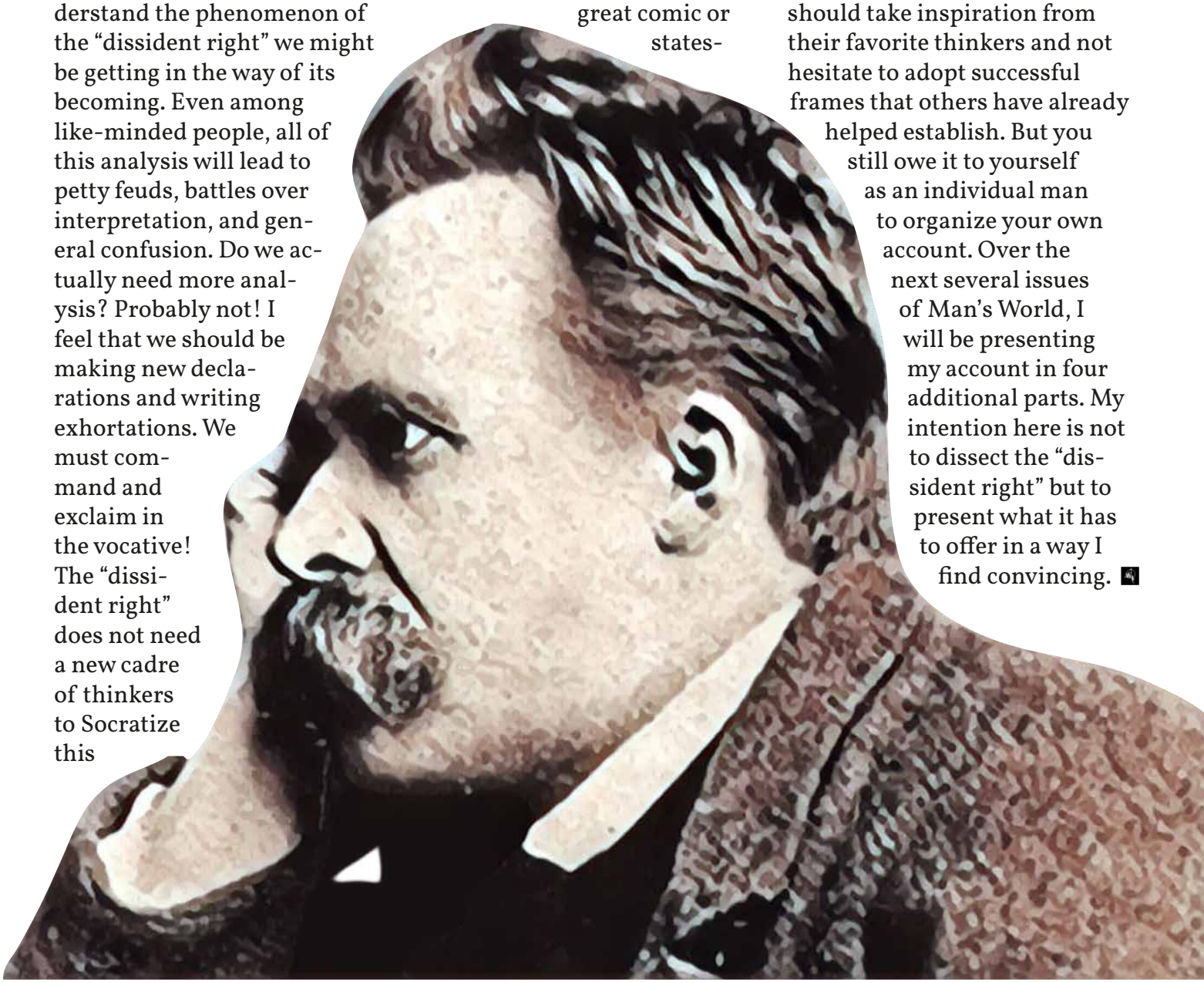
The doubters will claim: "These people do not know how to build anything. They only have an eye for destruction. The dissident right is just nihilism!" It is true: the "dissident right" is full of Zarathustra's beloved despisers — nowhere else will you find a more comprehensive deconstruction of modern decadence or see the current regime so artfully embarrassed. But the "dissident right" is not simply a reactionary Dionysian force, there is also this burgeoning creative energy — an Apollonian will to undergo new valuations, set new goals, and venture beyond the Iron Prison. The beginning of a destiny is taking shape in ways nobody fully understands yet.

I may have just proven my point about how easy it is to over-intellectualize every new and exciting phenomenon, and I do not know if the "dissident right" will be able to escape this. Against the cold-grey backdrop of hegemonic liberalism, they are the only sign of

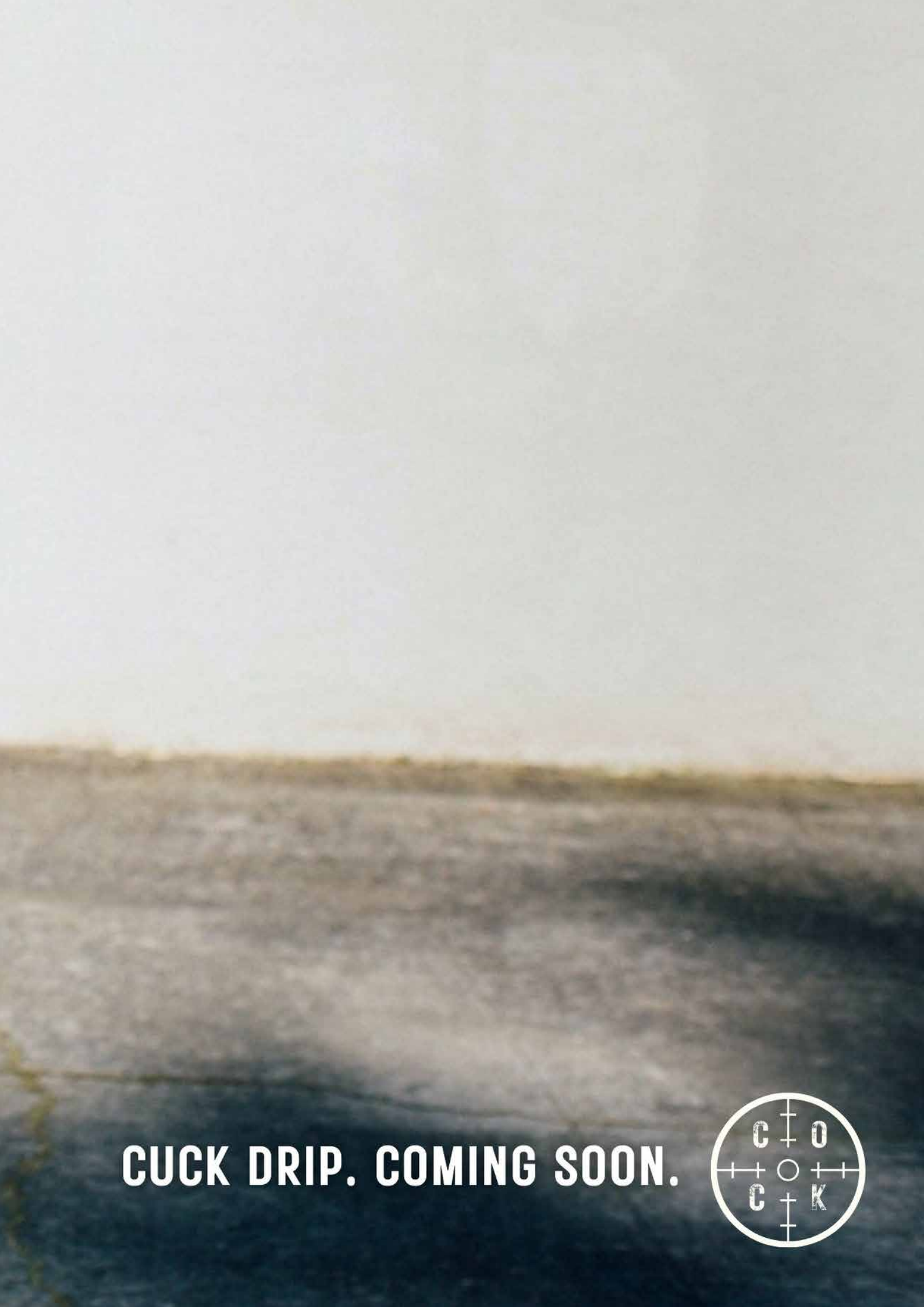
life pulsing through Western civilization today. The "dissident right" is simply too joyous and too electric to ignore, and people with mixed intentions have been pouring in to drop their take and find an angle to either praise or condemn.

Ironically, in trying to understand the phenomenon of the "dissident right" we might be getting in the way of its becoming. Even among like-minded people, all of this analysis will lead to petty feuds, battles over interpretation, and general confusion. Do we actually need more analysis? Probably not! I feel that we should be making new declarations and writing exhortations. We must command and exclaim in the vocative! The "dissident right" does not need a new cadre of thinkers to Socratize this fire — for now, they need great comics like Aristophanes and poets like Tyraeteus. In time, they will find their great statesmen and lawgivers too.

For this reason, I was hesitant to sit down and write this. I have found some consolation in knowing that while I am no great comic or statesman, I am no great thinker either. So perhaps I can indulge myself just this once without causing too much harm. Everyone on this side ought to take stock of the circumstances facing their culture and civilization today and attempt to piece the puzzle together. One should take inspiration from their favorite thinkers and not hesitate to adopt successful frames that others have already helped establish. But you still owe it to yourself as an individual man to organize your own account. Over the next several issues of Man's World, I will be presenting my account in four additional parts. My intention here is not to dissect the "dissident right" but to present what it has to offer in a way I find convincing.




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CUCK DRIP. COMING SOON.
C O
C K



"Your body is not a temple, it's an amusement park. Enjoy the ride. Then kill yourself when you have a young daughter."

ANTHONY BOURDAIN

CONTENTS

1 Classic French Cooking: Cassoulet

2 John McCallum's "Get Big" Drink



MW NOSH





MW FOOD

Schwartzwald hams, Germany

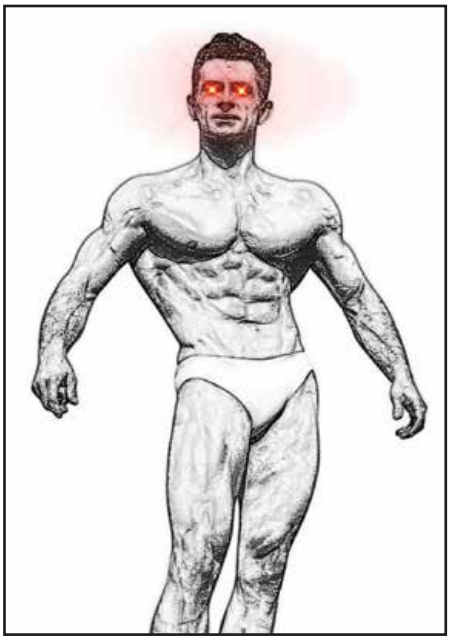


CASSOULET

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Now this is seriously hearty stuff. A classic French stew of beans, spicy garlic sausage, pork belly and confit duck legs that's sure to harden your arteries and send you straight to the emergency room — except, of course, we know that the lipid-heart hypothesis is utter bunk and always was, so actually you don't have a thing to worry about!

Cassoulet hails from the south-west region of France called Gascony, which borders Spain and shares a lot in common with the Basque region of that country, including a totally incomprehensible native language. Ducks, duck fat, cured pork, foie gras and prunes are among the regional delicacies to be found there.

As with all classic French regional dishes, the ingredients that go into a perfect cassoulet are hotly debated. Every town in Gascony is said to have its own version. "There are as many as there are cooks," according to food writer Richard Olney. This recipe is my favourite. It's simple, requiring nothing more complicated than time to cook, and of course delicious.



INGREDIENTS

750g haricot beans, soaked in cold water overnight
1 onion, peeled
1 head of garlic, unpeeled, plus 4 cloves
2 sprigs of thyme plus extra to garnish
1 bay leaf
1 small, unsmoked ham hock, skin on (alternatively, use a small pork butt)
2 confit duck legs and their fat
500g pork belly cubed
4 Toulouse sausages (you can also use chorizo-type sausages for a spicy punch, or even regular sausages)
1 tbsp sundried tomato paste
120g breadcrumbs

INSTRUCTIONS

Drain the beans and put them in a large ovenproof casserole dish. Add water until it comes about an inch above the top of the beans, then add the onion, whole head of garlic, herbs and ham hock or pork butt. Bring to the boil, then cover and simmer for about two hours, until just tender, but not falling apart.

In the meantime, fry the duck, pork belly , and sausages separately in plenty of duck fat until crisp and golden. When cool, cut the sausages into large chunks and strip the meat from the duck into large pieces.

Remove the onion and herbs from the beans and discard. Remove the pork and, when cool enough, strip the meat from it. Squeeze the garlic cloves from their skins and mash to a paste with four tablespoons of duck fat and the fresh garlic cloves. Stir in the sun-dried tomato paste. Preheat the oven to about 140C.

Drain the beans, reserving the liquid. Grease the bottom of the casserole with a little of the duck fat mix, then tip in the beans, the rest of the duck fat and the pieces of meat, retaining half the sausage. Mix well, then top with just enough liquid to cover. Don't season the mixture, because it will already be salty enough from the duck, pork and sausages.

Fry the breadcrumbs very briefly in one tablespoon of duck fat, then top the cassoulet with a thin layer of them. Bake for about two hours. Return to the cassoulet every fifteen or twenty minutes and once a crust has formed, stir it back into the cassoulet, and top with some more of the breadcrumbs. By the end of the cooking time, you should have a thick, golden crust.

Leave to cool slightly before serving the cassoulet on its own or with a simple green salad.





MW FOOD

Bologna, Italy

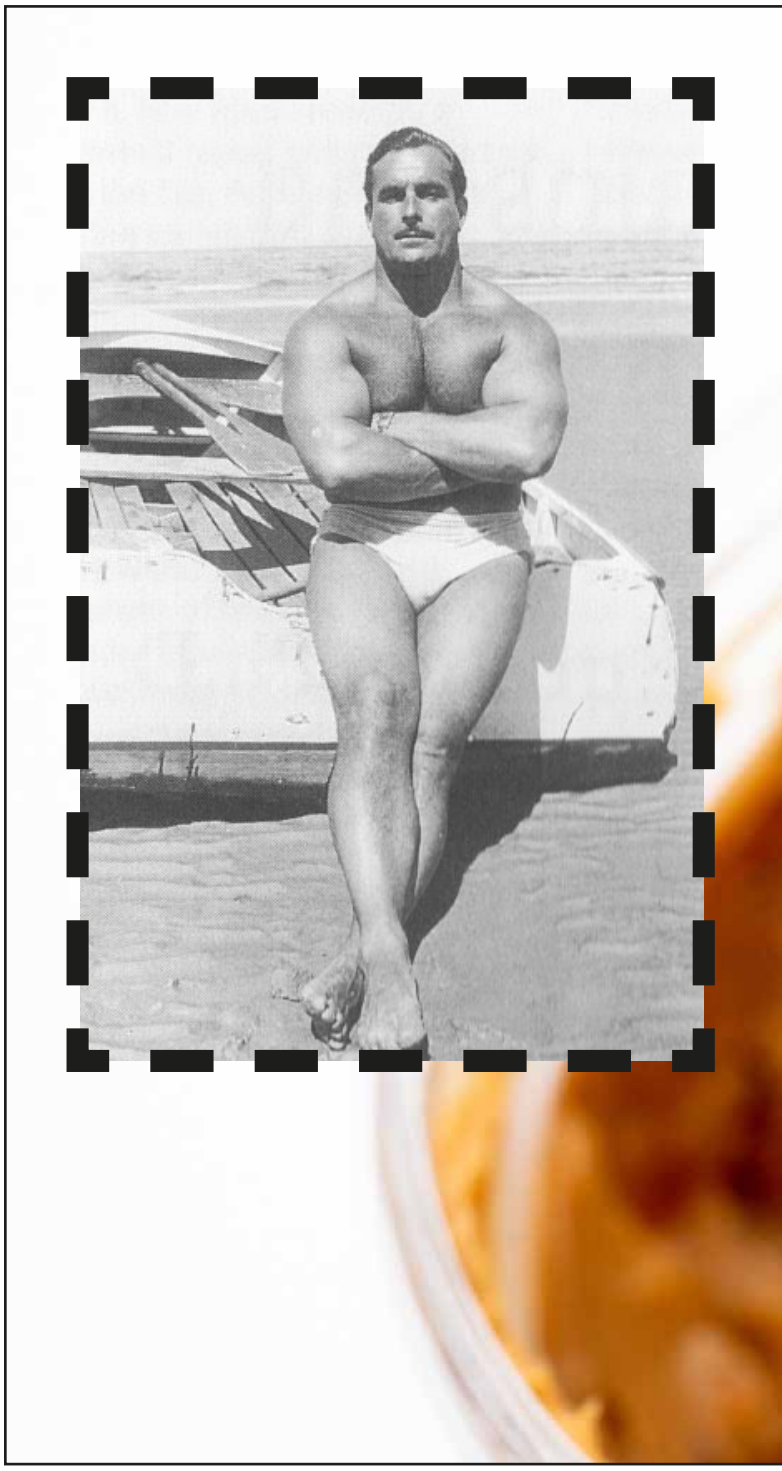

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BLOOD OF THE LEVANT



ABDULLAH YOUSEF

JOHN MCCALLUM'S GET BIG DRINK



John McCallum was a well-known and respected bodybuilding writer in the 1960s and 1970s, with a monthly column in *Strength and Health* magazine. He placed a particular emphasis on developing strength as a route to what he called "the power look", noting that the best developed bodybuilders of the day, men like John Grimek and Reg Park, were also generally among the strongest. Grimek had been an Olympic weightlifter before becoming a bodybuilder, and Reg Park was the first bodybuilder to bench press 500lb.

To achieve "the power look", McCallum advocated heavy sets of power cleans, followed immediately by high pulls and deadlifts, with sets in the one-to-three rep range.

It was also necessary to put on a certain amount of fat in order to maximise strength and size gains. And that's where McCallum's famous "get big" drink came in. The drink was not intended to be taken all the time, but only when the athlete was working at his hardest. If consumed with the full eight scoops of protein powder, the drink will provide 5300+ calories.

I've provided the original recipe, which includes corn syrup (not high-fructose corn syrup, which wasn't available at the time McCallum invented the recipe). If you'd prefer, you can substitute maple syrup or honey.

In place of shop-bought ice cream, you can also use my anabolic no-churn ice cream, the recipe for which was given in Issue 3 of MAN'S WORLD.

INGREDIENTS

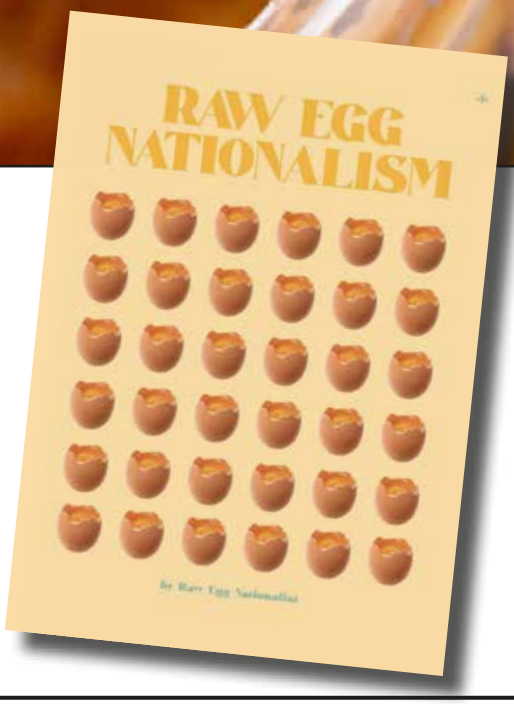
2ltr whole milk
500ml dried skimmed milk
6-8 scoops of protein powder
2 whole eggs
4 tbsp peanut butter
500g chocolate ice cream
1 banana
4 tbsp malted milk powder
6 tbsp corn syrup

INSTRUCTIONS

Add the ingredients to a blender and blend.

DON'T chug the drink all in one go.

Above: John McCallum, inventor of the "get big" drinkA



Raw Egg Nationalism, the amazing hardback cookbook that's also a political manifesto, is available now exclusively from antelopehillpublishing.com





MW FOOD

Lamb asado, Argentina

WHAT IS CUCKED BRUNCH?

BY NOW, YOU'VE PROBABLY HEARD ABOUT CUCKED BRUNCHES. BUT YOU MAY NOT KNOW WHAT THEY'RE ABOUT.

When I published my article, "Cultivating conservatism from a surprising source", I didn't expect a positive response.

I knew that most conservatives weren't ready to embrace cuckoldry as a potent means of getting back in touch with traditional values.

That's why I decided to create Cucked Brunches, as a way for conservatives to get together, break bread — and, most importantly, swap partners.

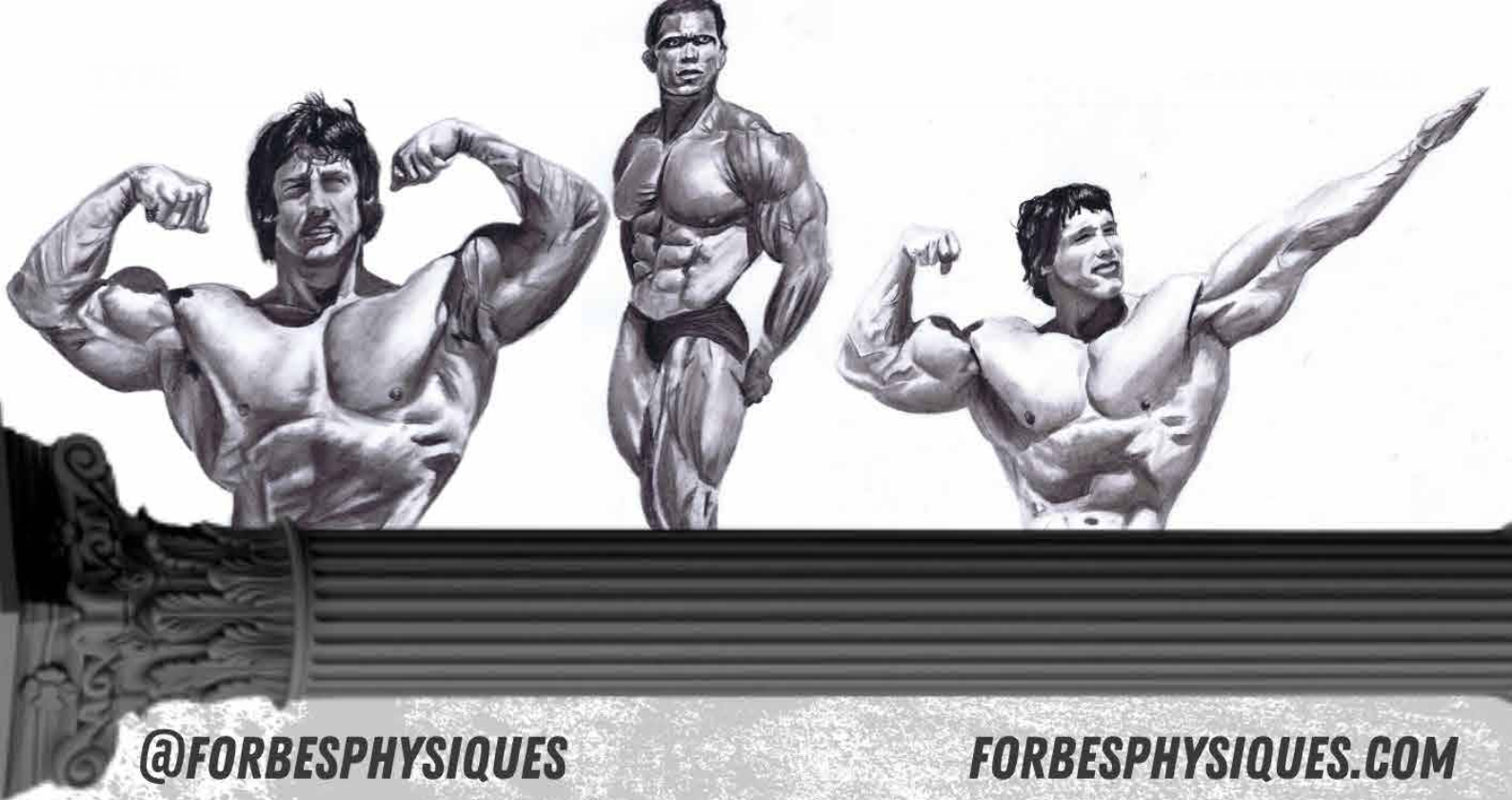


So come along. Don't be scared if you've never sat in the corner watching another man have sex with your wife or girlfriend (or husband or boyfriend — there are no bigots here!). You'll be surprised how much you like it.

JUST REMEMBER — DON'T FORGET TO BRING YOUR CAR KEYS!

BRIAN GOLDBERG
SEMINAL ORDER FOUNDER

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LET'S RETURN TO AESTHETICS



FIT



FIT



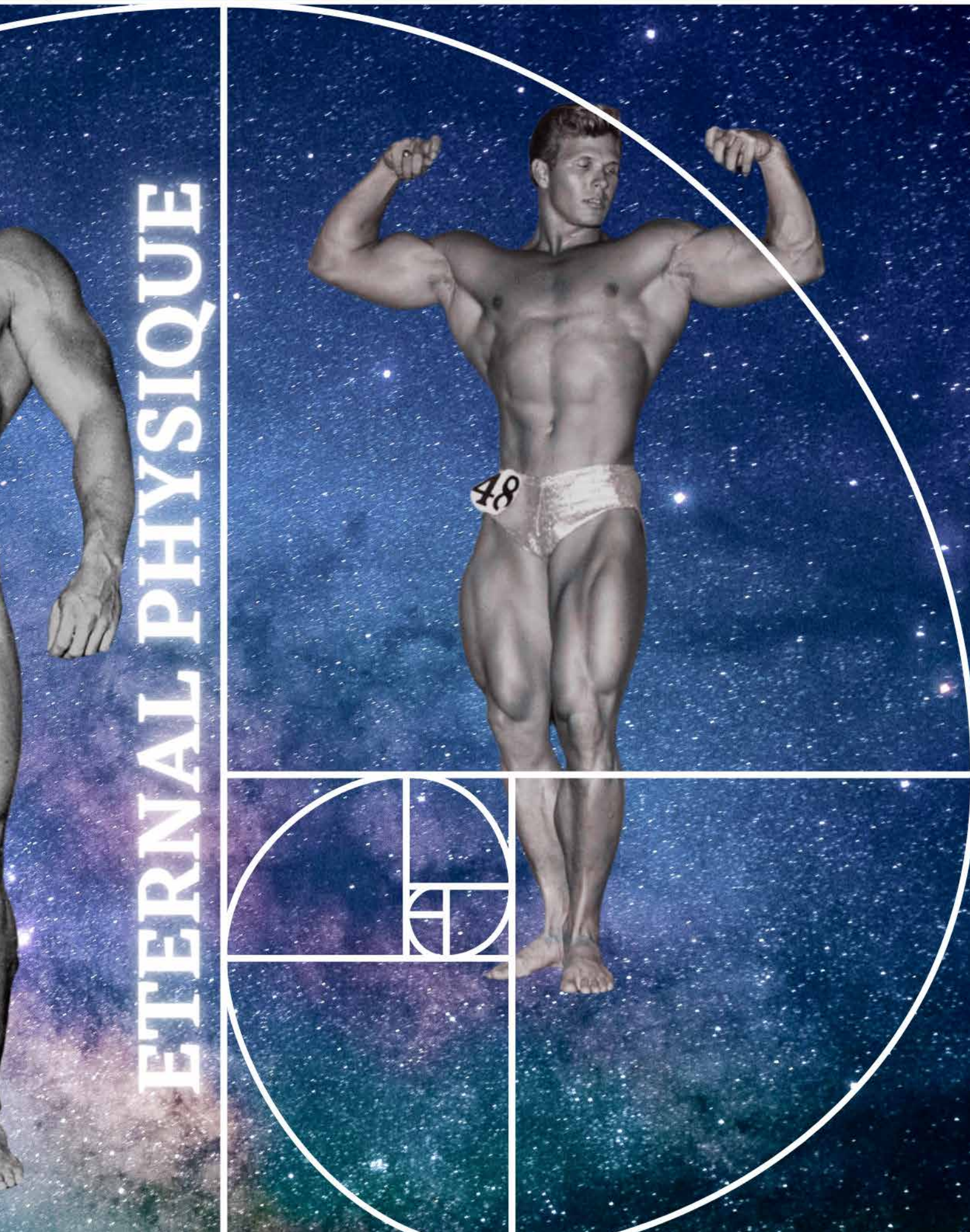
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THE PROSPECT

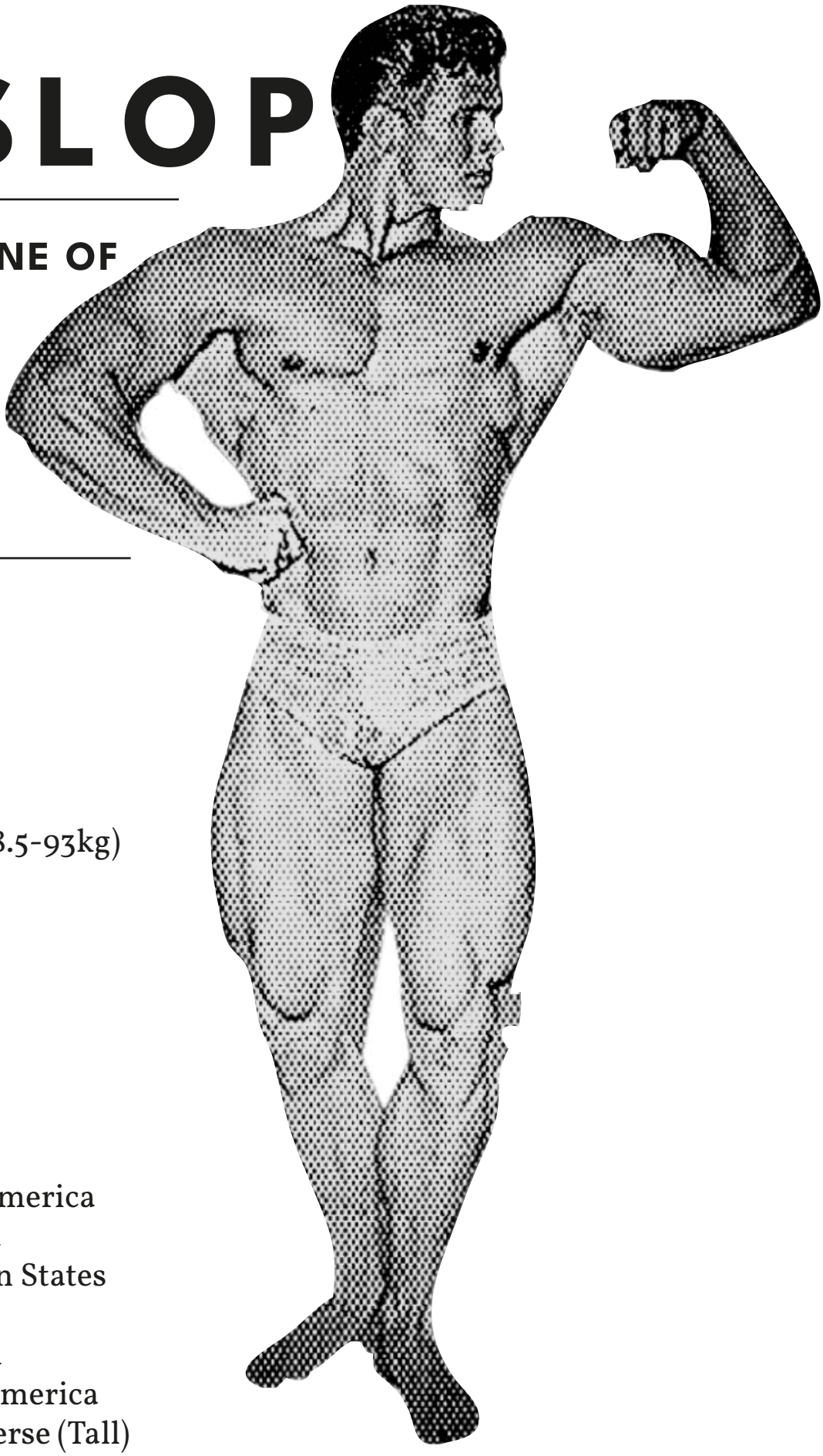


JIM HAISLOP



ETERNAL PHYSIQUE

JIM HAISLOP



HIS STORY IS ONE OF THE GREAT "WHAT IFS" OF BODYBUILDING HISTORY

VITAL STATISTICS

JIM HAISLOP
1942-present

Height: 5'11"
Weight: 205-215lbs (88.5-93kg)
Arms: 18.5"
Chest: 51.5"
Waist: 32"
Thighs: 27.25"
Calves: 18"

TITLES WON:
1965 AAU Mr Florida
1966 AAU Mr North America
1967 AAU Mr America
1967 AAU Mr Southern States
1967 AAU Mr USA
1968 AAU Mr America
1968 AAU Junior Mr America
1969 NABBA Mr Universe (Tall)

Jim Haislop has been called the "successtor to Steve Reeves", a man whose beautiful aesthetic physique and handsome good looks — a genetic endowment from the gods — could easily have made him a Hollywood film star just like Reeves had been. After five years of competition, in which he won title after title — Mr America, Mr USA, Mr Universe — Jim Haislop looked set to conquer world of bodybuilding, but instead, on the cusp of becoming a pro, he walked away from the sport. His decision to do so makes him one of the Golden Era's most enigmatic figures and truly one of the great "what ifs" of bodybuilding history.

Haislop developed an early passion for fitness and began working out in his teens, after he left school, in 1961. It soon became clear that he had been blessed with the genetics that would allow him to develop a truly remakable physique. Haislop attended Hillsborough High School, in Tampa, Florida, which produced a number of other early bodybuilding champions. He was a track and field star and in his senior year was named all-city fullback of year, when the school team won the divisional and city championships.

After leaving school, he joined Tampa Health Club, where he met a man by the name of Dick Fudge, who immediately recognised his tremendous physical potential. His training was cut short barely a year later, when he joined the navy.

For the first year of his service, he neglected to train with weights at all, but by the second year he resumed, and soon had put on 10lb of solid mass, although he lacked development in his legs. He returned to the Tampa Health Club, and under Fudge's tutelage set about developing a more muscular, more complete physique.

By 1964, Haislop weighed 208lb, nearly 40lb heavier than he had been when he joined the navy. Haislop's legs, in particular, were now one of his strongest bodyparts. Haislop had taken Fudge's advice to spend as much of his navy pay as he could on extra food: steak, fresh fruit and vegetables, milk, honey and Bobby Hoffman's early protein supplements. He was using heavy weights in all exercises, squatting 350lb for sets of 10 reps.

In 1965, Haislop was granted shore leave to compete in the AAU Mr Florida competition. Although he felt he was in bad shape, and didn't actually want to compete, Fudge talked him round. Many bodybuilding competitions in those days also included tests of strength, and as part of the contest Haislop put up 350lb in the bench press, 485lb in the squat and 545lb in the deadlift. He received three trophies for his lifting: best lifter, best squat, and best deadlift.

When he finally stepped on stage for the posing portion of the contest, he was greeted with rapturous applause. Handsome, tanned and beautifully proportioned — Haislop was a picture of physical development and vitality. He simply blew away his competition that day. Judges and spectators agreed that this young man was going to go very far indeed.

Over the next three years, he completed in 12 amateur competitions, taking home six trophies. During the 1960s, the only way to earn a pro card was to win the overall title in the Mr Universe. He entered the 1968 Universe hoping to do precisely that. Unfortunately, he came up short, placing second overall.

In 1969, he stepped onto the bodybuilding stage for the last time, at the Mr Universe competition. He showed his class by winning the tall category, but subsequently decided to retire.

In the years that followed, he continued to train and his expertise was sought as a judge, and many competitors and fans of the sport wondered whether he might return to the sport and fulfil the promise he had shown. Although he never did, and his only competition wins were in the amateur divisions, he is nevertheless remembered, including by superstar bodybuilders like Arnold Schwarzenegger, as one of the great physiques of the Golden Era of bodybuilding.





PROMOTION



In a world characterized by disorder and chaos, passivity is a failing strategy. Our long-term health is one area of concern that is under direct assault. To truly live and thrive, one must actively refuse to succumb to the prevailing entropy that follows from the conditions of the current day. The shaping of our collective physical, mental, and social landscape requires a forward stance and a positive vision that honors strength, virtue, and a shared purpose to sustain healthy communities.A

Without action, there is only degeneration.A

In the current state of the modern world, the meaning of health has been diluted. The institutions that were intended to uphold a standard for the vitality of a nation's people have gradually turned against the very populace they were meant to serve. We are provided with guidance and instruction that weakens, sickens, and harms us. The default setting of our current state of being is one that encourages fragility. The more we succumb to dependence on corporate and government provision, the sicker we become as a people. Pursuing an alternative means of well-being outside the confines of the medical-industrial establishment is met with suspicion and scorn. However, it is up to those who wish to break away from these current incentives to seek authentic guiding principles aligned with what is good and beautiful.A

Put simply, we must strive to get stronger, healthier, and more resilient on our own terms.

Axios was founded to help you pursue strength in the face of the consequences imposed by modernity. Our vision of health and fitness is rooted in vitality and responsibility, rejecting harmful dogmas that hinder our perseverance. To reverse our current course, the true remedy lies in engaging in physically demanding practices of strength development and adopting behaviors that support our ability to withstand the challenges of social decline.A

Whether you need coaching, customized routines, or a supportive community to achieve your goals, Axios provides the guidance and expertise to help you reach your potential and conquer your objectives. Founded by strength and conditioning professionals experienced in various arenas of human performance, Axios offers strategies that accommodate to your constraints and preferences. With expertise gained from professional and collegiate weightrooms, military units, biomechanics and physiology labs, our heritage is rooted in the principles utilized by the best minds in the field. Committed to authenticity, Axios strives to deliver the best training methodsA tailored to your needs, skill level, and environment.A

The path forward demands a commitment to physical action. Relying solely on the online and digital landscape will not grant us the future we desire. Real action, effort, and community are essential to procure a healthier standard of life. The only way out is through. If you're ready to make a change and begin to take responsibility for your outcomes, Axios has the expertise and understanding to help you cultivate long-term habits.A

AXIOS

REMOTE FITNESS COACHING

"A GOOD SOLDIER FIGHTS NOT BECAUSE HE HATES WHAT IS IN FRONT OF HIM, BUT BECAUSE HE LOVES WHAT IS BEHIND HIM."— HERODOTUS

In this age of **atomization,** we have become **isolated, disconnected, and lost.** The true **strength** that comes from **interdependence** is overshadowed by the allure of personal freedom.

This same paradigm has **destroyed** our health, **crushed** our ambitions, and **lowered** our standards of physical competence.

You may choose to face this battle alone, but you're always **stronger** in numbers.



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He's racist on the internet




MAN'S WORLD

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY: AN UNCANNY NIGHTMARE

art special

Alexander Adams presents his latest series of Uncanny Paintings, using AI as a prompt to create images that challenge and disturb the viewer, reminding us of the power of normality

In my previous article, I wrote about my Square Paintings, nudes in contemporary settings. The paintings illustrated here are the Uncanny Paintings, again in the square format but this time the subject matter is not nudity and eroticism, but absurdity and a nightmarish mood. Semi-human personages inhabit worlds that are familiar to ours but distorted. The absence of colour gives the scenes a 1940s atmosphere. As in my other earlier paintings, some faces are obscured. A blurred-faced woman sits on the ground in front of a Modernist housing block or industrial building. A strange beak-nosed weakling reaches for a bottle on a window sill. A beautiful headless woman reaches upwards in a curtained room, her hands turned into the predatory claws of a praying mantis.

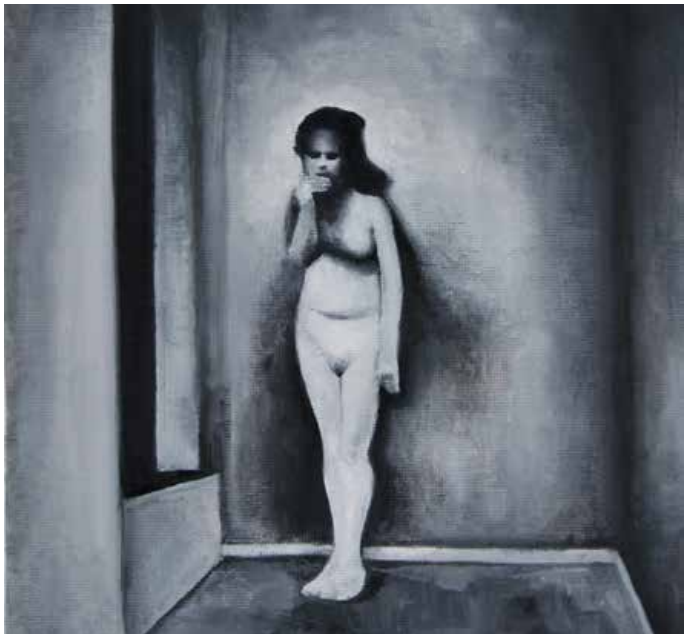
The Uncanny Paintings came about because to explore the territory of the nightmare I had to construct disturbing imagery. I wanted to do it in a way that used AI, which would incorporate my mistrust of that technology. For me, AI is a troubling presence – a nightmare in itself. The program's lack of sentience combined with its apparent ability to discern (but not discriminate) presents a ghastly mélange of human qualities with-



out human intelligence or agency. Like many artists, I seek new boundaries – to explore new territory. This reveals the weakness of all neophiles (lovers of the new), namely, accepting innovations that may prove misleading, harmful or ruinous. I keep myself in check by attempting to limit innovations to those that do not depart from perennial truths: that we are emotional spiritual beings; we strive for beauty and transcendence, especially in art; we err towards sin and weakness and must combat this through mindfulness, emulation and social pressure; suffering and failure are the lot of all men; we should preserve, respect and transmit the values of our forebears but we cannot ignore the material situation we find ourselves in.

Powerful art derives most forcefully from our experiences. In creating new art which speaks about the truths of our lives, we cannot return to the classically garbed figure in an idyllic landscape, however much we might like to. Yes, such clothes can be recreated and such landscapes still exist, but is this a reflec-

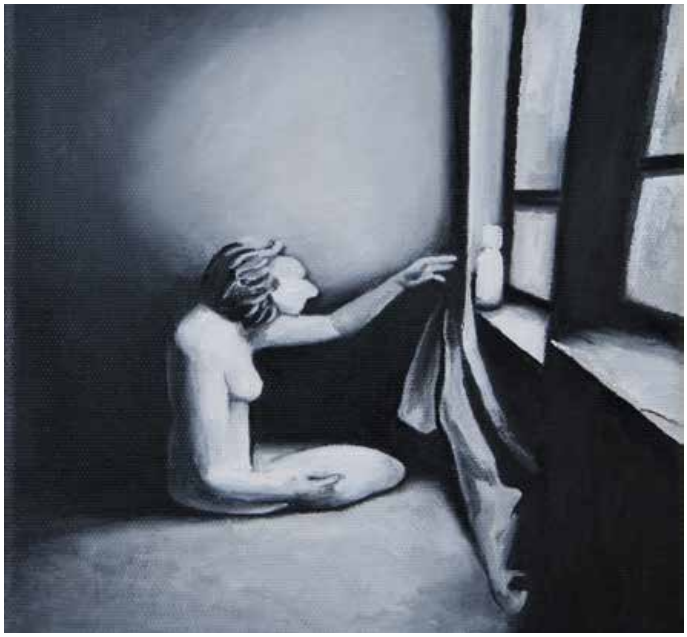





tion of even our best efforts at living? Is it even within our lived experiences? Such ways of living are so distant from us that they are fantasy. As long as we are in thrall to fantasy and work towards an impossible aim, we allow the enemies of perennial truths (who are themselves utopians, albeit materialist utopians) to gain ground on us.

I put prompts into the Stable Diffusion online image-generation engine and examined the results. About 80% of the images produced were of little value – too jumbled, banal, visually busy, difficult to understand and lacking in visual qualities to be worthy of consideration. I printed out the few that had potential, then painted the best, making changes necessary. That meant sometimes removing extraneous elements, simplifying the space or making aspects more coherent – even if that did not mean making them more logical.

Now, as an associate and supporter of creative dissidents and dissenters on the cultural right, I lay myself open to criticism by using these methods. Those who consider themselves traditionalists and classical artists are hostile to the use of technology in artistic production, especially employing computer-derived imagery. I have no defence against such criticism other than saying that as some artists use the found image of the landscape view or adapt existing subjects (such as arranging



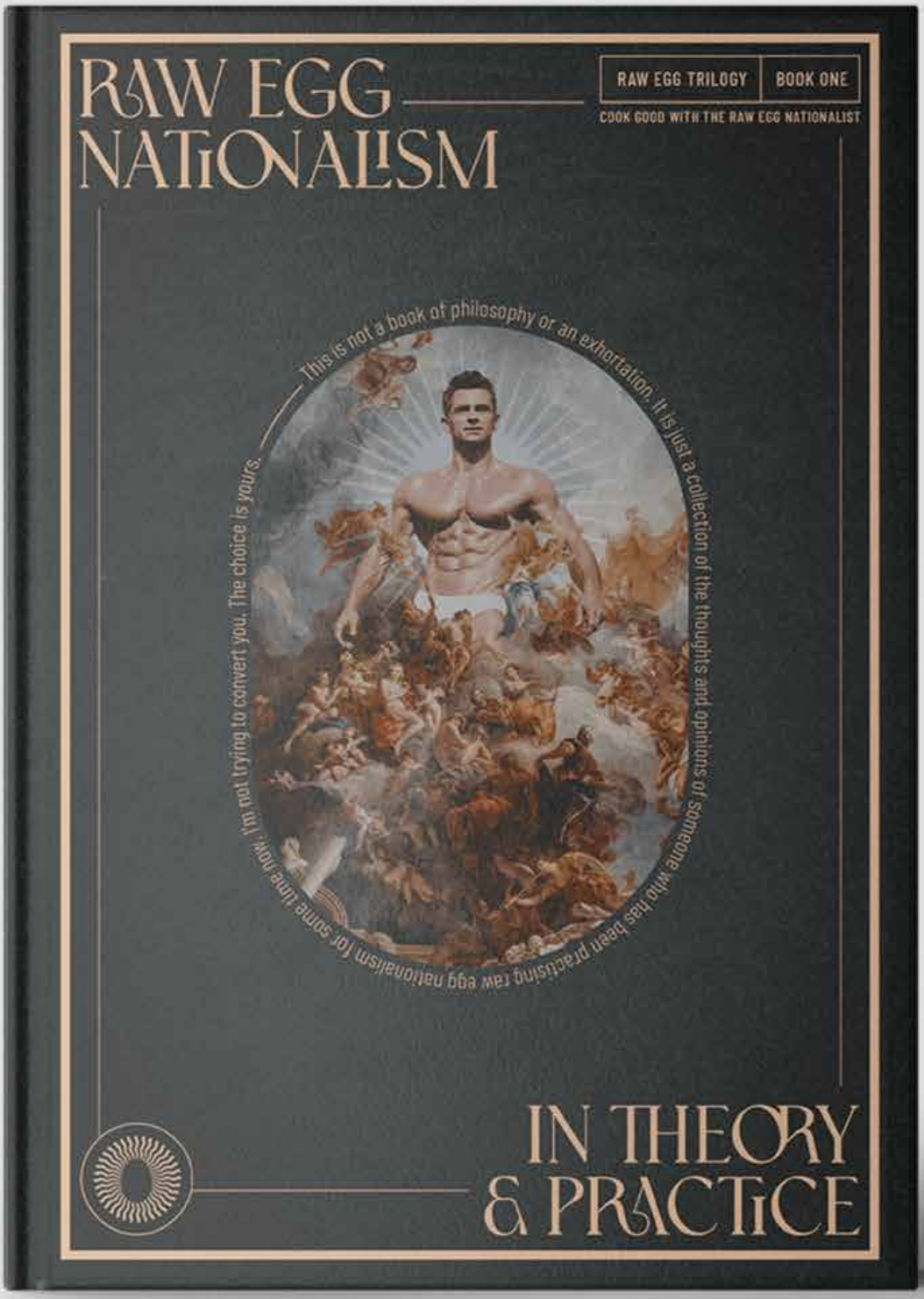



a model or objects in a still-life), so I have also done with these AI images. The discrimination that was deployed to guide the AI program and to sort through the mass of resultant pictures was purely my own. It is down to others to decide if the Uncanny Paintings are worthwhile or a step too far.

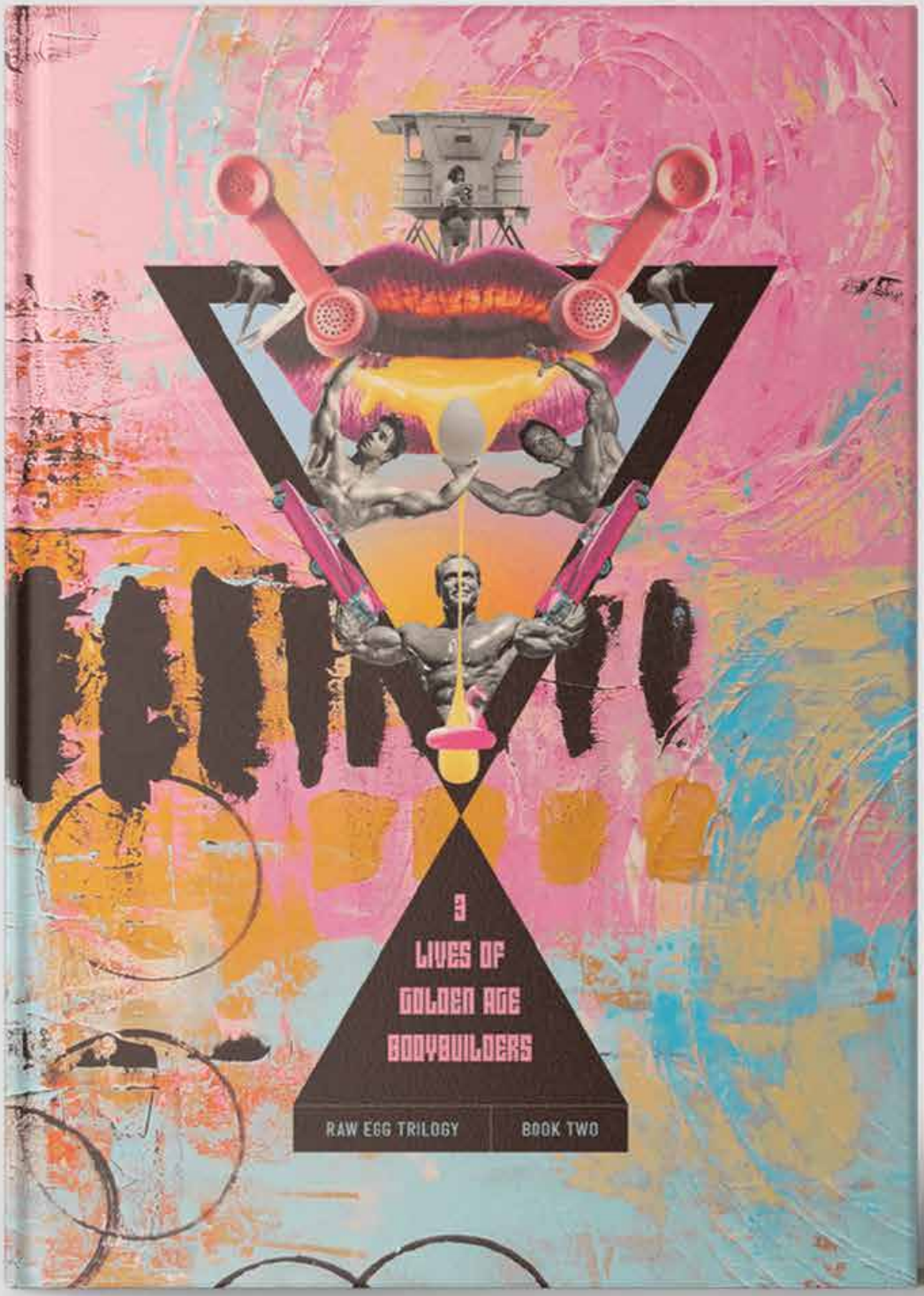
I am in search of images that are powerful; I record images that move me deeply with their beauty, ugliness, strangeness or sublime qualities, regardless of the origin. Those aspects I found in the AI images. I responded to the sources and made paintings and others have reacted strongly to their oddness.

As set out in a recent statement of principles with a group of dissenting artists I am part of, I assert the legitimacy of any means (technological, material, stylistic) to achieve successful pursuit of the beautiful, strange, foul, startling and impressive in artistic form. You may find these images terrible – I do too – but if your psyche spasms in their presence, then they have real power. If you choose to look away, no one would blame you. I ask that you consider why the images seem repellent and consider why images of Hell have inspired artists from the Gothic and Bosch up to Dalí and Beksinski. Perhaps part of the human situation is an obsession with our darkest fears. Only by seeing and understanding can we overcome fear or maybe (when facing the horror) we should step back, full of sacred fear.

The original books that started a movement...



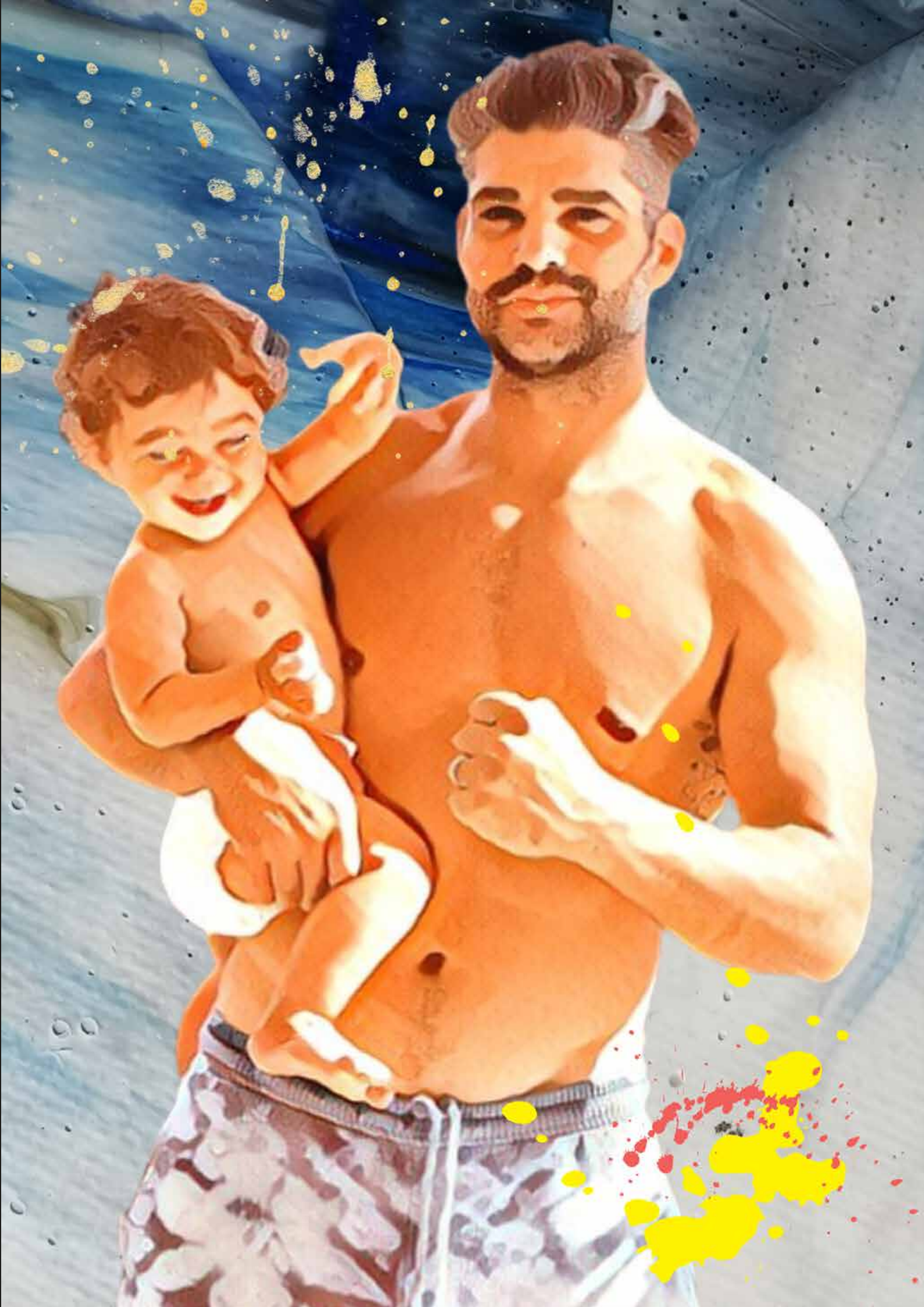
...just got an amazing makeover



Raw Egg Nationalism, Three Lives of Golden Age Bodybuilders, Draw Me a Gironda and Raw Egg Trilogy: Available now from Amazon and the Rogue Scholar Book Store


BAA
MAYOR OF LONDON


ASED
#HAVEAWORD





NOOR BIN LADIN
in conversation with
JOSH LEKACH

WRONG OPINION – out of all the podcasts out there, Josh Lekach has probably found the most apropos title of our times. But not only that: for the past couple of years Josh has consistently delivered some of the best cultural and political commentary through his show. Of course, what Josh professes as observations and advice can only be deemed wrong according to the left, and even the so-called right – when in fact, it is anything but.

I first met Josh online and immediately appreciated his humor, style and attention to detail, down to the font and imagery of his podcast's thumbnails (really love those vignettes!). As you'll see in the following pages, Josh's humility, wit and thoughtfulness are a breath of fresh air in a world saturated with wannabees and grifters.

It was great to speak with Josh again (we've been on each other's podcasts before), and I'm delighted to share our conversation with MAN'S WORLD readers. Josh offers valuable insights on how to navigate the modern world as a man, even writing a book aptly titled *The Manual*, making him a perfect fit and interviewee for this issue.

Josh, it's great speaking with you again, this time for MAN'S WORLD. For those who are finding out about you for the first time in these pages, tell us a bit about yourself and your background.

I always answer this type of question by saying "I'm just a normal guy", not the smartest or savviest, but I don't care about doxxing myself. Typically, people protect their identity by being anon so they can preserve their corporate jobs. I am the opposite. I'd probably kill myself if I had a normal corporate job, so maybe that's a defensive mechanism.

Long story short, I grew up in Miami Florida, in a wealthy and (*cue angry groyper sounds*) Jewish family. My brothers and I were well off and pretty much had all the freedom that four boys could have. No curfews etc. I think our parents were just worried if we'd get a girl pregnant and that's it (laughs). Other than that, we were able to do whatever we wanted. But it's interesting because throughout my childhood we had that freedom with money and all that, and then around the 2008 crash we kind of lost everything. I never went to college.

Already in the ninth grade I knew I didn't want to go and decided back then that I wouldn't. I explained to everyone around me that it was a scam. So I was ahead of my time. While it was the right decision, the thing I didn't take into consideration was that I had no guidance. And when you're young, especially as a man, you need to have guidance, a sense of camaraderie and drive. You need all those things. I was kind of wandering aimless, not knowing what to do. So I had a lot of stupid jobs, if you can call them that. I worked for my parents a bit, but when you work for your parents, the rules often don't apply to you, so you can show up whenever you want and not worry about job security or anything like that. But there are different ways to do it, and I didn't do it correctly. After that, I was a DJ in South Beach for a while. I only did that be-

cause I wanted to meet women (laughs). There were no dating apps back then, no social media, you know?

After that, there was a lot of trial and error working on small businesses until I founded a tech startup called Rep, an influencer marketing app. I raised just over $500,000 to get that off the ground. We were getting a lot of users, but the retention was terrible. The main problem we ran into was the fact that influencers suck and that they're self-entitled. Everyone thinks that they're the star and deserve everything for nothing. The actual tech was really good for what we were building with the relatively little money we had. But you need good users for a platform like that to function. All of that was happening right when Trump won in 2016. I was live streaming a lot while Trump was running and when he got into office, I thought I don't need to tweet about this stuff anymore, mainly because I'm trying to raise money in tech and should just lay low with what I believe politically.

So I retired from Twitter for a few years. After about a year and a half of doing the tech company, it fizzled out, and I was left with, again, nothing. I was working out of a shared workspace in Los Angeles, like WeWork, but nicer. I liked being there because you're around other driven people. It was probably the camaraderie I was missing when I was younger. I mean, in all honesty, if Trump had been president when I was in my teens, I probably would have joined the military. That would've probably been awesome, but I was not going to do that when Bush was president or Obama, because you know what they do... Although it cost about $600 a month, I stayed at the co-working space because I liked the people there. But I didn't know what to do. So I made a meme account on Instagram called SadWater, and then I figured I'd make memes and write all the jokes. I'll do it myself, which I did. The account grew to 80,000 or something. I made merch, a Shopify store, and bottled water. My goal was to sell that company to Coca-Cola, the pitch being "If you want Gen Z, this is how you get Gen Z." I did get interest from Coca-Cola. They put me in touch with an incubation company that they work with, which basically puts us in 7/11, grows the brand, and then Coca-Cola buys it from the incubation company once it's something substantial. While I was in talks with them, I was also doing the SadWater SadCast, the podcast for the meme account. Again, it had a very young listener base. It was sort of dating help and advice for young kids. Sad Water was anonymous so I was technically an anon, as they didn't know who was running it.

“If Trump had been president when I was in my teens, I probably would have joined the military”

The show became increasingly political, because the audience kept pressing me with more and more political questions. And that's when the talks with Coca-Cola and the incubation company kind of fizzled out, no pun intended. While working on SadWater, my wife, who was my girlfriend then (and was only my girlfriend because I stayed at that shared workspace where I met her), encouraged me to put the podcast behind the paywall and change the name to WRONG OPINION. So, continuing to shit post and stay at that shared workspace is why I have a wife and kids. Now, WRONG OPINION has about 500 episodes, which is a lot. That's a lot of work by myself. I also do a live show of WRONG OPINION on Censored.TV every week on Saturdays. That’s on top of the regular shows and on top of my shit posting on Twitter, which is now a job thanks to Elon. I'm also working on a project in Los Angeles – I can't say with whom and I can't say for what, but hopefully you guys find out soon – and that's been really interesting and beneficial, as it coincides with my obsession with culture and turning the ship around.

I have to say I love the branding of your podact, WRONG OPINION. It’s hand down one of the best out

there, aesthetically especially.

Years ago when I started to do the show, I brought in my friend Mike Ma, who has written a few books, *Harassment Architecture* and *Gothic Violence*, to make the merch for me. He actually first came up with the name Wrong Opinion and with the branding. He basically gave me the tools to continue on that branding and that theme throughout the show's existence to this day. So he really only worked on that stuff in the beginning and I've been pretty consistent with keeping up with it. But it was important to me that the theme be completely different from what politics and conversative media and punditry is, in general. It seems like everything is a copy and paste of everything else. Everyone copies each other, and not only that, but it's ugly. And for a whole group of people who talk about the importance of culture, they don't really know what that means, especially if they don't care about aesthetics.

It's kind of reminiscent of how Ronald Reagan thought that the Cold War was about who had more weapons, us or Russia. What was really happening was that the Marxist ideology started to take root in the US and the West, and that was what the Cold War was about. And that was the beginning of the end. I mean, it was happening way before that, but just the fact the president people call one of the greatest presidents in US history, who they glorify for ending the Cold War and fighting the Russians etc, was actually the essence of what is wrong with conservatism in a nutshell - which is completely ignoring culture and thinking it's about who has more weapons. That's kind of how it's been this whole time. Look at boomers - they have the worst taste out of anyone. It has to do with the fact that they grew up during the cultural revolution or whatever you want to call it in the 1960s. That was a turning point. In post World War II America, aesthetics and design, architecture, art, everything started going down the drain. Then the 1960s really sped things up. That's when we really started to embrace ugliness.

"It seems like everything is a copy and paste of everything else. Everyone copies each other"

A lot of it has to do with the embracement of LSD and marijuana back then, which were all PSYOPs. If you look at people like Jackson Pollock, they were propped up by the CIA to combat the Russians. So during the Cold War, actually, one of the ways we stuck it to the Russians was by glorifying idiots like Jackson Pollock to show them that traditional art is meaningless in a world of freedom. But freedom at what cost? I mean, if freedom means to abandon what we find beautiful and abandon objective reality, then I don't think that's much freedom to be honest. But that's what was happening back then. To an extent, even older millennials really don't care about aesthetics and don't know anything about beauty. If you look at small businesses owned by boomers, they'll have ads with 10 different kinds of fonts and templates from Windows 95.

Take Turning Point USA or any of these companies. They don't understand art, beauty, aesthetics, design – and that's why we're losing. And that's because they want to cater exclusively to boomers who don't know about those things and don't understand beauty. Another example is Joe Biden banning incandescent light bulbs, which obviously is because everything that's good for you, they want to ban. LED light bulbs and fluorescent light are terrible, not only for your health, but they make everything look ugly. And you can go into a boomer's house, it doesn't matter — it could be a $20 million house — and I will guarantee you that they have white fluorescent lights everywhere because they don't understand aesthetics. There's people like me and Raw Egg Nationalist and a few others who care about aesthetics, but we're fringe. Everyone else, the mainstream people, refuse to acknowledge the importance of it.

That's funny, I've been

stocking up on lightbulbs and even bought some from personal ads in Switzerland because they're hard to find. 100% they are better for your brain and soul. So tell me, what first made you question the state of the world in which we find ourselves today? Do you have a red pill moment?

Witnessing 9/11 when I was in seventh grade started it all. I didn't believe the official story from day 1, and I still don't to this day. I was fairly libertarian all my life until I started dating a semi-famous actress in 2014 who was 9 years older than me. She was a massive feminist, and everything she said was completely retarded. I had to take inventory of my "live and let live" worldview. Once I finished suffering dating her for a few years, my transformation to being a full-fledged right winger was complete.

What have you learned from researching and recording your podcast over the past four years, and what is your mission with WRONG OPINION?

The most important thing I have learned is to go with my gut. Ben Shapiro always says, "Facts don't care about your feelings", but I disagree immensely. Your gut has nothing to do with conventional facts or reasoning. If something disgusts you on a visceral level, your gut is telling you something is severely wrong. Did I do any research? Did I ask experts? Did I even google it? No. I just know it's wrong. What you're feeling is your gut and you've inherited your gut. That's the thing no one talks about: it's like a spider knows how to spin a web. We have evolved. We're the offspring of hundreds of thousands of generations before us. And what do you think gets passed down? Not just language, culture and traditions or customs. There is stuff in our DNA that gets passed down, and it's incalculable. It's something that's out of the purview of science. It's just something that is in our gut. It's inherent. And that's actually interesting if you think about it, because our mental health is tied directly to our gut. So "facts don't care about your feelings" - sorry, Ben Shapiro, that's wrong!

"Everything about today is designed to make you ignore your instincts"

And, I guess maybe it is factual, but the difference is you don't have to look things up, listen to experts or rely on people that have higher IQs or are smarter than us, because it's been passed down. And I think that the way it's been passed down is possibly by the people who survived and the people who were able to procreate. That's how we're here. It's not a subjective feeling when you see someone acting shady and your gut is telling you to steer clear from this person, that they're acting crazy or there's something wrong with them. You just know. Do we have to know how we know? No, we don't. We just have to remember to listen to our instincts. But everything about today - and this is the brainwash, this is the heart of the brainwashing – everything about today is designed to convince you to ignore your instincts. Not only to ignore your instincts, but to tell you that your instincts are wrong and racist and hurtful and intolerant and bigoted - but it's just not true.

What I've also learned from the podcast and these types of shows, not just mine, is that things can get very repetitive, because everything is cyclical. One month is going to be fixated on race stuff, next month can be purely political because of a witch-hunt with Donald Trump... It can be demoralizing. We don't do these shows because we think we can change anything, especially on shows that are more niche/with a smaller audience like mine. My goal is to arm people with some basic knowledge of what's happening so they can apply that knowledge to their own lives in order to prepare... it's like cultural doomsday prepping – prepping people who are paying attention. Part of the massive demoralization campaign is to make normal people feel crazy and what we

try to do is tell them, "You're not the crazy one, everyone around you is crazy, just keep doing what you're doing. Protect your family, arm them with the truth, arm them with good morals and good values, and nothing can really bring you down."

It sounds like reverse social engineering.

Literally everything is a PSYOP, and the only way to reverse it and fight back is within your family unit. The family is the singular most powerful force against the powers that be. That's why it's constantly under attack. As a man you should be in control of your family. Make the big decisions (where you live, how your kids are taught and by who, what you eat, etc.).

How do you view the cultural landscape today, especially in the US?

I don't think there is much of a cultural landscape today. It's sad where we are, we're not the center of the world for culture anymore. I did this episode on Barbenheimer after seeing both of the movies on opening weekend, because that was the main cultural phenomenon happening in the US. It was exciting in a sense that we actually had some sort of cultural phenomenon where the whole country, no matter what politics or background, came together and decided "We want to see both of these movies". Everything has completely fragmented. There's a million TV shows and streaming services. It's so fragmented that you can't go to work on Monday and talk to a coworker about something that everyone watched on Sunday. That world is long gone.

But even that world, was there even really culture then? Was there anything of significance? Maybe a little bit, if you look at how Seinfeld defined the nineties. There were certain movies that were defining as well. What's a specific thing that is defining now? There's a really good guy on Twitter, Paul Scala, who talks about stuck culture, refinement culture, how everything now is derivative and repetitive of the past and how we're not creating anything new. I'm not sure why major studios are relying on the past and nostalgia so heavily, but I have a theory. I think it has to do with the fact that millennials are not having kids and the only good memories they have are the things that they consumed while they were kids, because most likely they're also products of divorces, which is traumatic. And since they're not having kids, they have to get their nostalgia fix somehow. The way I get my nostalgia fix is through the eyes of my children. My daughter's only two months old, but my son, I see what excites him. It could be a bird, the beach, or going down a slide. And all of that is free nostalgia, as opposed to the prepackaged nostalgia that millennials have to buy and consume somehow. They have to get their dopamine hit, and since they're not having kids, they have to buy it and get their fix in a synthetic manner as opposed to a natural, organic manner.

"Millennials are not having kids and the only good memories they have are the things that they consumed while they were kids"

During the fake pandemic, I was obsessed with watching noir films from the thirties, forties, fifties, even a little bit of the sixties. And what shocked me was how much different our country was back then. People cared how they looked. Although tattered and ripped, even a homeless man was depicted in a suit. The thing is, back then, he was homeless not because he wanted to be by choice – unlike a lot of homeless people today, because they've been completely demoralized and know they don't have a country anymore. So what's the point? Everyone is just a doomer and a druggie. Look, everyone's on drugs because it's a cope. It's a defense mechanism in a sense of a world gone awry. Having no connection to your country and fellow man. Having zero connection, you need to escape it somehow. It's not the right thing to do or the right way to handle it, but you have to ask yourself, why are people on drugs? Why are people tak-





The many faces of Josh Lekach: courageous truth-teller, father and husband, beach bum




WRONG
OPINION
WITH JOSH LEKACH



ing fentanyl? Why are people choosing to be homeless? It's because we have nothing. It's gone. And you want to see how gone it is? Go watch any movie from the thirties, forties, fifties, and sixties. That country no longer exists and it's never, ever gonna come back.

Take Japan. Everyone there takes pride in their work. If you're a garbage man, your goal is to be the best garbage man to ever exist because you have pride in your work. There are very few places left like that in the world. I'm living in a place that's the exact opposite of that, Costa Rica. If something breaks, someone will "get to it", which means sometime in the next two weeks. The world without the white man attitude, the classical European attitude, is not a world that anyone is going want to live in. And the Europeans are the ones who are genociding themselves, which deserves some explanation. But watch any of those movies and you can see a taxi driver or a milkman or whatever, and they're dressed to the nines. They're clean, they're respectful. They're proud of their jobs. And you might be like, "Well, Josh, those are movies, movies are fake." To an extent, but they *are* a reflection of the time. It's not like they're science fiction and completely exagerrated. These movies are not entirely different from how it was, from how things worked. And the more you dilute a society and erode what makes a country a country, the less you're going to have something that makes us great. And that's where we are now.

So I don't even think we have a real culture anymore. So when there's a cultural phenomenon that happens like Barbenheimer, it's almost a cheap knockoff of what we used to have every day. But it was nice to get a taste of that, and that's exactly how I feel about Trump. I love Trump, and there's a reason why he's so popular. It's because we're all clamoring for some sort of hope. It was nice while he was in office that, although the media hated him, academia, entertainment, everyone hated him, it was nice to feel like there might be hope for the future of the country. It was nice to have pride in our country once again, even though if it's just chanting USA at a sporting event, which again is a taste of what American life was for everyone. It was a little glimmer of what we used to just be.

"Take Japan. Everyone there takes pride in their work... There are very few places like that left in the world"

Agreed. This is what MAGA is about. Another topic I enjoy discussing with you are of course conspiracy theories (we covered a few during our call for my podcast last year). You recently recorded a WRONG OPINION episode on Obama, his chef's mysterious death, and his past gay lovers. Particularly loved your Manchurian Candidate reference in there.

I've always been into conspiracy theories. I don't believe in all of them, like some people do – which is kind of what the powers-that-be want you to do as it muddies the waters, confuses people and makes them paranoid and distrustful of more or less everybody around them.

But one of the conspiracies I believe is that Obama was groomed for the presidency, and this is something I believed right before he was running for president, when he became very popular. I thought "This guy's weird, he came out of nowhere, he's not to be trusted". My bullshit alarm was going off... And I wasn't even a Republican. I wasn't a Democrat, I was libertarian. But this was clearly not a real grassroots thing. He's an actor. He even got training. He had a voice coach who was a black, semi-famous actor in Hollywood. You can look that up. I think Obama was groomed since birth. His mom was CIA, and I don't think his dad was really the African guy. I think it was the Indonesian guy, he was a general or something. I don't think he was born in the US, and they killed the lady who knew about the birth certificate. She was the only person who died on a very, very safe plane that crashed, a Cessna Grand Caravan, which my family used to have one of

those. They're insanely safe. Race relations were fine before Obama. I mean, they were kind of fine. But it did a whole 180 after that. The guy did the opposite of unifying the country.

What about covid, when did you realize it was a PSYOP?

The covid scam was interesting because in hindsight it was completely absurd. To be honest, when it was first happening, I bought it for the first couple of weeks. The only reason I did was because I got covid before anyone was talking about it other than Tucker. And it completely wiped me out. It was unlike anything I had ever gotten before. In retrospect, it did feel unnatural. I asked the doctor, "Do you think it's Covid?" and they said, "I don't know what that is." It didn't seem like this "plan". You know, this Bill Gates-Fauci-World Economic Forum plan to overthrow Trump. I don't know if it originally was that, but it became that very quickly, in a very savvy way. The masking and the lockdowns – once they started going aggressive with that, and once the whole world fell in line immediately, very quickly, it all unraveled. And you understood immediately if you were just paying attention what it was actually meant to be. It was a tool to overthrow Trump, to steal the election, and it was a massive test. A test to see if people would comply, which they did. In a world full of competent, strong men, this wouldn't have been able to happen. But we live in a world full of cozy people, people who are not only in a perpetual state of adolescence, but in a perpetual state of coziness and comfort. They were welcoming the lockdowns. They're like, "Ah, it's gonna be a little break". Oh, okay, so you don't see what's coming. You're *that* pacified.

Tell us more about your temporary relocation to Costa Rica, and how you navigated the plandemic while starting a young family.

I relocated my wife and son to Costa Rica about two years ago so we could be closer to my parents (we live in the same building as them, right on the beach). It's been nice but I don't see us staying here forever. I'd love to go back to the States but with everything being how it is, I'm not sure specifically where we would move back to. I feel like a nomad, but I'd like to feel tied to my country. I wish I could call it my home. A part of me would love to live in an old European town, somewhere walkable with rich history and traditional beauty. We'll see.

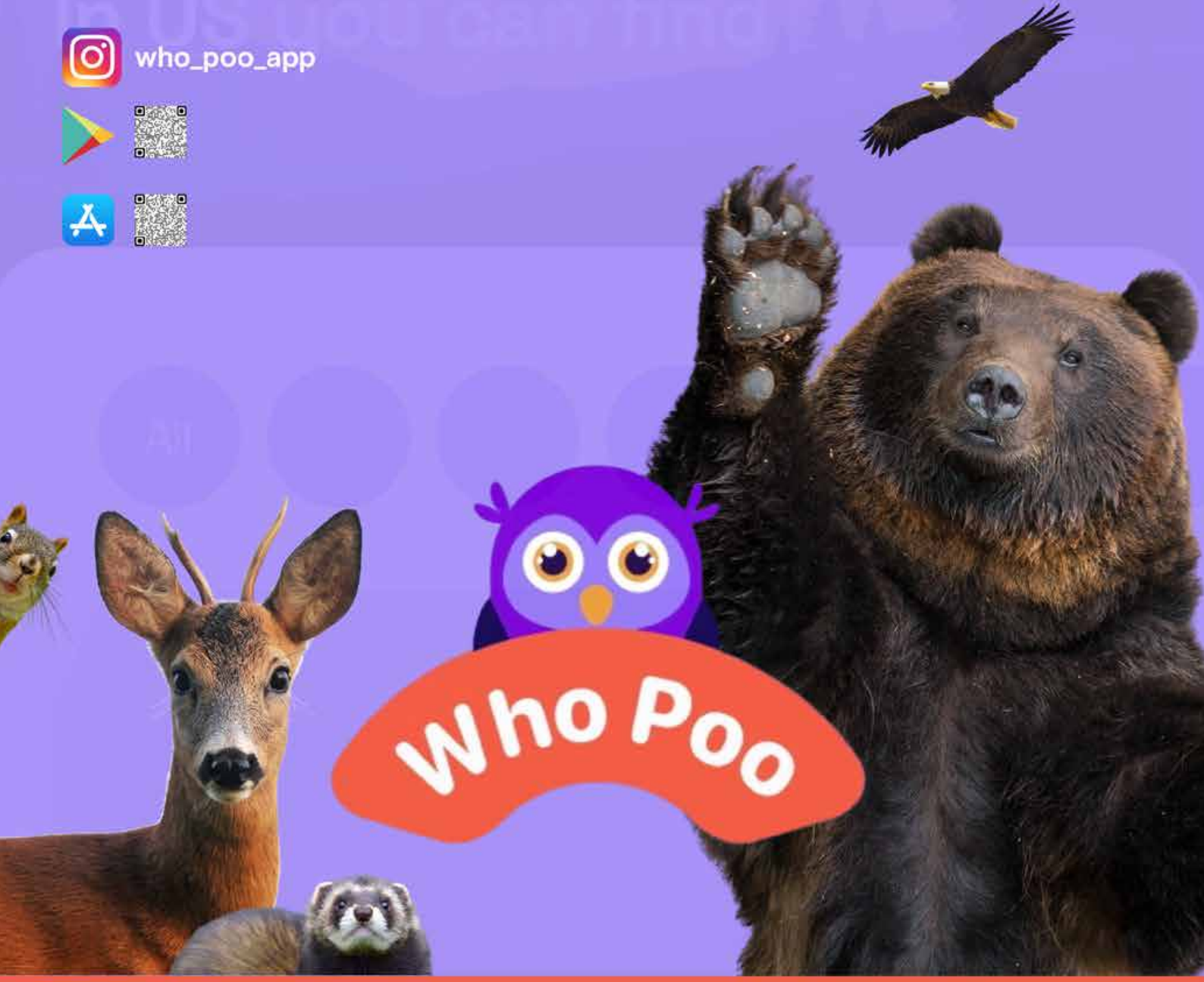
"Covid reignited my hatred and skepticism towards experts. I've never liked them"

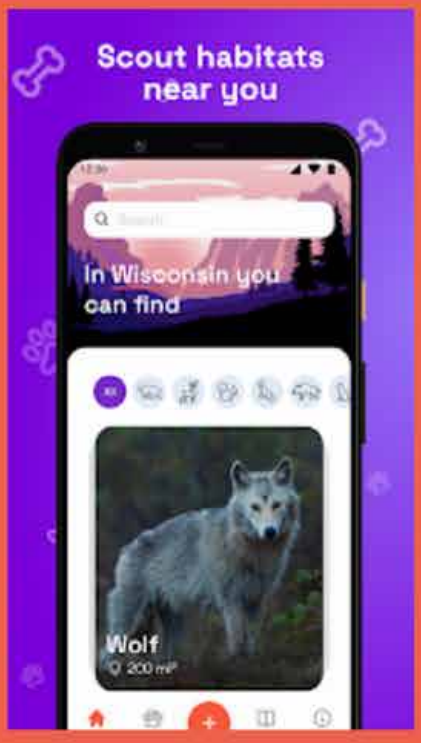
The fake pandemic was actually beneficial for me, not because I got rich off of it like many people I know, but because that's when I decided to marry my wife. You can take any terrible situation and flip it around. Another positive outcome regarding Covid was that it reignited my hatred and skepticism towards experts. I've never like them but I rarely questioned health ones because I didn't realize how political health had become. Just like Trump exposing the media for being completely fake and gay, covid exposed health experts as being nothing but snake-oil salesmen. If Covid had never happened, my two children would have been vaccinated and I would hate to think about what the possible repercussions would have been.

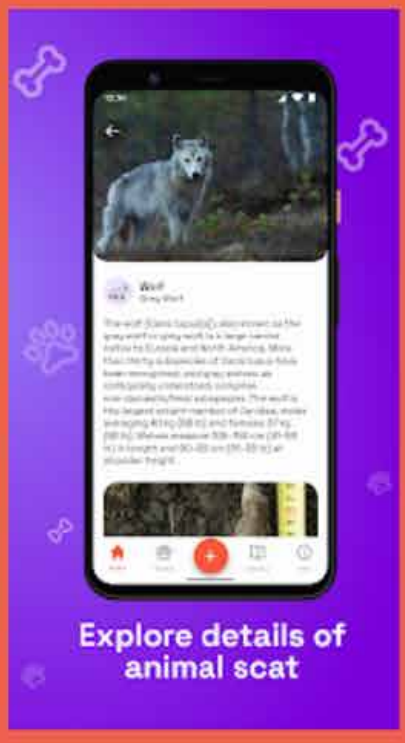
Undoubtedly having children changes everything in one's life, let alone during such times. How has it impacted the work you do?

Having kids has made me way more hyper-focused with everything going on. Once you have a family you are in charge of one small unit standing up against globohomo. You are what they hate. You have skin in the game. Everything is at stake. I wrote a little e-book called *The Manual* as a guide for young men and how they should and can navigate our gay modern world. It's a great tool for my son just in case I did prematurely. Essentially, it's the guidance that I would've wanted when I was 18

who_poo_app


Who Poo


Scout habitats near you
In Wisconsin you can find
Wolf
200 mi²


Explore details of animal scat


Be prepared for your next adventure



Who Poo is a new wildlife app for hikers, dogwalkers, hunters and outdoorsmen. Designed for Americans who don't always fit in an urban cage, let's make it a Who Poo summer! Containing an interactive library, Who Poo explores wild animals and their scat near you. Who Poo uses your location to show animals that may be nearby. A filter feature in the library allows users to input scat dimensions and animal track features to find matching wildlife. The library includes photos from President Theodore Roosevelt's North American hunting journals. Who Poo users can also upload their own photos to complete the in-app encyclopedia. Who Poo is currently free and available for download from Google Play and Apple stores.

whopooapp.com

as I mentioned earlier.

Along with what you've written in *The MANUAL*, which MAN'S WORLD readers will no doubt enjoy, can you tell us what is masculinity to you in a nutshell?

Masculinity is simple. Never let the demoralization campaign win, there are always ways to navigate and outmaneuver the modern world. Be a shield for your family.

You're also preparing a version of *The MANUAL* for women, following the birth of your daughter just a few months ago. Can you give us a little teaser of what you will be covering in that e-book?

The manosphere focuses on bettering men. So I am not seeing many self-help people release anything substantial for women. Maybe it takes a man's perspective to help in a positive way. I want to tell women and my daughter later on to go for the guy who is assertive and confident, but not a dick. Many men make the mistake of being an asshole because they think that's what women want. What many don't realize is that you can be assertive and a nice guy at the same time, and that's the balance you need to achieve. If you're a woman that's what you should look for, and if you're a guy that's what you should aspire to be.

From our conversations and your video, we also seem to share an interest in survivalism and preparedness for what's ahead. How are you prepping for the next few years?

It's really hard to plan, honestly. We're in Costa Rica right now, where we have a farm and animals so for the time being that's a nice way to be as self-sustainable as possible. But I couldn't bring my guns. I left my firearms with my brother in Los Angeles and feel naked without them here. Crime is kind of getting bad because of the open borders in the United States. People are pouring into Costa Rica on their way to the US, and some stay here. So there are consequences to Joe Biden's presidency that we feel in Costa Rica as well.

"I kind of wish Bukele, El Salvador's president, just took over all of Central America. That'd be great"

I kind of wish Bukele, El Salvador's president, just took over all of Central America. That'd be great. And then just call himself emperor. The people in power here don't seem to be doing anything to combat that kind of stuff, because just like in the States, they'll arrest someone and release them back on the streets later on. The only thing I know about the next few years is that I don't think we'll be living in Costa Rica. I just don't know where we'll be. It's going to be very hard to figure out where, because it's very hard to predict where things are going. In a just world, Trump wins easily 2024, and then he's able to do his job as the president. But as we saw in 2016, it's impossible. Even if he wins, it's going be difficult for him to operate. So I don't know. I always say that if my wife and I were orphans and we didn't have our extended family, we would probably be living in a beautiful, walkable city in Italy. There's nowhere in the world right now that's stable. So you just have pick and choose what you're willing to sacrifice in order to have some sort of stability. Italy has its own problems, but there are beautiful, walkable, old cities that seem great. So I would like that.

You're also into health and diet, and aware of the perverted science around food — like many of us MAN'S WORLD readers.

Well, I trust the right-wing anons on Twitter, rather than the news or science or anyone who pushes the food pyramid. I've learned a lot from right-wing anons. I never knew about beef liver for example until people like Sol Brah, Carnivore Aurelius, and Paul Saladino – who's not an anon or I don't even know if he's right wing or anything – but they all started talking about these things, and also Raw Egg Nationalist, who was talking

about slonking and the benefits of eggs. You hear all these so-called studies about how these foods are bad for you, and then you're like, no, they're not. Because if you're like me, you like to use your body as a science experiment and test these things out, and not only do they work, but you realize these sorts of foods are medicine. That's how powerful they are. We're taught since birth to look at food as something that is just supposed to taste good and that you can enjoy like a form of entertainment, which it is, because going out to eat is a social thing and humans are social animals. But what they never, ever teach you is that food is medicine. If you don't have nutrient dense food when you're growing up and just don't know that's the purpose of food, once you have it after not having it, it's almost like you've been fasting your whole life. And then when you have a piece of liver, which is disgusting, or oysters, that's so nutrient-dense you actually feel the power and you're like, "Wait, I didn't know that you could feel that power from food!" I thought you could only feel the effects of stimulants from caffeine, or nicotine which I think is good for you, or from an energy drink. I didn't know you could feel stimulated like a drug from food. So I started listening to people whose credentials I don't really know, but who made sense. And that's again about going with your gut. I've never once needed to see any sort of studies done by any of these people like Raw Egg Nationalist; although he does have threads on Twitter that document it all. I don't even read them 'cause I'm like, "Okay, yeah, eggs are good". I don't need to know why you're right, the ingredient is egg. I get it, I understand.

Aside from your insights we can find in *The MANUAL*, do you have any parting words of wisdom you'd like to share with the MAN'S WORLD community?

Get married and make as many babies as possible. Never ever get a divorce.

"If you're like me, you like to use your body as a science experiment and test these things out"

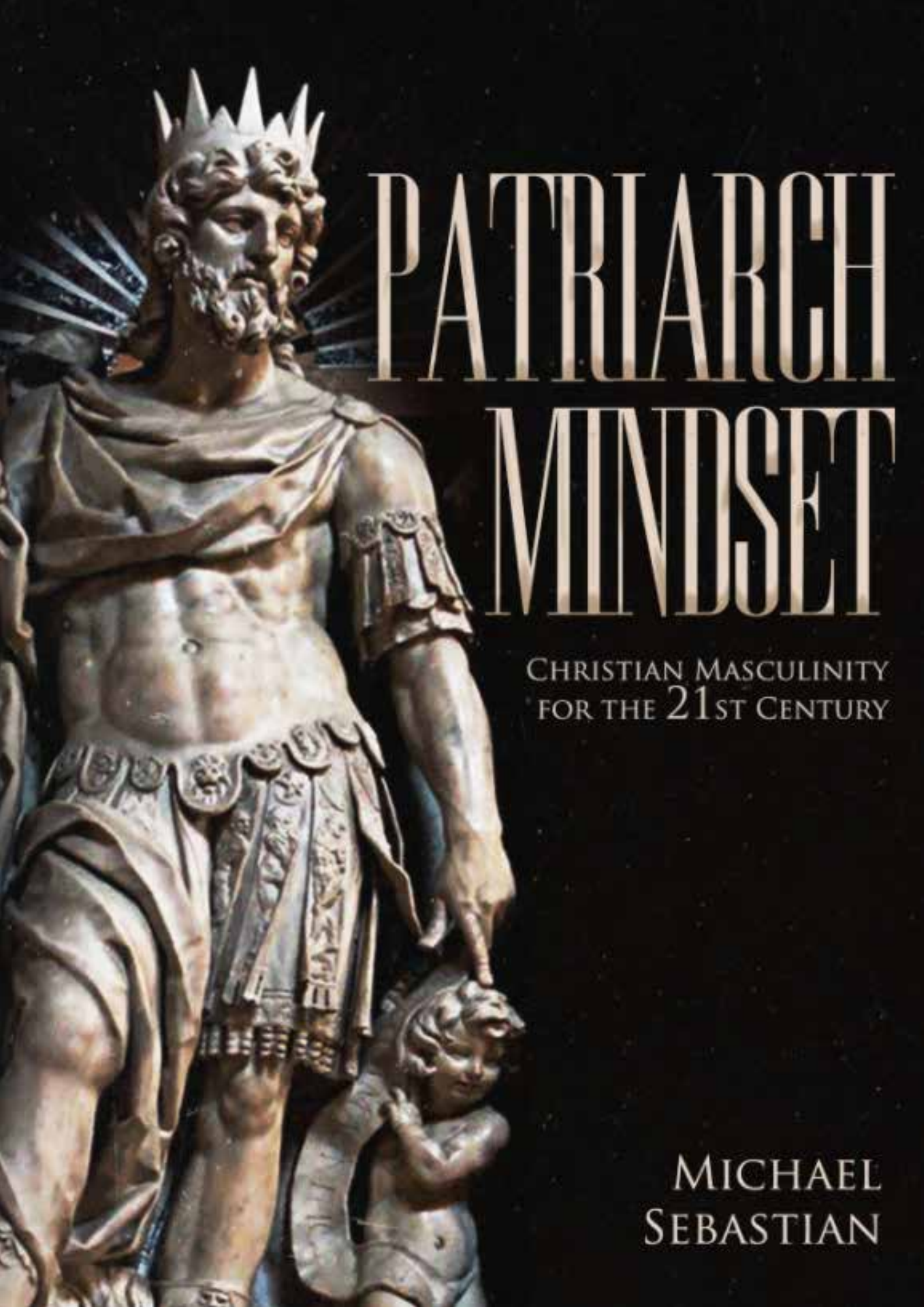
And finally, what else is in store for you, where can we find your content and how can we support your work?

Gumroad is the best place (wrongop.gumroad.com). I have my show there. Because of the work I'm doing in Los Angeles now, I'm only doing my show on Gumroad once a week, but it's still really, really good. It's quality over quantity in my opinion. My eBooks are on there as well. All of that helps. I'm also live on Saturdays on censored.tv, and that's basically it. The thing I'm working on in Los Angeles, I can't really talk about just yet, but I think it's going be interesting and I am going to get hate from all sides. That actually happened recently, I got hate from all sides because of a tweet that has over 30 million views. Conservatives were going after me, liberals were going after me – everyone was going after me. It's kind of interesting because I think it's gonna happen more when people find out what I've been working on in Los Angeles. But I just don't care though. I've never been a part of a side or group. I'm on the side of who I align with philosophically and politically, but I'm not a part of a group and I've never really been a part of a group. And I do see value in groups, but what we have now, for the most part, it's like a weird, synthetic fake version of what being a part of a group used to be. At least the Proud Boys meet up in real life, but most of these other groups are online. It's for people who just live online and I can't imagine like men's groups of a hundred years ago or more being happy with what we've built nowadays. So I can't be bothered with being a part of a specific group. Not only because if I'm a part of a specific group, I am tied to the sins of the group and I don't want to, because, if I agree with a group, but I disagree with them about one thing, that's still gonna be stuck on me, you know? I have a family also, I don't need a group.

Darren Beattie / Alex Sheppard /Joe Kent / Amanda Milius / Richard Poe / Ned Ryun / Raw Egg Nationalist / Kash Patel / General Flynn AND MANY MORE



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PATRIARCH MINDSET

Christian Masculinity for the 21st Century

Michael Sebastian





Fedro Gonzalez

“If Mexican food isn’t head and shoulders above European food, explain pork slop mountains with tortillas. You can’t.”



ON MARRIAGE

It's not easy to make a marriage work today. The best advice is from somebody who has made their marriage work or, better yet, both parties

by CHARLES HAYWOOD

Men on the Right spend a great deal of time improving ourselves. We improve our diet through changing the foods we eat; we improve our strength through weight training; we improve our minds through reading forbidden books. Too often, though, we neglect the most important dimension of our society — ensuring a healthy, productive relationship between men and women. Instead, we mutate and abandon our natural purposes and drives, adopting new unnatural modes and orders dictated to both men and women by those who would destroy our society. Unlike with many of the other problems we face, however, we can largely fix this problem by our own



efforts.

I am not here to offer dating advice. I am too remote from that world to speak competently of it, although I hear it is a hellspace. Rather, our focus today is marriage. What does a good marriage look like, and what actions can a man take to make and keep his marriage sound, and beneficial to him and to those around him? Lest you think that I am just another "influencer," peddling impossible or irrelevant schemes to the gullible, promising happiness if you sign on with a renewing monthly payment, I will offer my bona fides. I have been married for twenty-one years, to a woman born in Australia. Together we have five children. Our partnership has been extremely successful, not only in raising those children, none of whom are criminals and all of whom seem happy, but in starting two successful businesses.

In almost everything I do in the public sphere, my wife is active behind the scenes — sometimes directly, in review of and comment on particularly important pieces I write, and sometimes indirectly, in their formation through our many daily conversations. Today is special, however, because in a few sections, those italicized, she will speak in her own voice. Yes, this is MAN'S WORLD, but you will be the better, and more informed, for hearing from her. *We talk about everything. We joke that we are the same person. We have been called a "self-contained unit," and have surprised people with our "hive mind."*

Everything is harmonized before it leaves our home. We also present a united front to our children. Even though there is no daylight between us, they work hard to find cracks — which is why we say, channeling our former lawyer selves, "no forum shopping." Joking aside, we are not, in fact, the same person. We are masculine and feminine. We recognize the need for each of us to have time with our friends in male-only and female-only spaces.

Nothing I say here is truly new; it has only been forgotten or distorted. More so than for many of the problems we face, a return is possible, rather than only the creation of something new, informed by the wisdom of the past. True, under modern conditions, how men and women interact, in some cases, must be adjusted to our new technological realities. And, most importantly, it is no use to pretend we can take advantage of key social structures and behaviors to help us, when those structures and behaviors no longer exist, and are often not even remembered, or if remembered, are remembered falsely. They may be rebuilt, they should be rebuilt, but today, we have to deal with the world as it is.

It might be objected that no marriage is perfect, though I will say mine comes close. But the point is to aim towards perfection; that should be the goal of every endeavor of every man. This may seem a tall order, especially in this age of propaganda designed to convince you that a good marriage is impossible, and you should settle for hookups or a polycule. Fortunately, men on the Right are better positioned than most. They are usually firmly based in reality, and that makes it easier to implement reality. Moreover, the improvements that men on the Right set themselves—self-sufficiency; bodily strength; discipline; and many similar—often directly contribute to the success of marriage.

With that in mind, let's discuss nine major principles around which a man today should revolve his marriage. I note that the arc of a marriage starts long before the marriage, so to some degree these principles apply before marriage, during what used to be called courtship. Therefore, even if you are fifteen years old and far from finding your future wife, you will benefit from pondering and acting on what we say here.

The first principle is that a good marriage is a true partnership — but one in which each spouse participates unequally in nearly every aspect of the couple's joint life. The man and woman each has, both by nature and by choice, his or her own sphere. Some of those spheres are obvious. Most broadly, the man defends the family, the woman nurtures it, whether that is a just-married couple or a family with ten children. Each sphere is first dictated by the nature of each sex, and within that frame, by the personality of the man and woman involved.

By "nature", I do not mean only biological imperatives, but the virtues that are honed versions of the biological imperatives. For men, the positive virtues include physical bravery ranging towards aggression; self-reliance; protection at any cost of his family, friends, and others deserving of protection; the handling and use of physical things; the creation of order; tight control of emotion; provision for his family; and bold, quick action. For women, the positive virtues include nurture; kindness; grace; empathy for people and creatures; the creation and formation of life; counsel before action; cooperation; and passing wisdom down through the generations. Together, in different measure for different people, these virtues of a man and woman combined form a whole.

For men, however, these formed virtues, while in part instinctual, often have a greater learned, volitional component than do women's virtues, where the actions following from the instinct can be eroded, but are more instinctual. Once this necessary formation of men was inculcated by the broader society. A man's mother and father, his extended family, his schoolmates and schoolteachers, and everyone else whose opinion he valued demanded specific behavior from a man. But except perhaps among the Amish, a man is no longer molded in this way, and so must be largely himself responsible for ordering and training himself in order to fulfil his role in the marriage partnership. His wife should, and he should encourage his wife to, and with luck she will automatically, also encourage a man rising to these expectations.

But whatever the sphere, and whatever matter is to be decided upon or administered, you should expect overlap in responsibility with your spouse, and always support the other entirely. That does not mean that disagreement should not occur, although the presumption should be that the spouse whose sphere is at

"THE POINT IS TO AIM TOWARDS PERFECTION; THAT SHOULD BE THE GOAL OF EVERY ENDEAVOR OF EVERY MAN"

issue should make decisions. Disagreement should be handled gently. I am notoriously sensitive to criticism (by people I love; I don't care what people on the internet say). Thus, it is a running joke when I do something in a way that my wife thinks, usually correctly, should have been done differently, that when she says it should have been done differently, she is not criticizing, she is "encouraging me to do better." *But whether there is perfect agreement or substantial disagreement, be kind to each other. Say "Please" and "Thank you" often. It's easy to divide up the world and let your other half take care of things, but everyone likes to be acknowledged for his efforts. Saying thank you for clean sheets and the trash taken out may seem small, but it adds up to an atmosphere of mutual respect and regard.*

A second, related, principle is that each spouse must commit fully to his or her roles. *Men: Protect, care, support and love your wife. You should be proud to be able to have your wife stay home and be with your children. You should do everything you can to make this possible. You should show what it means to be a gentleman to your children. Open doors, carry heavy things, offer to do the dirty jobs and help her when she's flagging. One of the sexiest things Charles ever did was arrive from work one summer evening while I was talking to a tradesman in the driveway with a baby on my hip and a toddler underfoot. He barely broke his stride, kissed me hello, plucked the baby from my arms and took the kids inside so I could finish the conversation without distraction. He showed he loved me, he respected my household authority, he supported me and he showed our children how to be kind. Of course, anytime my husband shows that he is capable and competent, from punching out numbers on the calculator to installing new lights in the house I'm very appreciative. A handy, manly husband is very sexy indeed.*

Women: Be feminine, embrace motherhood, make your home beautiful and welcoming. Delight in these things. You should approach being a mother and a wife like it's your job — because it is. The world tells us that children are a burden, that we should complain a lot and drink even more. I'm not opposed to a lovely glass of wine, but don't put alcohol in your water bottle. Being a mother is not a sacrifice. You don't have to give up your brain or your education because you have children. You will be stretched and tested in ways you cannot imagine as a parent, and it will be worth it. There are days when I'm harried and beat down dealing with the moods, hormones and learning moments of five children. The joy when a teenager offers to make tea after a spat, or a toddler wraps you in a hug with Eskimo kisses after a meltdown at the store, is beyond compare.

A third principle is that the man should not subordinate himself in the marriage. This challenge arises because our rulers demand a man deem himself inferior, in order to atone for supposed masculine toxicity and the imaginary patriarchy and its imaginary crimes. In his nature, however, a man bridles at subordination, which is why subordination degrades his meaning as a man, and as a husband. Along these lines, when we were first married, I often heard variations on the admonition "happy wife, happy life." This is terrible advice. On the contrary, a man does not owe his wife happiness; most of all, he owes her loyalty at any cost, that he will always do objective right by her. A man has no obligation to strive endlessly to make his wife happy (a goal anyway impossible for anyone, for himself or others, if one aims directly at it). If she makes his life miserable by her fancies and demands for "happiness" when he does his duty, what the relationship needs is repair, rather than more effort to please by the husband.

Do not insist on having your own way or on telling your spouse "the way it's going to be." Ladies, this does not make you a girl-boss, strong or fierce. It makes you a harridan. Do not use tears or emotional manipulation to get your way either. It's lazy and disrespectful. Men should not be impatient and should take the time to listen. If you want your partnership to work, you


Wha

ANTELOPE HILL



need to communicate and recognize that you have different sensibilities. Let the masculine and feminine complement and temper each other rather than clash.

A fourth principle is that the relationship between husband and wife is the most important one in the home. This means, most of all, that you should avoid "focus on children," in general, and especially at the cost of focusing on each other. A good marriage, and a bad marriage, greatly affect children, to a degree not always obvious, but this is organic, not something that needs extra focus. *Our relationship is the best gift we can give our children. Not only are we modeling what a great relationship looks like, we are giving them security. Our relationship, no matter where we are in the world or what we are doing, gives them a sense of home and orients them to beauty and goodness. In our marriage we begin to get a taste of what it is to love as God commands us to and to imagine how God sees and loves us. Every night we have "Sacred Mummy and Daddy Time." Children are not invited. By making our relationship a priority, we see each other fully and we can grow as a couple and help each other grow as individuals.*

The spousal relationship, and the family relationship, however, is not static. You should be prepared to grow together and as a family. As the saying goes, the one constant in life is change. You may end up exactly where you expected to in life — but the path to that point may not be as expected. How you react to the changes in terrain will impact your relationship. A little grace goes a long way.

A fifth principle is that a man should ignore the vast majority of advice from the internet (other than this outstanding piece, of course). He should start by ignoring Andrew Tate (about whom another whole article could be written, and maybe I will), but in general, he can get more good advice from reading old literature than watching YouTube. For example, as a result of following bad advice from annoying influencers, men today often think they are demonstrating masculinity by stating rigid "rules" for their roles within a marriage, to which they demand their wife adhere. It is crucial to remember that spheres are porous, and there is nothing worse, in married life as elsewhere, than hanging your hat on "That's not my job." The reality that child care is primarily the responsibility of the woman, for example, does not mean the man is degraded by assisting with care. Pernicious influencers of the Tate sort, in general, try to recast vices as virtues — for after all, the vices are attractive, which is why they are always a problem. In short, you should question any advice you come across that plays to the vanity of men, especially if you are asked to pay for the advice.

The sixth principle is that the expectations of society should be presumed false and harmful. For example, a married couple should strive mightily to have the wife not work outside the home, even before children, and definitely after children. Women are lied to, and have been for decades, that what matters is a woman's self-actualization in the public world, contributing to GDP and being able to buy designer bags, rather than marriage and children being her self-actualization.

We were not immune to this mind virus when we first fell in love. Both of us were on the partner track at giant Chicago law firms, and we assumed, really without much discussion, that the future involved partnership for both of us, and a big house with nannies for children. We just lived as if my wife would keep working — not because we wanted the money, because we always assumed I, money-obsessed, would make plenty, but because working was what smart and capable women do, isn't it? My wife was constantly propagandized she should not want children, and even believed it, though that changed when she met me. She quit working outside the house before we had children, and never looked back. It worked out for us; if you don't make a different, deliberate choice, it may not work out for you.

Thus, rather than following the herd, be intentional about your family. Marry young, if at all feasible. Plan for children, plan for their education, plan as much as possible where you will live and what your life will look like. This kind of planning involves giving things up to make it possible to have the family life you want. If you want to provide your children a classical Christian education, if you want to live liturgically, then necessarily you have to give up a consumerist lifestyle. Creating a family and a home is the most important thing you will ever do. Make sure everything you do is in support of that. Go to church and find people who will support your marriage.

A seventh principle (and my wife insisted I include this section), is that you should both

make sex a priority, and talk about sex. *When you have sex regularly — and by regularly, I mean at least a couple of times a week — you are much closer. Intimacy makes you kinder and gentler with each other. You are much more likely to laugh, tease, and overlook or forgive the small accidents and trivialities that arise in domestic life if you've just had an orgasm.*

Women tend not to make sex a priority. It's easy to say "not tonight" after a day of children clamoring for your attention and crawling all over you. If you have a job outside the house in addition to your domestic one, then sex gets pushed even further down the list. You must choose to say yes. The benefits are so worth getting to sleep a little later. You'll sleep better! You'll be closer to your husband. Your husband will be happy, and you'll be the reason why. And if you say yes way more than you say no, then you'll get really good at it together. After twenty years of marriage our sex life is way better than we when we were newlyweds, and it keeps getting better. This is because we talk about sex a lot. We talk about sex before, during and after. Sex begets sex, and sex talk does too. If your relationship is not the most important one in the house and if you are not having a lot of sex, then things can easily go the wrong way.

I add that men should absolutely avoid pornography, which is destructive of both a marriage and a man's psyche. I don't need to go into detail; you know I am correct.

An eighth principle is that a good marriage is not a right. It is not something to which you are entitled. I do not mean this in the false sense you often hear, variations on the phrase "Marriage is hard" and "You have to work on your marriage every day," meaning you have to absorb frustrations and disappointments. No doubt every marriage has those, but if you think marriage is hard, you are not doing it right. A well-formed marriage is not hard, but it requires both spouses to enter the marriage with the correct frame of mind. You need to work hard to make yourself a desirable husband. If you are fat and won't leave your house, or if you prefer video games to breadwinning, or if you smoke weed more than once every ten years, it will harm your marriage, and your ability to get married. Similarly for any other behavior showing lack of discipline and lack of character, at any phase from courtship to "death do us part." Don't be a loser. (And, to be sure, you have every right to insist the same of your wife, in the ways relevant to women.)

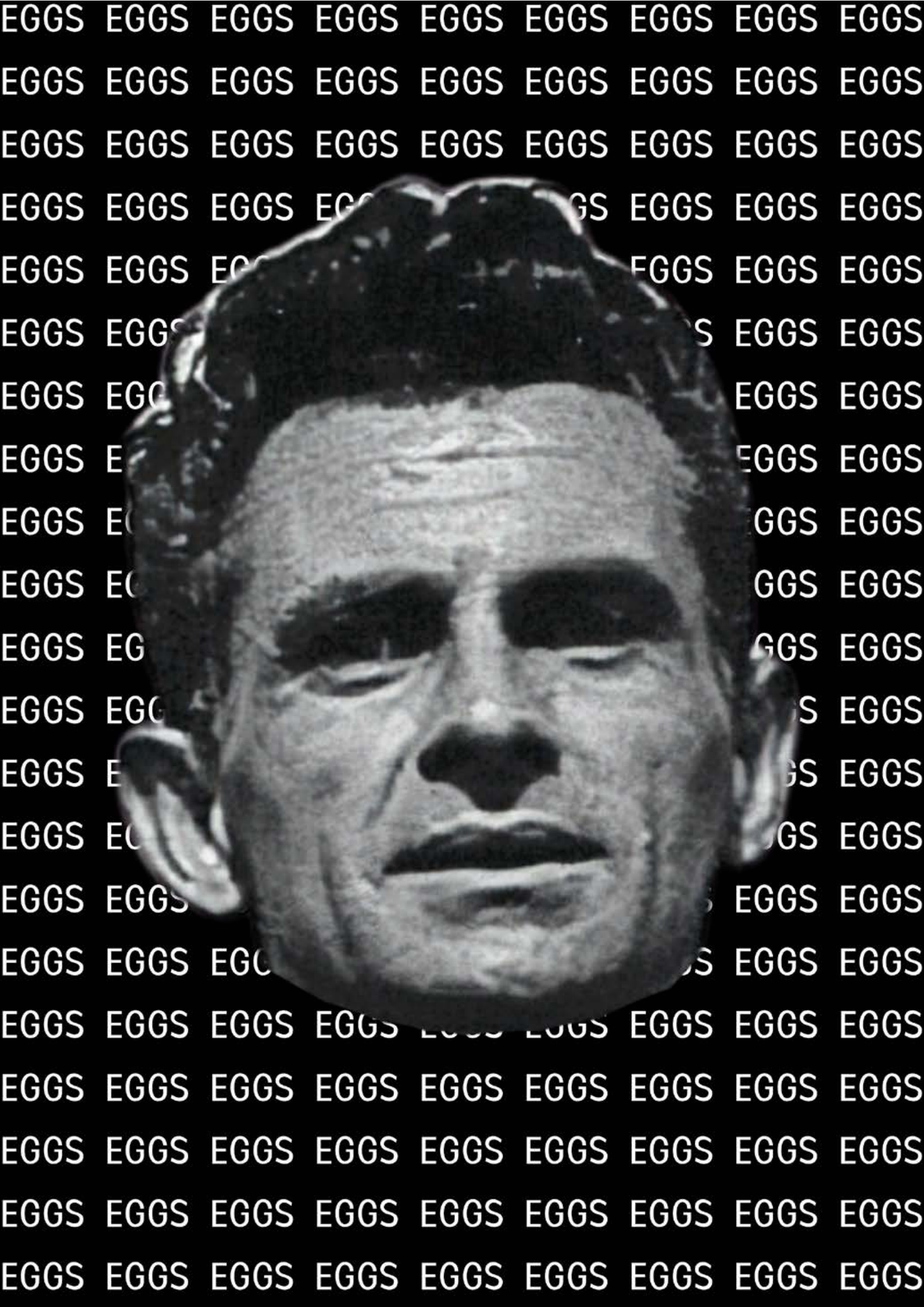
A ninth principle is that stigma should be broadly applied, by a couple's friends and acquaintances, to anyone who misbehaves in a marriage. We moderns are lectured endlessly that stigma is bad, but why? As with stereotypes, the vast majority of which are nearly 100% true, stigma usually exists when it deserves to exist. We have just been enculturated differently by decades of propaganda, which has successfully released everyone from all bonds not continuously chosen, telling us we cannot criticize others (except for the worst sin of all, intolerance, defined as any view on any topic that challenges the Left). On the contrary, we should not only criticize others, but ensure they suffer harsh penalties for socially unacceptable behavior.

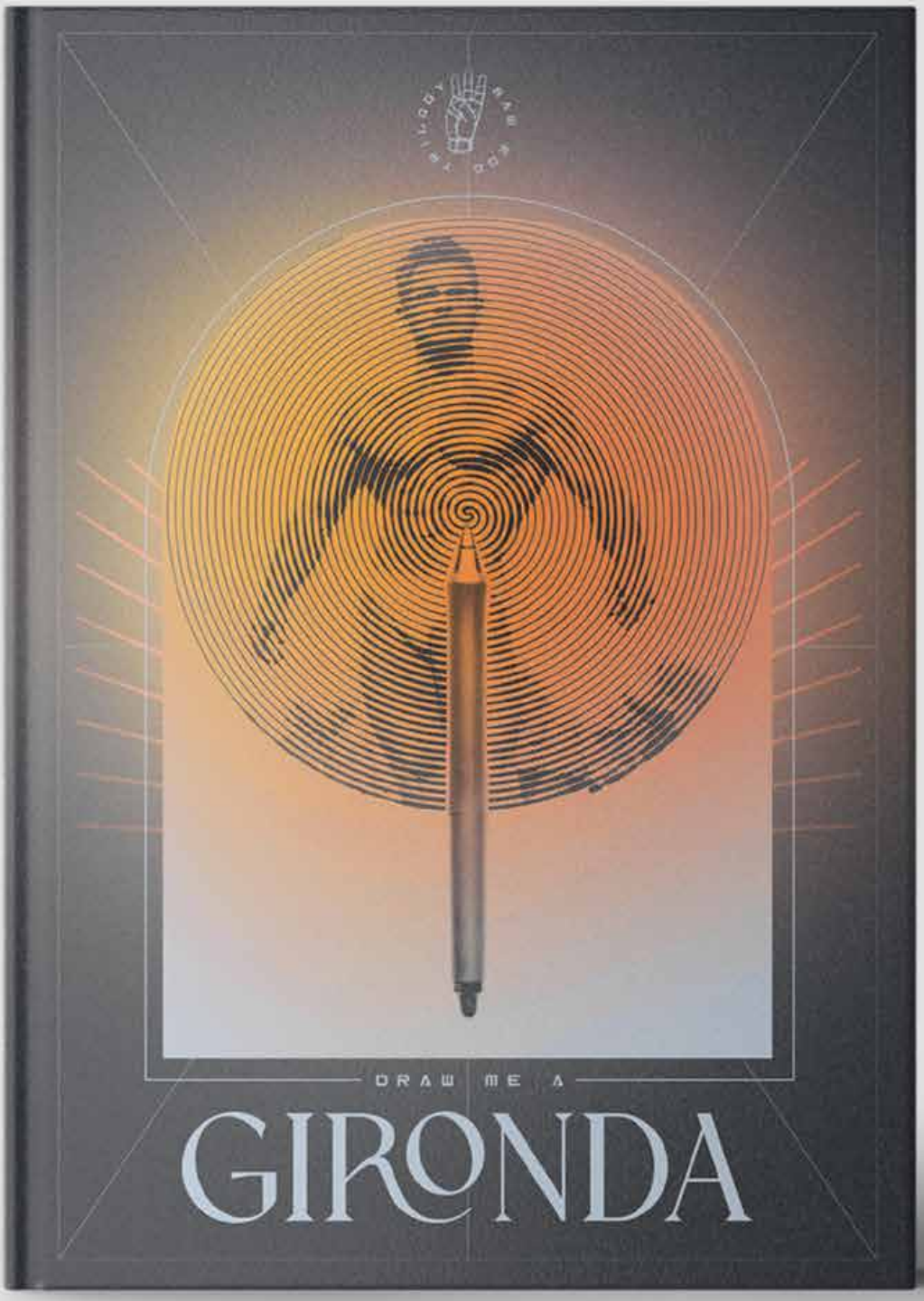
And, finally, even if this is MAN'S WORLD, some advice specifically for women, either directly, as something to be passed on to the women in your life, or something to discuss with a future possible wife:

Don't marry a beta. A lot of marital problems can be avoided if you marry a man who is secure in his masculinity and is sure of what he believes. At the rehearsal dinner for our wedding, I thanked my future mother-in-law because my husband has the greatest sense of right and wrong of any man I ever met. This strong moral compass and understanding of self is one of the rocks on which our marriage is built. A man who approaches the world in a tenuous or hesitant manner will not prove a good husband.

Don't complain about your husband. It's fashionable for women to complain about how hopeless their husbands are, how stupid and incapable. This is a sure way to breed contempt. Women initiate the majority of divorces and often cite the fact that their husbands don't "help" enough around the house or fail to step up. Maybe those men are tired of being criticized, maybe they can never do anything right, maybe they're emasculated, and they've given up because there's no respect. Maybe those men are tired of you caring more about what another man (your boss) thinks. Noticing all the things your husband does for you and your family is not only good and courteous, it also creates an environment of mutual admiration and support. Instead of complaining, make the extra effort to praise him to your girlfriends and family.

Now, join hands, go, be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth.


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REDNECK WISDOM

IN 95 THESES

by JONAH HOWELL

In the first part of a new series, JONAH HOWELL treats us to some down-home wisdom on every topic you could possibly want to know about

Aye, I, the stock character, the grizzled wizard rocking a wooden chair on my wooden porch by FM-777, looking out at breeze-shook tree-tops, turning a yellow sprig of grass between my teeth. You pass on 777, slouching along the narrow shoulder, reading the illegible streaks of dried mud on your boots like the mystics with their folding tables on Jackson Square across from the Cafe du Monde read the sticky palms of gullible tourists reeling toward Bourbon Street — that is, you're not reading a thing, just staring at the mud, asking it to answer questions it has no business considering. But you look up and see me and think, that man looks like he has his piece to say, and there's an empty chair next to the one he rocks, and so slow, and so you come and I offer you a dimpled plastic cup of sweet iced tea and you sit.

What do you ask me? When, after some pleasantry, you forget that you are the only one in your world, and you learn that you can learn some of my life too, what do you ask me then? I smile to see you leaning into the illusion of my life, thinking it could be important to you. I know you won't come this way again. You never have before. And if you do, some time down the line, well, then. I clear my throat and shift my sprig of grass to the cornerfold of my lips and it bobs as I tell you I moved to this thick-stilted house on the rim of Metairie not ten years back. Just starting to gray, I've lived a full life overseas and in New York City and across the country, and then I came back home, and for what?, you want to know.

I start in on an answer and your interest in me fades as quick as it arose and I see you sadden that you've had me veer from your problems. Graceful as I can, I let my story peter out and give you my best wise-old-man eyes, though I can't be much more than a decade your senior, and I ask you what you'd do with a solution, if I handed you one. Your light is back. You'd treasure it and whatever you gain of it you'll return to me sevenfold. I laugh. I'm no Jesus and I have no words with such power as the Parable of the Talents. You study your boots as though to write a dissertation on their scuffs. I'll be back, I say and disappear through the springed screen door, grass sprig bouncing in my mouth as I step around you.

You rock the chair too fast, all nerves, and my wife Astrid brings the pitcher of tea and introduces herself and refills your glass and laughing says whatever wisdom I might offer came from her, and you agree with all the rough politesse you can scrounge up, in your state, and you do not know how right she is. I take a while to come back through that screen door. When I do, I pitch a spiral notebook on your lap and say, I don't know about your problems in particular, but there's the best I got, in ninety-five careful theses, like Luther. Astrid stares at me and smiles and nods and heads back inside, knowing better than I do the weight of that gesture. You open the notebook. She knows I made a copy, but she knows how close I hold the original. I'd give it to our children, I told her some years back. Later, once you leave, I'll tell her they can make do with a copy. You needed the real article in a way that, if we bring them up right, they never will.

You start to read and close the thing quick and say you'll come and talk with me when you've finished it. A new something in your eyes, a different kind of light than before, like a cave-explorer's headlamp, tells me I'll see you soon but not too soon. You trot off and finally you see the trees, big tall cypress and swamp ash and sometimes, in the wide spaces, a mossed live oak, and on the way home, puddles wash your boots, and when you unlace them and smell the dense sweet musk of your own wet socks and sprawl out on your couch to read my spiral notebook, you do not remember what you'd seen in your boots' cracked mud streaks, and you do not worry about it one bit. On the first blue-lined page you read the title, surrounded by eraser smudges, *What my Child Should Know.*

When I go back in, Astrid finds a new patch of gray. What was it about that kid? I kiss her forehead and pitch my gnawed sprig of grass in the trash. He's not pushed his own life away, I say. He sees the end of the world at the end of his boots, and I don't want him to change. But I could see he would've changed if I didn't give it to him. She sighs and rubs her belly, not yet bulging. You want our kids to be worlds unto themselves. Yes, I fire up the stove to cook her dinner. Risotto, I think, tonight. None of us can help it, being worlds, and at least our babies should know that from the get-go. You've invaded my world, she says. And you, mine, I say. He's your practice-run, she says. You want to experiment on a kid before ours because you love me and what we're creating. I kiss her cheek. She did not ask a question.

The crickets and sheep-bugs have started their bleating, and soon the moon will rise, and somewhere far off, where we cannot yet see it, a pair of stars burns up in its shared orbit, and some astronomer in New Zealand or Indonesia registers the flash as a nova, a birth, and I imagine you, on your couch, your socks' musk fading, and wonder what you'll make of it.

REDNECK WISDOM IN 95 THESES, OR WHAT MY CHILD SHOULD KNOW

I

Wisdom as distance and illusion — The old seem wise to the young because they come from far away — in time rather than space. In the same way, someone from far off can seem wise to a life-long local about his locality. It's the distance. But distance isn't wisdom, but perspective. But then, distance is wisdom. Take it in all four dimensions. I'm from everywhere. Far away and close to home. That swamp-smell is my childhood and graying, but the in-between is foreign. I knew New York as an outsider and became wise to it; now I know the country by Metairie as an outsider and seem wise to it. Oh, "sophisticated," word that I can't navigate. But you — I am distant from you in space and time, so I'm double-wise, double-perspected, can see whole dimensions you've never known. A new dimension, in physics, is just a skinny line that runs ninety degrees away from the rest. This is why it often seems like our words run parallel rather than meeting, though here it's often over ninety de-

grees, not counting the heat index. My job is to give you the materials to bridge that gap. Your job is to find the narrow straits where our parallels nearly meet — and then jump.

2
The one-year rule — "Don't sweat the small stuff." That's good, old wisdom. I take it from my grandfather. But I give you a quantifiable version: If you ask yourself, "Will this matter in a year?", and the question seems absurd, then brush it off. If you can't, then make yourself strong enough to brush it off. You can't know the future. Anything past next week's agenda becomes murky; a year is unfathomable. So if the question, "Will this matter in a year?", requires some thought, then you know you've found a real problem. But if it's obviously absurd, you know you can strike the thing from your list of worries. If you remember this often and hold it close, most worries will be stricken, and the list of those that remain will lead you to the life you really want.

3
Laughter as a diagnostic tool — Laughter isn't a sign of detachment or lightness, but of clarity. Clear thinking about the most serious problems causes laughter — hence dirty sex jokes where sex-talk is taboo, racist jokes where race is a chief issue, wordplay and puns where language is fragile. Humor is a release-valve for high-pressure tensions. If you find yourself habitually joking about some topic, you know that topic is worth serious, even obsessive thought. On the other hand, if you find that you can't joke about something, you know *that* thing is worth still more serious thought because you haven't yet learned to think clearly about it. If a joke offends you, hearing it or thinking it, you know you've found a wall within yourself that you've got to break down, a weakness that prevents you from seeing the world as it is, that prevents you from considering all sides. Anything off-limits to humor is an open wound. You won't act or be your best until you close that wound. So the height of strength, of wholeness, of clear thought, is universal humor. Everything is fair game. But then, there might be a step beyond — where nothing is worthy of a joke because you've become so strong and so clear-minded that nothing presents a serious problem. I haven't taken that step, but someone might.

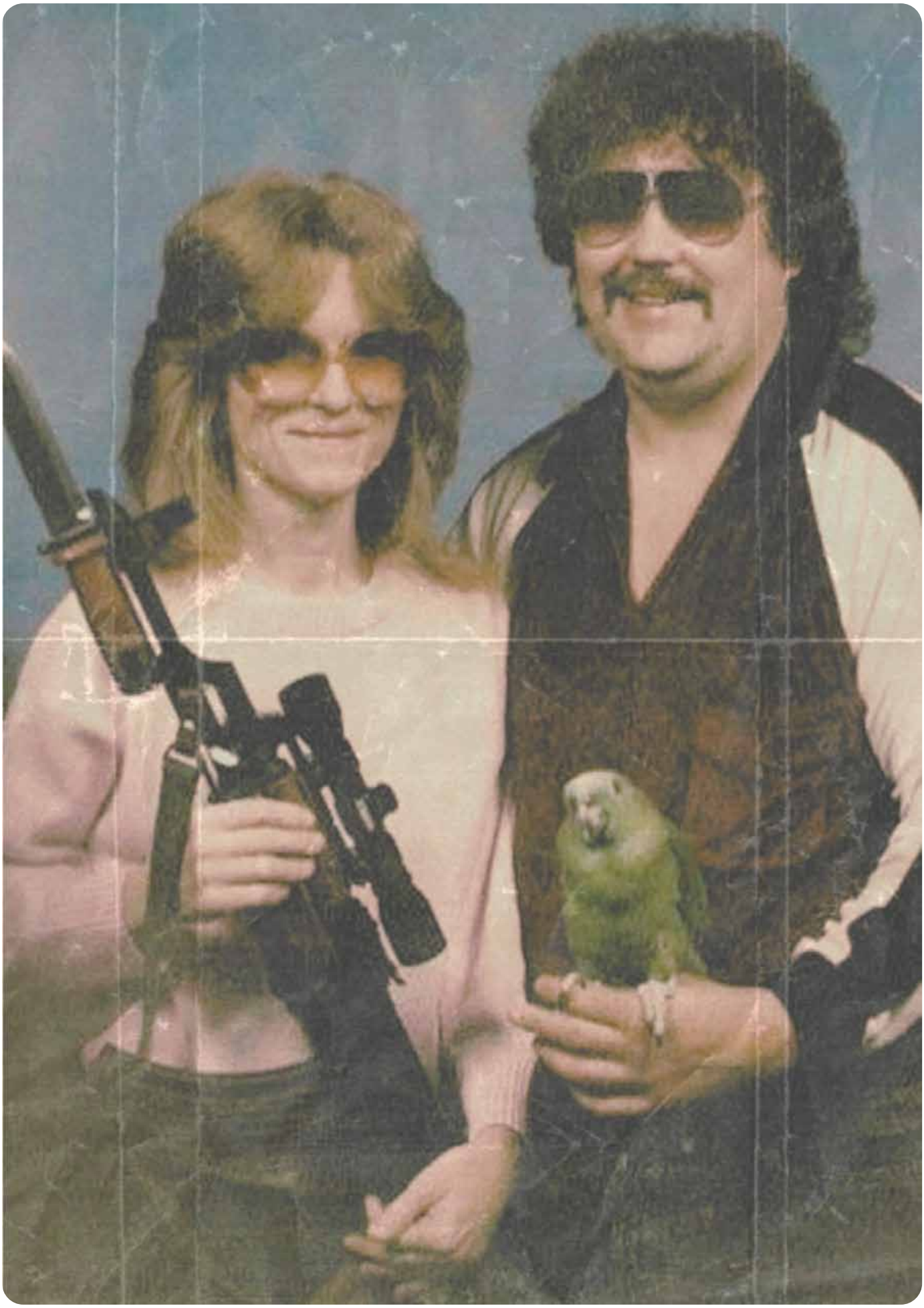
4
Unreachable ideals — People say a religion is a cult whose leader has died, but I have a different definition: I know a religion by its unreachable ideal. In Christianity, from Paul's letter to the Romans: "All have sinned and fall short of the glory of God." In New York I saw a new religion, one that didn't consider itself a religion at all and would be offended by the moniker. This religion expected its adherents to free themselves, not of sin, but of oppressive acts and thoughts: They had to be perfectly anti-racist, anti-sexist, anti-ableist — to see all people simultaneously as equal and as unequal, as harmed to different degrees by a spectral god they called "Power" or "the State" or "systemic." There was an opposing religion there that thought it needed to free itself from all religions and their morals by acting freely in all its impulses — drugs, sex, things less namable. There are other religions not yet named, other unreachable ideals. The ideal of money, that no one who is not perfectly wealthy has achieved completion. The ideal of skill, that no one who is not the perfect Renaissance man has achieved completion. But all these ideals are reachable. Some can eradicate sin. Some can eradicate oppressive acts. Some can be wealthy to the point of abstraction, some can have every skill they work for. But for what? Each, having gained this ideal, has done so by believing the ideal impossible and creating ever-more-exacting standards. "Original sin" is the most obvious of these unfightable self-condemnations. Then, the words in red: "If any of you has anger in his heart for a brother, that is the same as having killed that man." In New York, the subtext: "If you have benefitted from any privilege, you must work until you die to atone for it, and you will never do so." Among right-wing vitalists: "Until you have taken every possible step to maximize your health and energy, you have not arrived." The subtext to each: "You are not allowed to be satisfied with what you are." But you may be satisfied. You may meet your own standards without striving for any unreachable ideal. You may love your life, and though every religion under the sun, even those who swear they are not religions, may prohibit such love, you may love your life, and if you do, you should never feel guilt for that. Some day, you may simply have done what there is to be done. And still, then, you can love your God and know He's never expected from you what religions have.

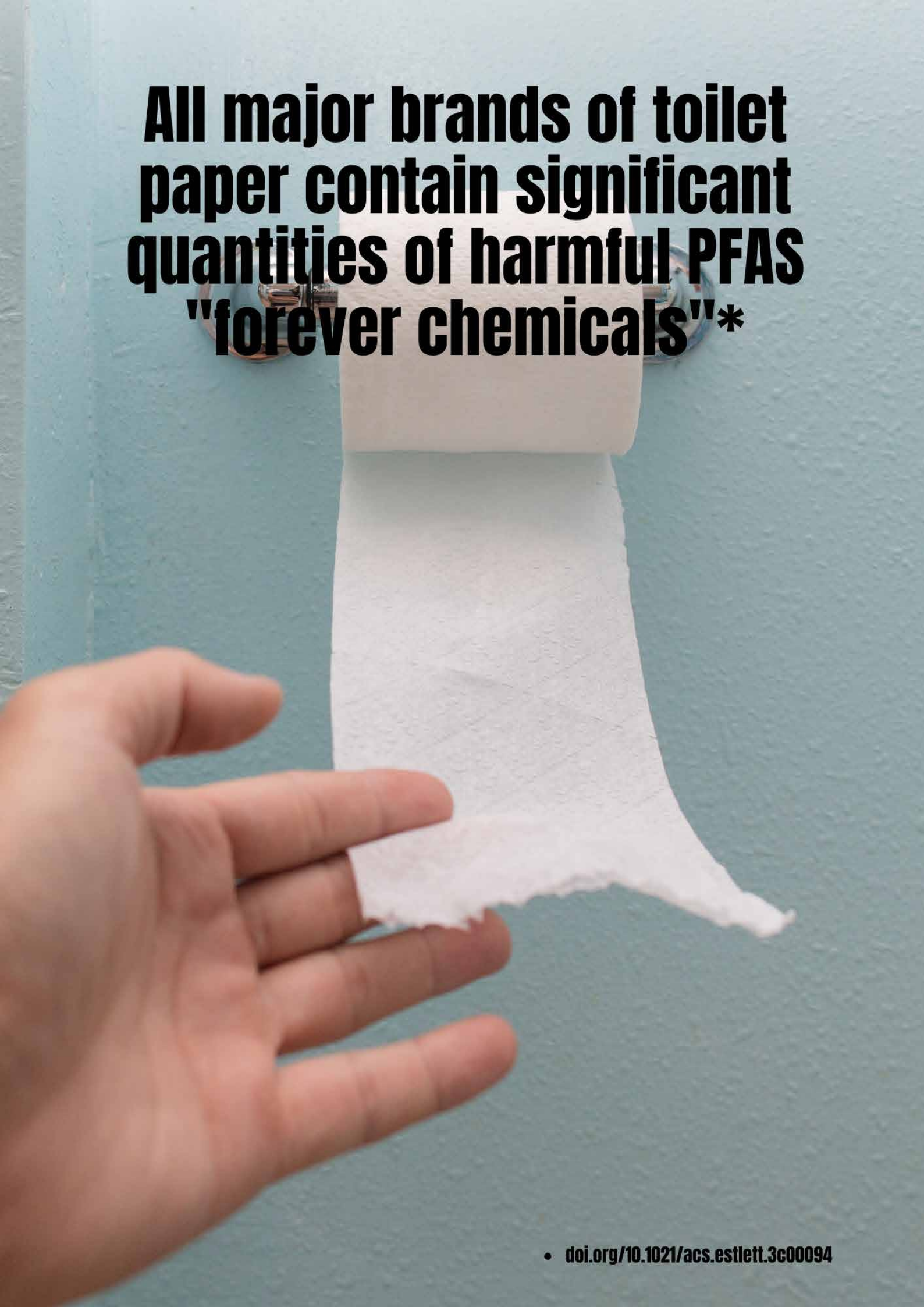
5
Battle of the sexes — The so-called battle of the sexes is first a confusion of the singular for the plural: She's women. I'm men. If you love someone, though, or even if you just know them, you don't need that kind of shortcut to understanding — although it's useful in crowds of people you don't know. That's why tensions run highest about group-based identities in packed cities. Second, the battle of the sexes grows from the moral value placed on victimhood. "The meek will inherit the Earth," Jesus said in the Sermon on the Mount, and after a two-thousand-year game of telephone, we think, "We've got to duke it out for the title of meekest, because where there's a will, we wanna be in it." But between you and your friends, or you and your beloved, fighting for acknowledgement of victimhood is just a deceptive power-struggle that can do nothing but hurt your relationships. If somebody you love has a problem, fix it. Period. But don't try and convince them your problems are comparable, or worse, because the world so loves its victims. Sometimes misery wants relief more than company. You can be in the world and of it and still recognize its flaws.

6
Independence — is overrated. Sure, think for yourself. Keep yourself strong enough to stick to your guns in a firefight, even if you refuse to load them. But in friendship and in love — the two most important things in life, above any glory or greatness the world might offer — independence is weakness. Interdependence is the real achievement, the real strength: To be able to take on those you love as pieces of yourself, even when they're destabilizing pieces. Most marriages end because one or both can't handle that destabilization. (Forget all the statistics about finances.) Lots of friendships end for the same reason. And explosively, because feeling that unity and rejecting it in weakness is like giving yourself an amputation, except there's no anesthetic tough enough for that type of cut.

7
Cycles of guilt — God isn't dead, even to so-called atheists. He's just transformed. Everybody inherits or chooses or is chosen by some religion, some unreachable ideal that shapes life. A psychologist named Jacques Lacan called this the "untouchable object of desire." Some folks live through a huge number of religious phases, and some keep the same un-eatable carrot in front of their eyes their whole lives. But each rests on cycles of guilt. To achieve the ideal, so the common pathology says, requires an infinite series of perfect actions in each day: Cleaning the house, keeping from booze, praying at the appointed times, getting up early, whatever. Every time someone fails at one of these tiny tasks, a little guilt is added to the ledger, and every time someone succeeds, a little pride jots itself in the next column, but the guilt weighs more on that balance sheet, so most folks live in constant flight from tiny guilts. But you don't have to buy into that, even if you choose a religion — if you learn to love your life, you'll love your past because it led you there, so you'll love your unknowable future because your trajectory, even with its plenty tiny guilty potholes, has led you to the life you love. A German philosopher named Friedrich Nietzsche prescribed a "love of fate" as antidote to guilty cycles. A great idea, but missing a step. If you're gonna love your fate, you have to love it secondarily, as the result of a present that you love. Oh, optimism for the future is easy. It's distance, it's alienation. But loving right now, at all times, is harder. That forces you to accept what's real, all God's creation, as lovable because it's real, because God made it. That's divine love. That's the hidden meaning behind Jesus' demand that, if someone slaps you, you should turn the other cheek and let them slap that one too. Imagine the beauty of life if everything that's real is beautiful just because it's real! My grandmother always said, at the first crack of morning, "This is the day the Lord has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it." Because the Lord has made it. Everything you're seeing is the carefully planned and contemplated work of the Master Artist of all master artists. A tiny guilt, in that, is nigh-on blasphemy. If God Himself has set this world before you, and set you in it, and you distract yourself from its beauty by focusing on some tiny guilt… what greater insult could you launch at Him?

7
Cycles of passion — A word from Latin, "passion" originally means "suffering," but now means loving something or someone so much it scorches you — a burning passion, in the heat of passion. Most folks, their cycles of guilt are broken only by cycles of passion, by loving so much it hurts, and they flip




All major brands of toilet paper contain significant quantities of harmful PFAS "forever chemicals"*
• doi.org/10.1021/acs.estlett.3c00094

back and forth between those cycles so violently that the passions are dented or even doused by the guilts. But a passion that sustains is disciplined. Remember the Passion of Christ: From the minute His parents realize, when He's a little kid, that He's stayed back at church to ask the preachers questions, He maintains His passion for knowing and communicating the will of God. And then the Bible skips from His teenage years to His thirties — and what was He doing? Working a dreary, hard job as a carpenter and learning with dreary, hard discipline. Not when He wanted to, or when He felt it, but every day the Lord made, because it simply had to be done. If you know what has to be done, you have to do it because you can't assume anyone else will do it. You know, if you're my kid, what assuming does. An old Southern gentleman, William S. Burroughs, said, back in the day, about his writing, that "it has to be done in the same time and place every day, so the Lord knows where to find you to give you His message." A real passion isn't the fire of a moment or a phase. It's a knowledge that something is important, even and *especially* when it feels like a dull slog. Here's another reason why most marriages and most dreams fail. Folks think feeling equals being. Sometimes you have to know—and when you're not sure, sometimes you have to *decide* to know.

8

Hierarchy of restlessness — In the city, for sure, but also in the country, folks sort themselves into a pecking order based not on skill or on goodness but on *restlessness*, which they generally call "productivity." Folks never feel like they're doing enough unless they're working a hard job, the type that needs steel toes and gloves, on a jobsite instead of an office. The way our country's going, and the way those jobs are being shipped overseas, fewer and fewer people work like that. And that's not a bad thing — there are plenty of benefits to sitting at a computer rather than slodging around a farm or construction site. Trust me. I've done both. But there are drawbacks, too. Humans have been working land and building things for thousands of years, and we've adapted to it in ways that lie so deep in us that we can't think them in words, but we feel them. So when somebody works a job that doesn't leave him exhausted at the end of the day, there's this ancestral feeling that he hasn't done enough, and he needs to do more. The anxiety mounts, the racing thoughts, the neuroses, the cycles of guilt — oh, the cycles of guilt even play on things so deep-set that we can't think them. So he does more, takes on more work, or side-hustles, or whatever, to feel that exhaustion. If you ever wonder why city folks brag about how tired they are, how little sleep they get — here's your answer, in its full grand historical sense. But really, these folks are just restless because they don't work the way we've adapted to work. And that's no sin, it's just the development of technology, like otters learning to shuck oysters with rocks and chimps making stone tools to carve out trees for bugs. Imagine the first chimp that made a chisel, on accident—its shock, its awe, its first sense that there must be a higher power above its days of scrounging for fruit and meat. Then — and this is even more important — imagine the second chimp, who made a chisel on purpose and learned that it could control this wild element of excavation. Now, we've figured out how to live by typing emails, by sending our hardest work overseas. There is, in that, a fundamental split from our ancestors, and of course it brings the same discomfort with it that any revolution brings, because it is a realer revolution than any political group talks about. So, like the chimps who have chisels but still scrounge for bugs in the soil for the respectability of it, we compete with each other to show our restlessness, which is to show our connectedness to our hard-laboring ancestors. Respect that competition as the most deep-set tradition available to us, as a tribute to where we came from. But know, too, that you don't have to participate in its desperation. Maybe you'll work on Douguet's rice farm, or as a pipe-fitter at Geismar, and maybe you'll work as a programmer. I can't predict your world. It moves so fast, now. But in either case, know that exhaustion isn't a virtue. God inflicted it on us as a punishment: When He cast Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden, once they'd eaten of the fruit of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, He condemned Adam to work the Earth and sweat and grow food from his sweat. But refusing work is no more a virtue than exhaustion through work. The true virtue comes from working toward something you know is meaningful. If you do some of that every day, no matter how much or how little, you know you've done something worth living for, and you've made it one bit easier for you to love your present time, which is the prerequisite for loving your past and future, which is to see the

world as God sees it.

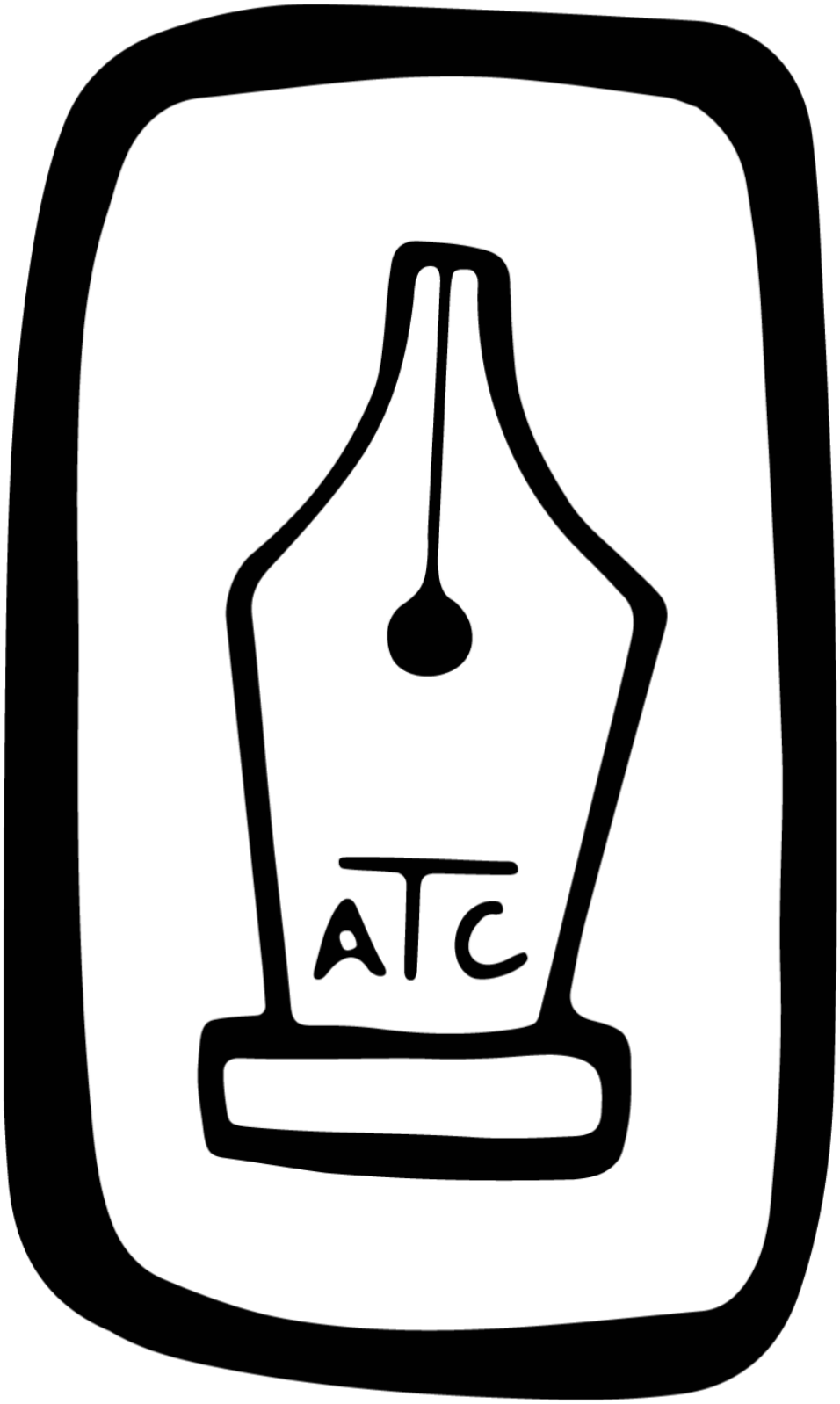
9
Shamelessness of religious difference — Feel no shame for belonging to a religion, even if it's not mine and your mother's. If we've raised you to see the world clearly and to love it for what it is, you'll love our God as much as we do, even if you call Him by some other name, or no name at all.

10
Walls of an upbringing — There are some thoughts I'll never be able to think because of the way I was brought up. My grandfather told me the same thing, when I asked him certain questions. My dad, your grandpa, told me that too, with tears in his eyes, in response to different questions. And I know there are some things my raising and my life have blinded me to. Maybe someday I'll unblind myself to some or all of those things. I don't count out the possibility. Your mom has cleared my sight to a whole slew of stuff I thought I'd never be able to see. That's one of the beauties of love and its interdependence. The Bible isn't kidding that "the two shall become one flesh," and one mind to boot, even if that mind fights with itself, like any mind worth the name. But any upbringing sets its walls in the mind of the upbrought, and since I'm the one doing it, I'll vouch for those walls as long as I live — unless you convince me that those walls should crumble. Then, as much pain as it might bring me, I'll bring them down. Joshua fit the battle of Jericho, and the walls came tumbling down. And according to the story in the Book of Joshua, the Israelites took the walls down by demonstrating their faith, not by attacking. As much as you expect me to give you walls within which you can grow, I expect you to help me knock my own walls down when they need it. And I swear I'll keep the strength to do that. That dedication to keeping the strength to suffer the collapse of my internal walls, even under my kid's battering ram — that's another definition of love, as good a definition as any other I've thought up, and a way out of current psychology's need for the child to kill the father. I know I'll make some mistakes raising you, but we don't need to come to that.

CONTINUES IN THE NEXT ISSUE



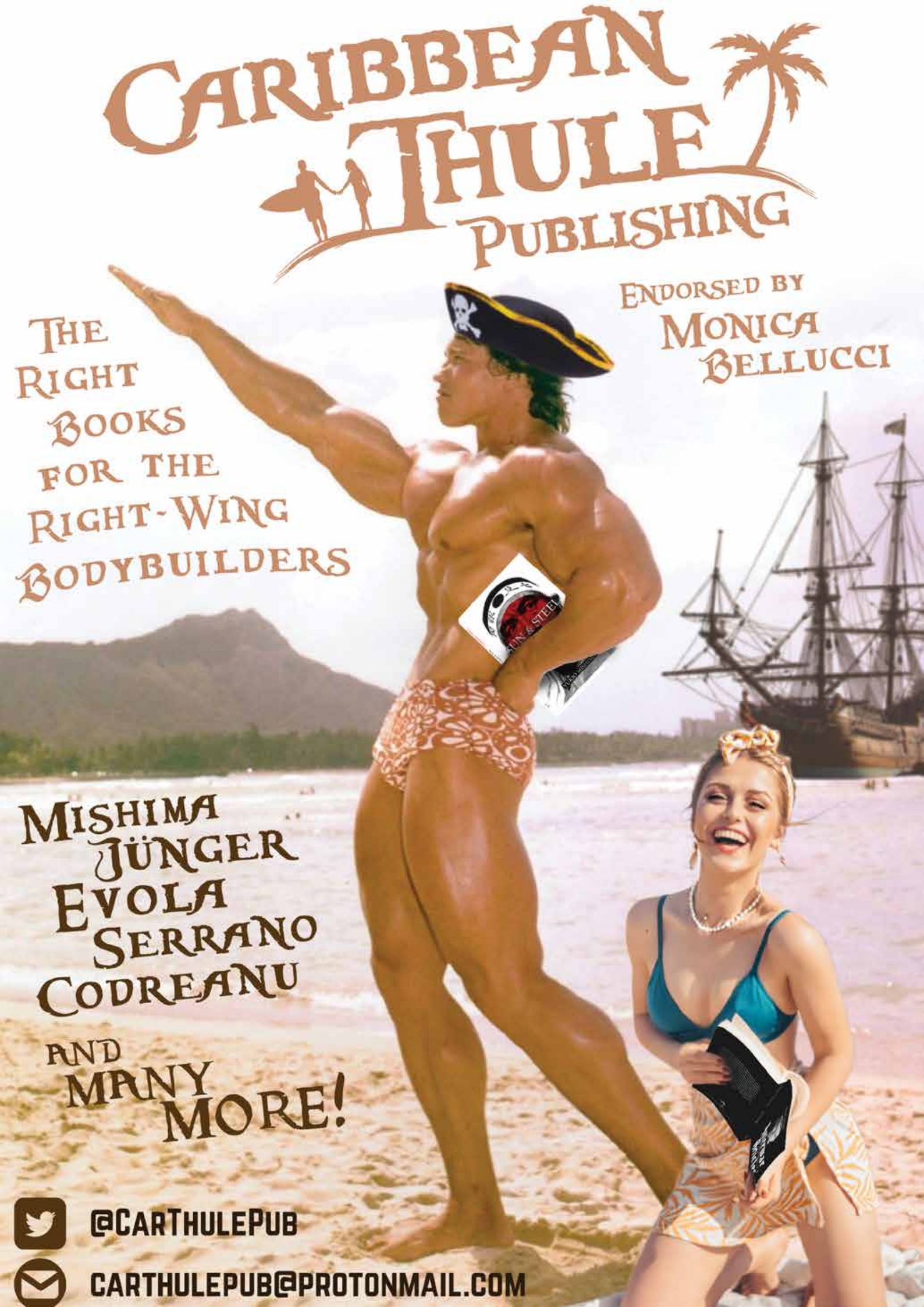
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IT'S CRUNCH TIME FOR CHIPS

MASA CHIPS are the only brand making organic corn chips the right way, cooked in beef tallow. Here's why that matters

Some people care about culture. Some people care about politics. I am not an expert in either. I don't really concern myself with those subjects. What I care about is health. And this is why you should too.

Most are now familiar with the phrase that "Politics is downstream from culture". But what is culture downstream from?

I was recently in Bavaria for Oktoberfest with a friend from college. He is from the north of Germany and is very tall. He explained to me that the southern Germans tend to be a little shorter and stockier; an alpine phenotype. During Oktoberfest they wear decorated lederhosen. Leather being both flexible and resistant to abrasion makes for perfect workwear. But the way they were designed, to expose the massive calves of these men, speaks to the fact they had more than practicality in mind – a bit of medieval peacocking, if you will.

Clothing trends, it turns out, are predicated on the biology of the people who wear the clothing.

But it's not just clothing. All culture is downstream from biology. There are so many examples of this fact. It's a simple, even childish insight, but it's profound, and it's what inspired me to create MASA Chips. Your biology is built around what you eat, and if your diet is deficient, so too is your biology. It's my humble attempt to fight on the biological frontlines — a battle that is quite obviously being lost, as forty percent of Americans and counting are obese.

There are obvious answers. Lack of exercise. Overeating. Bad sleep. But there are subtler reasons too, and while they may fly under the radar of mainstream dieticians and conventional "wisdom," the results are not so subtle. One such culprit, perhaps the most devastating, among many others, is seed oils. Nearly a quarter of all calories in the modern diet come from seed oils, which include oils from rapeseed (canola), corn, cottonseed, grapeseed, safflower seed, sunflower seed, and soybean. These are often called "refined" oils, meaning that they have been heavily processed, usually through an intensive industrial process involving high heat and pressure for extraction, and several different chemical solvents for bleaching and deodorizing. They are transported on tanker trucks, and turned into biodiesel. These are more industrial products and less agricultural products.

Although seeds come from plants, the seeds do not contain much oil. Before the invention of highly sophisticated machinery and solvents, seed oils were not part of the human diet. Every innovation in food engineering meant to increase efficiency and improve profit margins, while introducing a completely alien product into the human digestive system, should be looked upon with suspicion.

I could get into chemistry and explain how certain chemicals wreak havoc on human physiology. But there is more than enough literature on how seed oils contribute to cancer, diabetes, acne, irritable bowel syndrome, and other nasty diseases. What's less discussed are the effects of seed oils on obesity – the primary visible manifestation of modern unhealth.

Though I am not a scientist, just a humble emissary of health and vitality, I will provide a brief overview of how seed oils disrupt our natural state of wellbeing. There are two main parts to this: hunger and metabolism. Let's start

MASA
Tortilla Chips
Naturally Seed Oil Free
MASA
TRADITIONAL TORTILLA CHIPS
NET WT 2 OZ [57g]

with hunger.

When you consume food, everything is broken down and transported from your digestive tract into your bloodstream and then into your cells and into the mitochondria, which break it down into ATP for energy.

When your cells have enough energy, one of the ways they signal this is through hormones released depending on the "F/N ratio": the ratio of FADH2 to NADH that is inherent to the type of food molecule that is broken down.

When this ratio is high, fullness is signaled sooner. And when it's low, it happens slower (if at all). Glucose is very low, which is why you can drink an entire sweet tea without feeling full. But saturated fat is high, which explains how after a meal of steak and potatoes, you are satisfied for hours.

This is because fat is energy-dense, at 9 calories per gram; while glucose is less dense, with 4 calories per gram.

The unfortunate truth about seed oils is that they have a similar ratio to glucose, despite having the same caloric density as saturated fat.


BB100122
Hey!
You've got something special in your hands.
MASA is inspired by the original recipe for tortilla chips.
Yellow corn, tallow, and salt.
That's it.
We made MASA because quality matters – in your food, and in your life.
Happy crunching!
Seed Oil Free
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To learn more about why we chose our ingredients:
www.masachips.com
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Nutrition Facts
2 servings per container
Serving size 1 oz (28g)/about 9 chips
Calories 150 290
Total Fat 8g 10% 16g 21%
Saturated Fat 3.5g 18% 7g 35%
Trans Fat 0g 0g
Cholesterol 10mg 3% 15mg 5%
Sodium 200mg 4% 200mg 9%
Total Carb. 17g 6% 35g 13%
Dietary Fiber 2g 11% 6g 22%
Protein 2g 3g
Calcium 20mg 2% 40mg 4%
Iron 0.8mg 4% 1.3mg 8%
Potassium 70mg 2% 140mg 2%

So you eat it like sugar, but it has the calories of fat. Not a recipe for eating a responsible amount of calories.

But it's not even necessary to know the chemistry on a granular level to understand why seed oils are so bad. Just as Weston A. Price investigated health in various cultures, it's often easiest to simply look at the effects of lifestyle and diet. All you need is simple observation.

There was a simple study that, without all the chemistry stuff, provides sufficient enough evidence that seed oils are bad. The study was conducted with children eating potatoes and butter, compared to a second group eating potatoes and seed oils. I think it's uncontroversial to say that butter is far more enticing than bland seed oils. You would expect the kids to eat way more of the buttered spuds. But in fact the opposite occurred: the kids ate 1.6 times more seed oil potatoes, and in this case 1100 more calories in a single sitting.

This is one reason why in 1961 people were far more physically active yet still consumed 22 percent fewer calories than we do today. Furthermore, this was way before the emphasis on "diet" foods and "low-calorie" options which predominantly stock the shelves today. They were healthy and beautiful, not because they trained like super-athletes or had a very strict eating protocol, but simply because they ate normally. Today it requires Herculean efforts to be slim and healthy. That's because people are fighting their biology, which says that they should be eating more calories, when they have already had enough.

So people are eating more calories, which the data on food consumption per capita shows handily. But it's not just about the amount of calories consumed: it's about the amount burned as well.

And no, I'm not talking about exercise (although there is certainly not enough of that going on either). It's about our second point: metabolism.

Seed oils, because they are estrogenic, lower your metabolism, which affects how calories are processed by the body. They further hamper thyroid function due to the oxidative stress they cause.

The effects of a slow metabolism are numerous and damaging. When your metabolism is low, your body goes into survival mode. In addition to reducing the total number of calories burned, making us even fatter, a slow metabolism lowers cognitive function.

According to Ray Peat, "These changes [caused by xenoestrogens] are analogous to those of fasting, in which metabolism shifts to the oxidation of fatty acids for energy, causes decreased body temperature, and in some animals leads to a state of torpor or hibernation."

I don't think Rome was built in a state of torpor or hibernation. Interpreted another way, a slow metabolism is anathema to all the higher order activities which make us human.

And here we are, back to our original claim. If you care about having a vibrant culture or a healthy politics, those must be built on and by healthy people. So if you have an interest in improving those things, you should also interest yourself in improving biology.

There are plenty of people who have been interested in fixing these problems over the past however-many centuries. Most of them have failed.

And many people also attempt to fix biology superficially. They think biology is skin deep, and as long as you look skinny, everything is good. But they ignore the relationship between health and beauty. They superficially want beauty, the indicator of healthy biology. But they pursue it in a way that destroys health, with amphetamine hacks, the rainbow pills, aminorex, abdominoplasties, liposuctions, and all the other weight loss drugs and surgeries, which increase in popularity every year.

These efforts always fail, because they fail to understand that beauty, like culture, and politics, comes from biology. Failing to address the root cause will never solve the problem. But nature is merciless, you cannot fake health through tricks and cosmetic shields.

What we need so desperately now is an honest admission of how nature works: health over everything. Nothing else takes priority. Everything else will follow. And if you find health, you get beauty, and whatever other manifestations of human flourishing you can think of, for free.

Visit masachips.com to buy some now. The chips come in two flavours: original and lime.



"LIKE ALL MEN, THE SCYTHIAN HAD A NAME, AND HIS NAME WAS RENOWNED AND FEARED ACROSS THE KNOWN WORLD, BUT HERE IN AFRICA, KLEWOS OF SCYTHIA WAS NOBODY"

Step aside, Conan: a new barbarian warrior is in town. Meet him in an exclusive extract from the novel Enemy of Egypt (out now on Amazon)

fiction **by ERROL TOSTIGSON**

The cackling of hyenas carried over the grass, drowning out the desperate footsteps impacting the earth. A lone figure, completely nude, dashed across the grasslands, leaving a trail of downtrodden vegetation to mark the path he traveled. Not far behind, a dozen more trails followed, their makers concealed from sight by the tall grasses. The figure knew he couldn't hope to outrun the African beasts, but the desire for life, that desperate thirst to breathe and taste the air itself, pushed him beyond what most would see as possible. Had he been a lesser man, reared in the bosom of civilization, he would have surely given up many miles ago, but this was no ordinary man.

Not so far behind the runner, the snapping jaws and gnashing of teeth could be heard mixed in with the wicked laughter of the demon dogs of the dark continent. They often preyed upon lone travelers. When the villagers strayed too far from their fires and walled huts, the hyenas often ran them down to feast on the easy flesh of man. Man-flesh was tender and sweet and was the most sought-after prey for the pursuing pack. It wouldn't be long now before they could again feast on nature's sweetest of meats.

One hyena had gained significant ground on the fleeing quarry and burst from the grass onto the trampled path of the runner. Laughing, long strands of drool flew about, and in a moment or two the beast would have its iron jaws enclosed on the man's leg, but this was not to be man's fate. Halting suddenly, the naked man span around to face his pursuer, his long golden hair whirling as he turned. Before the hyena could stop, before it could comprehend the man's movement, before it could even see the bronze spear tip, the cold bite of metal had ripped through its chest, piercing its heart.

A horrible howl then echoed across the savannah, the final death shriek of a once mighty animal, and the other pursuers halted at the sound. Standing still, perking their ears and sniffing the air, the hyenas heard the footsteps of their prey again, and they began to cackle once more at the thrill of the hunt, but this time the footsteps were coming right for them. Before the pack could organize, the golden-haired man burst from the grasses and stabbed his spear into the nearest hyena. The others, shocked by the sudden ferocity, scattered back as the man's foot fell upon the skull of their speared pack brother.

Enraged at the murder of their comrade, the remaining pack members surrounded the man. Their cackling had turned into deep growls as they slowly circled the man. Never had any human defied the hierarchy of the jungle, and they were determined to reassert their authority. What they didn't realize was that this was no ordinary man. He'd not been raised behind the walls of a village to live in fear of the wild but was himself just as much a part of the wilderness as they were. This man was a Scythian, a wild race of people hailing from the windswept Eurasian steppe.

The first hyena attempted to approach, to distract the man while two more would attack his blind spot, but the Scythian had experienced wolves attempting the same trick on him before. Whirling himself and his spear around, the golden warrior quickly slashed the throat of one of the tricksters. The unexpected counterattack shocked the hyenas into a short retreat. They'd already lost three of their pack to this man, and they would surely lose many more were they able to bring him down. Weighing the worth of the small amount of flesh on a single man, the pack dashed away into the direction they'd come from.

As the hyenas ran away, the Scythian laughed a roar of triumph. His booming voice carried far over the savannahs. He then gathered the three dead hyenas, dragged them to the top of a nearby hill, and skinned them with his spear tip. He was careful to keep an eye in all directions, not out of fear for their return, but out of fear for the more dreadful beasts that ranged the African plains.

Three hyena skins weren't much, but it would provide enough warmth and clothing to stave off the mild cold of an African night. As the Scythian began to stretch the hides, the oppressive southern sun singed his pale northern skin. His many tattoos, depicting animals from his native land, seemed to dance as his muscled arms worked the skins. He was very far from home, but for the moment his mind was focused on the task at hand.

Like all men, the Scythian had a name, and his name was renowned and feared across the known world, but here in Africa, Klewos of Scythia was nobody. Here there were no kings, no cities, no great hordes, nothing to spread the word that a great warrior was on the loose south of Ethiopia. The natives, if there were any men capable of living in such a tropical hell, probably knew nothing of the world of fields, stone shelters, and bronze of their northern neighbors. If Klewos were to encounter anyone, at best they might know of Egyptian slavers who sail up the Nile to deal in human cattle. Even if he managed to find any natives in contact with the Egyptians, they'd more than likely try to sell him into slavery.

"ALL THAT MATTERED WAS SHELTER, THEN FOOD. HIS BRAIN HAD ENTERED AN ALMOST REPTILIAN STATE. KLEWOS WAS MORE ANIMAL THAN MAN IN THIS MOMENT"

Klewos was a wanted man in Egypt, and he'd not fall into the pharaoh's hands again.

Darkness would soon shroud the land, and the hyenas would grow brave again. Worse, the lions were sure to come out after dark, and a single bronze spear was no match for a pride of the maneaters. Throwing the cleaned but still wet hides over his shoulder, the barbarian scanned the land. In the distance, a few large acacia trees stood against the horizon. Perfect shelter for the night; high up and away from predators, and wood available for a fire. Taking a moment to spy for any beasts, he didn't see any signs of life, he set off for the distant trees at a leisurely pace.

How many days had it been since he escaped? It felt like a lifetime, but in truth, it was only the third, or maybe fourth, day that he'd been wandering the savannahs. In that time, he'd not eaten much. An occasional root or berry, but nothing of sustenance. What he really needed was meat. Not the disease-ridden dog meat of the hyenas, that would more than likely kill him, but real game meat; zebra, antelope, buffalo – anything raised on clean grass. It was too late in the day to hunt now, and shelter was more important. He would hunt on the morrow.

The grass was still tall, and could easily camouflage lions, leopards, and a slew of other dangerous game, but Klewos was tall, even for a Scythian, so he was able to see over the wide seas of grass for any movement. He wasn't too worried at this point, as he'd not seen any game herds yet. Predators followed the herds as their source of life, and he was confident enough that no pride of lions would stray too far from their natural quarry to chase a lone man. Klewos barely had enough meat on him to feed a juvenile lion, much less an adult. As long as the herbivores weren't around, he was relatively safe, but if he was to hunt and survive, he'd have to brave exposure to more predators.

These thoughts raced through his head as he neared the largest acacia. Thoughts in his case were more akin to instincts, and he didn't bother to rationalize anything. All that mattered was shelter, then food. His brain had entered an almost reptilian state. Klewos was more animal than man in this moment, but this was nothing new in the life of a Scythian nomad. He'd lived most of his youth wandering, hunting, and surviving. His brief stints in civilization had shown him the folly of such a life. He'd seen the great cities of river valleys fall, he'd participated in the destruction of the last Cretan strongholds, and he himself had nearly brought Egypt to its knees with a band of adventurers. Untold thousands, maybe millions, had died for the inability of civilization to defend itself.

He was now at the base of the tree, and he scanned the branches for leopards or snakes. Once he determined it was clear of danger, he hurled the hyena skin over a branch, placed his spear between his teeth, and began to climb. Acacia trees provided many long and stable branches where a man could rest and provided nearly perfect shelter from rain, sun, and claws. Situating himself on a long branch, his back against the main trunk, Klewos placed his spear in his lap and slowly drifted off to sleep.

This sleep was not the deep sleep most would find in a comfortable bed, but the light sleep of the wilderness. At any moment, at the slightest sound, the Scythian would wake ready for action, and action was ready for him that night.

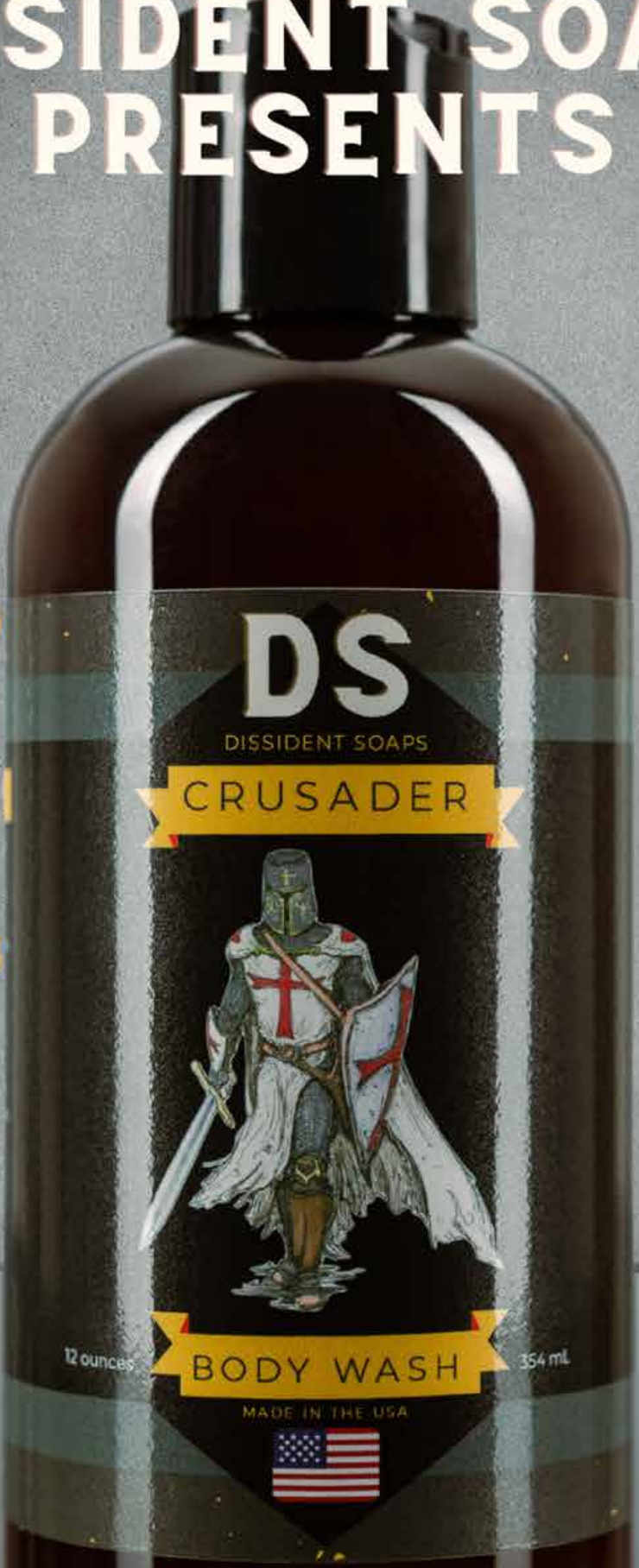
As he dozed in the treetops, the sound of breaking branches awoke the wild man. It was dark now, but the moon was bright and illuminated the landscape. Not far from the tree, maybe a stone's throw or two, a sound was ap-

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Dauntless
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FOR ENLIGHTENMENT AND GLORY
MARCUS FOLLIN

proaching. Tightening his grip on the spear, he silently positioned himself into a squat on the branch and peered out into the darkness.

In the opposite direction from which he'd come, the sound of something dragging grew closer. Whatever the creature was, it likely hadn't smelled Klewos, as the wind blew his scent away from the approaching fiend. From deep within the grass, a pair of yellow eyes emerged from the foliage. What the creature was, Klewos couldn't say, but it obviously didn't care for stealth as it came right toward him.

Keeping in his crouched position, Klewos kept dead silent as the creature came closer. Whatever it was, there was no need to fight it when he was safe in his tree. The risk of injury fighting animals was far greater than conflict with men, and an injury out here would most likely mean death.

Now the grass line that surrounded the dirt patch at the base of the acacia began to stir as the creature emerged and came into view. Klewos' heart nearly stopped at what he saw. An enormous black leopard, darker than the night! How unlucky could he get? Had it been a warthog, hyena, or even a lion, then he'd not have worried, but a leopard was the worst animal to run into at this moment. Leopards could climb trees. They lived in them even. This one was returning to its boreal home after a night of hunting.

The leopard was dragging a kill, a small antelope by the looks of it, which was the source of the noise that woke Klewos from his slumber. Were the creature to have returned unburdened, he'd most likely never have heard its approach, and have fallen prey to the stealthy predator.

Luck, strangely, seemed to be on his side, as the creature had yet to sense him. He'd have to strike first if he hoped to survive a battle with a leopard, so he prepared himself to lunge upon the beast with his spear once it was close enough. Even if he could outpace the leopard, he couldn't risk fleeing into the open savannahs at night. He had to kill the beast.

As the creature approached, it still hadn't sensed the man above. Its nostrils were filled with the scent of its kill, and its eyes were too focused on its surroundings. Leopards seldom worried about a challenger from the trees, as rival leopards announced their presence with scent paths and roars. Just as the cat found itself under the branches, Klewos flew forth from the tree, his bronze spear tip shining in the moonlight. As the panther looked up, it was too late. The spear tip drove deep into the cat's back.

Unlike the hyenas, a leopard isn't so easily killed. Despite many of its internal organs being punctured and slashed, the cat still lived. A terrible shriek ripped through the night, as Klewos was bucked from the beast's back, tumbling into the grasses. His spear was still embedded in the dying cat, and he was defenseless against the creature's onslaught. He had no choice but to run.

He dashed through the grass as the leopard pursued him. It was burdened by the spear stuck in its side, but the leopard was quickly gaining ground on the Scythian. It would die from the mortal spear wound but die having its death avenged. The monster was nearly upon Klewos, and it hurled itself off the ground to lunge on the man, but Klewos had foreseen the leopard's move. The Scythian jumped to his side and rolled. The leopard caught nothing but air as it impacted the earth. The animal's berserker rage, fueled by the dying throngs of a ripped heart, was cut short as it slowed its pace to face the man. The animal was spent, and it could never recover. It collapsed dead just as it tried to step toward Klewos.

The Scythian, who had expected to die as the creature had recovered from its fall, breathed a deep sigh of relief. His legs were shaking from exhaustion and the adrenaline crash, and he stumbled towards the body to wrench his spear free. He dragged the creature to the base of the tree, lifting it with all his might to hang it on the lowest branch. He'd skin the beast in the morning.

Klewos then took the body of the small antelope the leopard had killed, and slowly dragged it, his spear, and himself back to the branch he'd been resting on before the battle.

Taking his spear, he cut the antelope's body open to search for the liver. Unfortunately, it seemed that the leopard had already beaten him to the organs, and all that remained was the muscle meat. Still, any meat was better

than his diet of roots the past few days, and far better than his diet of bread as a slave of the Egyptians. He ate what small amounts of raw meat were on the young antelope. The taste of blood reinvigorated Klewos, giving him a burst of energy unfelt since the time before his capture. He felt like a warlord again, and his mind was suddenly filled with fantasies of revenge upon the Egyptians that had tortured him with captivity.

When morning came, Klewos began to skin the leopard. Only now did he take time to examine the magnificent creature. Its dazzling black coat would make a magnificent prize, and its immense size would awe all who saw it. He stretched his collection of cleaned skins over large rocks under the sun and perched himself on a boulder to keep watch over the savannahs. All the while, he took a sharpening stone to the bronze tip of his spear.

In the distance an occasional animal trotted through the grass, but no large herds. He had to be careful, the stench of blood and gore now surrounded his acacia camp, and he had no desire to lure in another pack of hyenas. The tree provided safety, but it was also a trap for anyone caught in it.

Suddenly he caught sight of something in the distance. A large herd of kudu was travelling through the sea of grass like a pod of whales traveling through the oceans. The antelope from the night before had provided fine sustenance, but no more than one night's worth. A single kudu would provide more than enough food. Even if he were driven off by another predator, he would still have enough time gut out the vital organs. A kudu liver and heart would provide enough energy to push to the Nile, where he would have to sneak his way back into Egypt undetected.

Grasping his spear, Klewos leapt into the grass and slowly began to approach the herd. Totally naked, apart from his leopard skin, he crouched just under the grass, his black tattoos working as natural camouflage. He made sure he remained downwind of his quarry. The smell of man, and the rank odour of the leopard skin, would frighten off most game before he ever had a chance to get near. The herd was only 500 yards ahead, and the winds were in his favor. He'd snuck up on many deer before in the icy north and figured the art was similar with the great antelope of Africa. He took his time.

Skittish creatures by nature, kudu will bolt at the merest sign of danger. They must be paranoid to survive in the land of leopards, lions, and cheetahs. It would require the stealth of a leopard, the strength of a lion, and the speed of a cheetah to bring down such game at close quarters, but Klewos possessed all these things. Born and bred a wild nomad, he was just as much a part of the savannah as any kudu.

He was now only 50 yards away from the nearest kudu, and his pace was painfully slow. Inch by inch, he crept forward. His ears perked, his eyes scanning the ground, grass, and sky, and his nose sniffing. The Scythian found himself within a few feet of a small doe. Not much meat, but plenty for a lone man. Positioning his spear, Klewos prepared to lunge.

The longer he waited to strike, the more likely he'd be spotted, and so his attack came almost immediately after he'd positioned himself. The bronze spear struck with the suddenness of lighting as it ripped through the doe's lungs. Behind the stab came the immense force of the man's tackle. There was no running away as he dragged the animal to the earth.

Despite his victory, he knew he must act fast. Other predators were likely watching and would soon challenge him for his kill. Recovering his spear, Klewos cut the kudu's throat to drink the blood. When he'd drunk his fill, he then slashed the belly open and ripped out the heart, liver, and kidneys. By now his sandy hair and white skin were stained red with the blood of all his kills, and he looked more monster than man. With the liver between his teeth and the heart and kidneys in his hands, he couched his spear under his arms and dashed off towards the acacia, leaving the kill for the hyenas and lions that would surely come.

It was midday now. The oppressive sun had dried the skins enough to be worn. He draped the black leopard skin over his shoulders as he placed his bloody prizes into one of the hyena pelts that he'd fashioned into a simple bag. Wasting no time, not wanting to be anywhere near a kudu kill, he set off across the sea of grass, his destination: the Nile.

BOUDICCA

QUEEN OF THE BRITONS



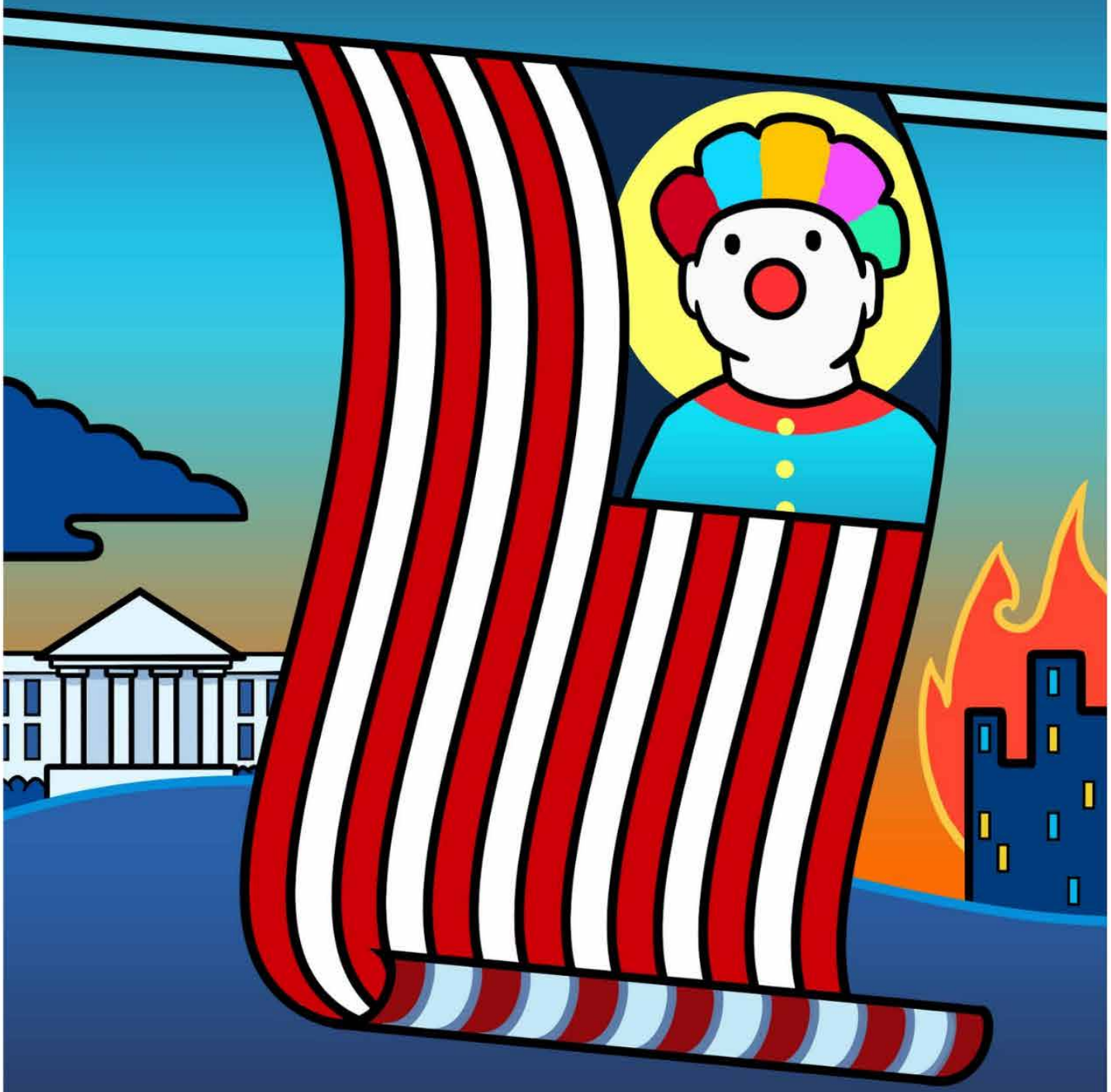
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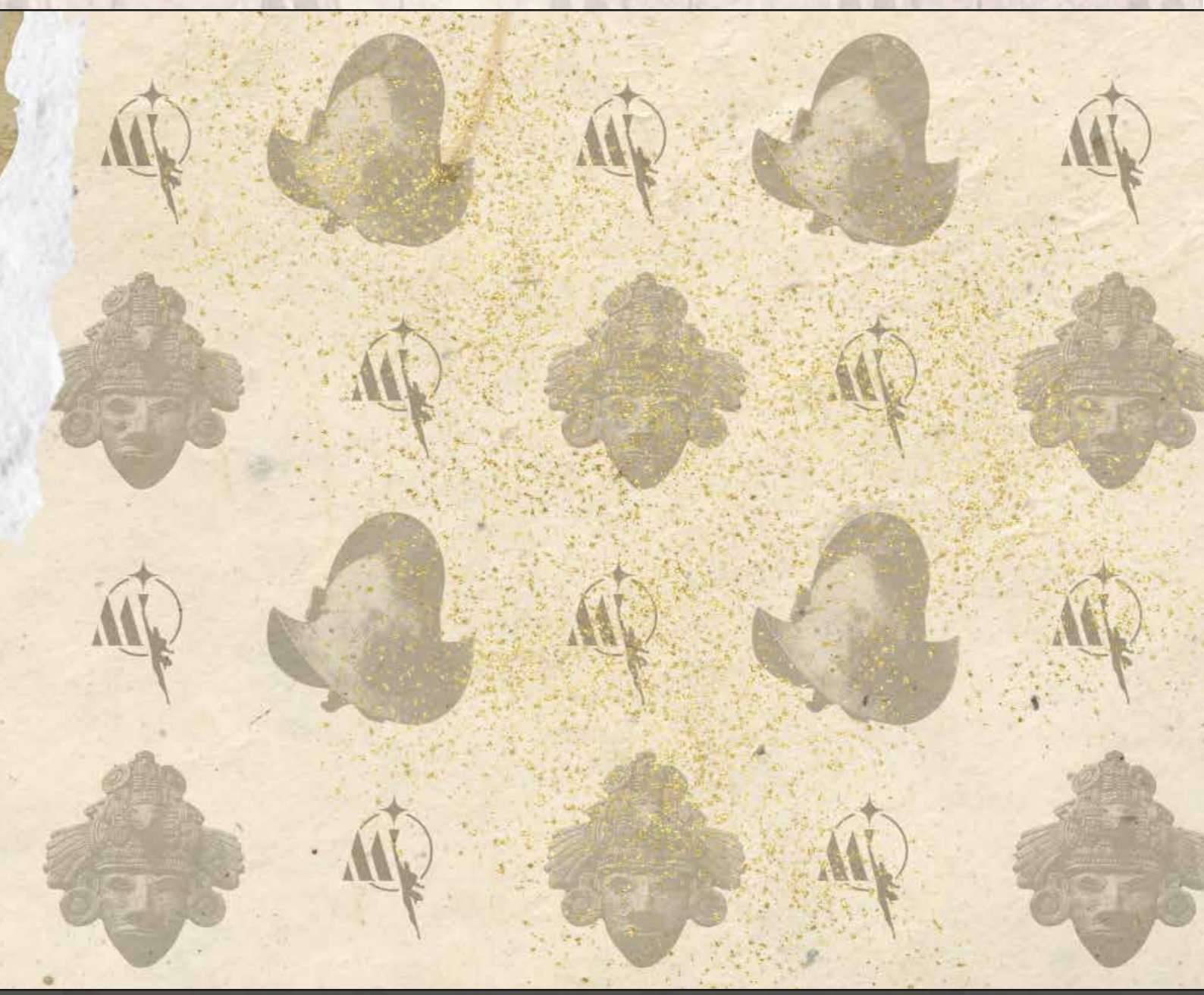
THE ENDLESS FRONTIER

There are always opportunities for adventure. Just ask the Conquistadors

by ALARIC THE BARBARIAN

This movement – the subculture pioneered on Twitter, in this magazine, and in quiet groups around the world – is difficult to define. Whatever it is, though, it is certainly a movement to some degree characterized by historicism.

The West today has been unmoored from centuries of tradition, culture, and moral developments. We have been set adrift in a post-modern technoscape, one which is collapsing under the weight of its own ridiculous contradictions. The result is post-modernity – clown world, stuck culture, the Longhouse. A world not just lacking order and reason, but built in direct opposition to the very concept. Men are demonized, neutered. Those who built our world are slandered as a dai-



ly humiliation ritual.

As a result, many – myself included – look to history for inspiration, parallels, and guides to power and redemption. We find exemplars of greatness in Achilles, Charlemagne, Washington, Jünger, and many more. However, drawing a direct parallel to our current plight is nearly impossible. A few eras are commonly invoked, though imperfectly. The fall of Rome offers many analogues, but doesn't quite fit; the Weimar Republic is obviously apt; and in many ways the world today resembles the Balkan region prior to its collapse in the 1990s, though even this comparison is strained.

More importantly, these historical periods offer very little in the way of hope, or even constructive insight. Rome fell as an inevitable conclusion of centuries of deracination and overextension. The Weimar Republic was addressed by a radical regime which nonetheless collapsed. The Balkans are still impoverished and violent today. All popular historic parallels end in destruction, loss, decay. But it doesn't have to be like this.

Here, I aim to offer a decidedly less well-known parallel, which perhaps offers a more helpful message. There has been a culture which faced total annihilation, yet triumphed against overwhelming odds. This same culture then narrowly averted a fade into domesticity and irrelevance via meritocracy, daring, and force of will, enjoying centuries of wealth and prominence as a result.

That culture was medieval Spain, and its redemption is the story of the conquistadors.

If you were educated in an American public school, your image of the conquistadors is likely negative. Since Howard Zinn began the propaganda campaign against the discoverers and tamers of the New World in 1980, Spanish explorers in particular have been depicted as monstrously evil, and stupid to the point of banality.

In reality, the men who discovered and conquered Central and South America were exemplars of vitality, men of a more ancient variety who regularly beat impossible odds in the name of god, glory and gold. The propaganda effort to defame the conquistadors of the 15th and 16th centuries often tends to obscure the details of their expeditions, as well as the milieu from which they arose. This milieu is perhaps just as important as their stories in themselves, and no writing on the conquistadors would be complete without a discussion of their forefathers: the hidalgos, pioneers and soldiers of the Reconquista.

From the invasion of Iberia in 711 by Muslim forces to the Spanish victory at Grenada in 1492, the peoples of the Iberian peninsula were engaged in a life-and-death struggle against Islamic rule of the region. Various kingdoms and peoples engaged in this centuries-long struggle, a civilizational clash between Christianity and Islam which claimed thousands of lives across generations on both sides. As this conflict raged, a caste of knightly nobility rose on the Christian side: the hidalgos, mounted warriors who entered the knighthood by ancestry or service. They fought for the Spanish crown, as well as for personal wealth. Areas reclaimed from Muslim forces could be granted to them as *encomienda*, a system of rewarding personal valor with land and labor which later became the blueprint for Spanish expansion in the New World.

Additionally, simple footsoldiers participating in the Reconquista could expect financial rewards for their service, and perhaps afford entry into this knightly class after years of outstanding service. Thus, the bloody frontier between Spain and Islamic-controlled regions became a potent place for meritocracy in medieval Spanish culture, where young men could test themselves in battle and perhaps attain command, wealth, and glory.

Over the course of this 700-year conflict, Spain evolved culturally and militarily to counter the Moorish threat. A strong frontiersman ethos took hold, and a deeply Catholic martial spirit became a defining characteristic of the Spanish people. The Spanish in many ways became an expeditionary culture, as the war with the Moors ebbed and flowed over the centuries.

By the mid-15th century, this frontier was beginning to close. After seven centuries of brutal back-and-forth conflict, the Iberian peninsula was almost entirely controlled by Spain, with the exception of a limited region surrounding Grenada. The frontier was no longer as lucrative as it had been in the 13th-14th centuries, and a number of hidalgos fell into poverty or at least idleness. Many applied their martial talents as mercenaries in Italy or elsewhere – though these conflicts were not nearly as profitable as the Moorish frontier had once been.

The true crisis came with the sons of these men, who truly lacked the opportunity once presented to their fathers, especially after Granada fell, at last, in 1492. The Moorish frontier was no longer the place to test oneself for wealth and honor, and their fathers – born-and-raised fighting men – had little advice for their sons as to how to navigate a world without a frontier. Hernan Cortes was one of these young men, with a surplus of martial will and a deficit of opportunity. Instead of sending him to the frontlines, his parents opted to send him to the city for legal training, entering him into what seemed to be the most lucrative environment in a new era of Spain – one defined by clerks, lawyers, finances.

Of course, Cortes had little care for such a career, and we know where he ended up instead. But is this story not a parallel to many struggles today? Out-of-touch parents offering advice after having grown up in an entirely different world, their sons floundering due to a lack of the same opportunities presented to their parents. An economy faced with lowering standards, in a nation seemingly unmoored from its core ethos. No lucrative frontier of meritocracy for ambitious young men. The desire for martial conquest and glory sublimated into paperwork, banality, domesticity. Vitality crushed under the weight of pure mundaneness.

Francisco Pizarro is perhaps the most extreme example of this situation. As the bastard son of infantry colonel Gonzalo Pizarro, he was

"THE FRONTIER SOUGHT BY THE LIKES OF CORTES, PIZARRO, AND THOUSANDS MORE WOULD HAVE SEEMED UNREACHABLE, EVEN FANTASTICAL IN THEIR EARLY YOUTH"

raised in poverty without the expectation of any inheritance or title. His mother was a peasant, and thus he spent the first thirty-odd years of his life as a simple swineherd for his father's pigs. It was only in the wild, unforgivingly meritocratic New World that he would be able to demonstrate his personal valor and talent for command.

The frontier sought by the likes of Cortes, Pizarro, and thousands more would have seemed unreachable, even fantastical in their early youth. Spain had built a caste of frontiersmen which, with the reconquest of Granada in 1492, had lost their frontier. In that same year, however, the Spanish court decided to finance an absurd risk in the expedition of Christopher Columbus, allegedly to find a shorter route to China.

Funding Columbus' expedition was truly a "moonshot" effort. In yet another parallel to our situation today, Spain was rapidly losing military and economic power to a more manoeuvrable nation: Portugal. As the first and preeminent investor in sailing technology and exploration, the Portuguese had a grip on international trade, particularly in resource-rich West Africa and, after Bartolomeu Dias' expedition around the Cape of Good Hope in 1448, India. Spain had entered the maritime race late and without any of the built-up expertise of the Portuguese. The Spanish economic situation was dire, by comparison.

So, when Columbus came to the Spanish court with a ludicrous proposal, based on what was clearly bunk science (namely the claim that Earth was half its known size), the Spanish court was willing to entertain him for longer than the Portuguese. Sensing that he was hiding something, they continued to deliberate over the proposal for a full two years. A western trade route to China was clearly impossible – but based on Columbus' terms, it seemed that he may have been onto something far more valuable. Something he was unwilling to disclose, but willing to bet his life on.

When Columbus threatened to take the idea to France, going as far as to ride a donkey out of Spain, Ferdinand and Isabella capitulated, sending a messenger to inform him that the voyage would be funded. A few months later, in October 1492 – only nine months after Granada had been retaken, officially ending the Reconquista – Columbus landed in the New World.

With the first steps taken on that new land, the frontier had opened for the Spanish people once again, setting the stage for the incredible victories of the conquistadors. The historian Samuel Eliot Morison describes the gravity of the moment well:

"Other discoveries there have been more spectacular than that of this small, flat sandy island that rides out ahead of the American continent, breasting the trade winds. But it was there that the Ocean for the first time "loosed the chains of things" as Seneca had prophesied, gave up the secret that had baffled Europeans since they began to inquire what lay beyond the western horizon's rim. Stranger people than the gentle Tainos, more exotic plants than the green verdure of Guanahani have been discovered, even by the Portuguese before Columbus; but the discovery of Africa was but an unfolding of a continent already glimpsed, whilst San Salvador, rising from the sea at the end of a thirty-three-day westward sail, was a clean break with past experience."

This was a world-shifting moment, something that would have been impossible to anticipate by any contemporary observer. An entire new continent, populated and resource-rich, seemingly open to be claimed by Spain alone. All it took was one man unwilling to be told no, with a vision far greater than that of his kinsmen. Just when it seemed that the frontier was closed, that



"The Conquest of Mexico by Hernan Cortes"A
unknown artist (c.1650)A



no untamed fringe of civilization would be open for enterprising men – Columbus set foot on an entirely untouched *continent*.

Today, a common lament in certain corners is the lack of a true frontier. I imagine that the same lament would have been heard among young descendants of the hidalgo in 1492. However, all it took was one true visionary genius to change this – opening a frontier on a scale incomprehensible to previous generations.

But this is not all. The conquests undertaken by the Spanish were unique – they attained total control, total ownership over the lands they explored. New Spain was truly New Spain: a Catholic land entirely governed by the Spanish crown. Unlike French or early British expeditions to North America, Spain mobilized a massive number of fighting men to the New World, all with conquest and glory on their minds – not mere trade or exile. The frontiersman ethos of the Reconquista was turned across the Atlantic, to the exotic and dangerous lands of the Aztec and Inca Empires.

Among these men were a few of a certain caliber, who distinguished themselves above the rest. The explorers Enciso, Balboa, and de Soto; the warriors Pedro de Alvarado and Diego de Almagro; and the leader-conquerors Hernan Cortes and Francisco Pizarro; among many more. The vast frontier of the Americas selected for a certain sort of individual, one whose example may be worth studying today. All of these men rose from the same set of circumstances that concern young men today: economic uncertainty, stifling domesticity, and the lack of a true frontier. And yet they rose to the occasion of a new opportunity, inscribing their names in history for centuries to come.

Among them, particularly Cortes and Pizarro, there are a few common traits worth examining. The first and most outstanding is a trait seen often among the great men of history: an incredible personal magnetism. People rallied around them almost as a matter of course, and they seemed to inspire men to offer their sword.

For Cortes, this personal magnetism was in large part due to his oratory, rhetorical skill, and theatrical flair. He understood how to give a speech that would rally ambitious men to his side. Nothing exemplifies this better than Cortes' initial recruitment for his expedition to Mexico, an unknown land which had claimed the lives of two prior expeditions. Soon after issuing Cortes' charter, the Governor of New Spain – Diego Velazquez – revoked it due to personal issues with the explorer. Knowing Cortes' strong will, he sent men to reign him in and if necessary, perform an arrest.

Knowing that he had limited time, Cortes took a hurried tour around taverns and meeting-places, rallying six ships and 300 fully-equipped men in less than a month. The speeches he gave to these men are lost to history, but one must imagine that they rival those given to the ten thousand Greeks in the Anabasis. Upon landing with those men at Veracruz, he further inspired confidence and conviction by ordering their ships dismantled and burned, to remove any way out of Mexico except victory over the Aztecs.

But this is not all. Later, when Velazquez sent a 1,000-strong expedition to Mexico to arrest Cortes, he bested them in combat – and then convinced the survivors to join him. Of course, this all goes without delving into his expert navigation of native alliances and tensions, which by 1521 gained him over 100,000 Tlaxcala allies. The men who conquered New Spain were, above all, characters of incredibly strong will and presence – and Cortes was the strongest and had the greatest presence of them all.

As for Pizarro, exactly how he inspired this magnetism is not well-documented, but in large part it seems to have been due to his unceasing drive, decisiveness, and unwillingness to accept no for an answer. In 1526, after multiple failed expeditions south of Spanish territory, he and his men had once again run into hostile natives and were out of supplies. Knowing that the governor of Panama would not sanction any further exploration upon his return, Pizarro chose to stay on an unpopulated island and wait for a ship to return to his rescue, so that he could take it and continue exploring.

It was there, at Isla de Gallo, that he gave his famous speech in opposition to his comrades' desire to return home: "There lies Peru with its riches; Here, Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south." It inspired thirteen men to stay with him on that island, waiting seven months for his fellow conquistadors Almagro


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OUR DEBT TO ANTIQUITY



TADEUSZ STEFAN ZIELIŃSKI

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and de Luque to return. Later, once his expedition to the interior of Peru began, he issued similarly terse and stoic proclamations. One report holds that after one of his men was caught hoarding gold, he ordered that man's share distributed among the others, and then, since he could never expect someone to work without pay, that he be executed. Later, at Cajamarca, this decisiveness, vigor, and force of will would gain him and his men an empire. The plot to kidnap Atahualpa from amidst his men was, on its face, absurd – and yet, Pizarro's men followed his lead and did not desert or rout.

They won the day without taking a single casualty, and conquered the entirety of Peru in the process.

However, this force of character and rhetorical skill cannot be invoked without mentioning the open defiance of authority shared by both conquerors. When Cortes left for Mexico in 1519, it was an act of open mutiny against the leader of New Spain. And yet, with no one to physically stop him and the resources at his disposal rather than the governor's, he went ahead anyway. This complete disregard for any authority besides his own is the why Cortes conquered Mexico, and was a large part of the reason that his men followed him so adamantly.

Pizarro first defied his superiors by continuing the expedition after being picked up from Isla de Gallo, much to Governor Pedro de los Rios's chagrin. Later, when he appealed directly to the Spanish court for a commission to conquer Peru, he was given very specific terms in the *Capitulacion de Toledo*, signed by Queen Isabel herself: he was to raise 150 equipped men before leaving for the New World, where he could recruit another 100. However, after recruiting as many of his relatives and friends as possible, he failed to meet the number, and openly defied the Spanish crown by sailing secretly – under cover of darkness – away from Castille. In both cases, force of will and individual power overrode the authorities supposed to restrain these men; and in both cases, they were able to succeed on their own terms.

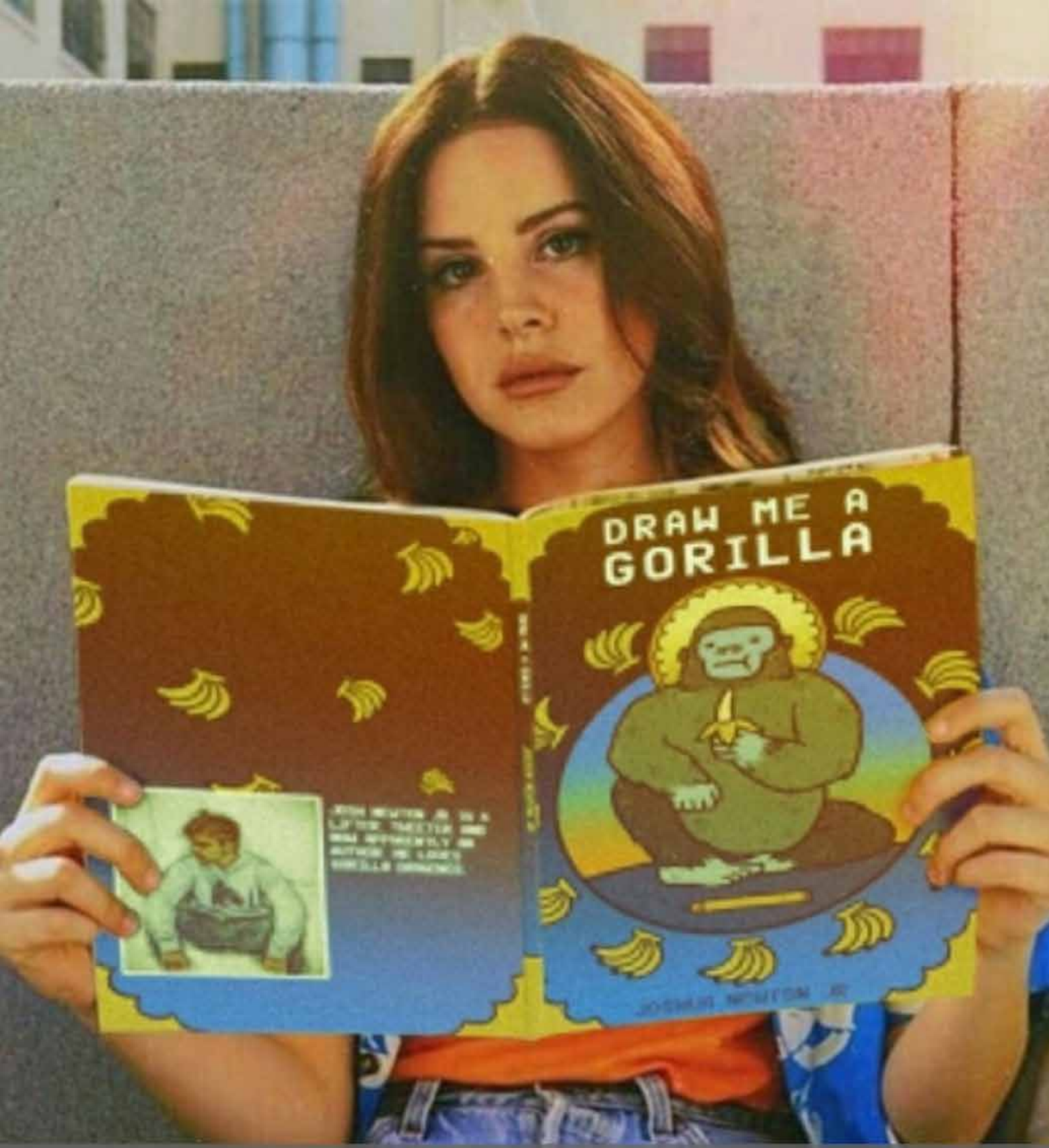
The third quality common to these men, as well as their subordinates and the thousands of others who built the Spanish New World, is a deep sense of religious zeal. Today, this is perhaps a controversial claim to make about the conquistadors. They have been stereotyped as gold-hungry buffoons wearing their religion as a mere decoration. However, a proper study of their own writings completely dispels this propagandized notion. From Cortes and Pizarro to their lieutenants and down to their lowest servants, the exploration and conquest of the Spanish New World was characterized by an incredible dedication to the Christian faith, on a level almost incomprehensible today.

These men saw themselves as having been animated to conquest by God himself, to do His will in a demonic land characterized by human sacrifice and bloodlust. They ventured into a true heart of darkness – in the Andes, the Amazon, or in the jungles and marshes of the Yucatan. And after their conquests were secured, they worked to proselytize to the natives, making a genuine effort to convert as many as possible – an effort which shaped South America into one of the world's most strongly Catholic regions to this day.

But I am not here to argue the Christianity of the conquistadors, only to see what can be drawn from their example. In this case, their religious zeal led to a clarity of purpose which is almost impossible to replicate today. Their writings show no self-consciousness, no questioning, no weakness of will; only dedication, conviction, drive. They had a mission and were dedicated to it above all else: conquer the New World in the name of Christ and the Spanish crown. And they had no doubt about their justification: *God wills it.* This level of assuredness should serve as inspiration today, in a world so defined by noncommittal thinking and existential doubt. Of course, such dedication can only be built upon a foundation of physical strength and vitality – which the conquistadors certainly possessed.

The frontier is never closed, even when it seems like the world is entirely tamed and owned. And if you can find that frontier, there is no limit to what can be accomplished with conviction, character, and sheer force of will. The stories of the conquistadors still hold untold wisdom, especially for those who feel stifled by the modern world.

I believe that the future will be defined not by preachers of weakness and humility – but by unstoppable men like Christopher Columbus, Hernan Cortes, and Francisco Pizarro. *God wills it.*



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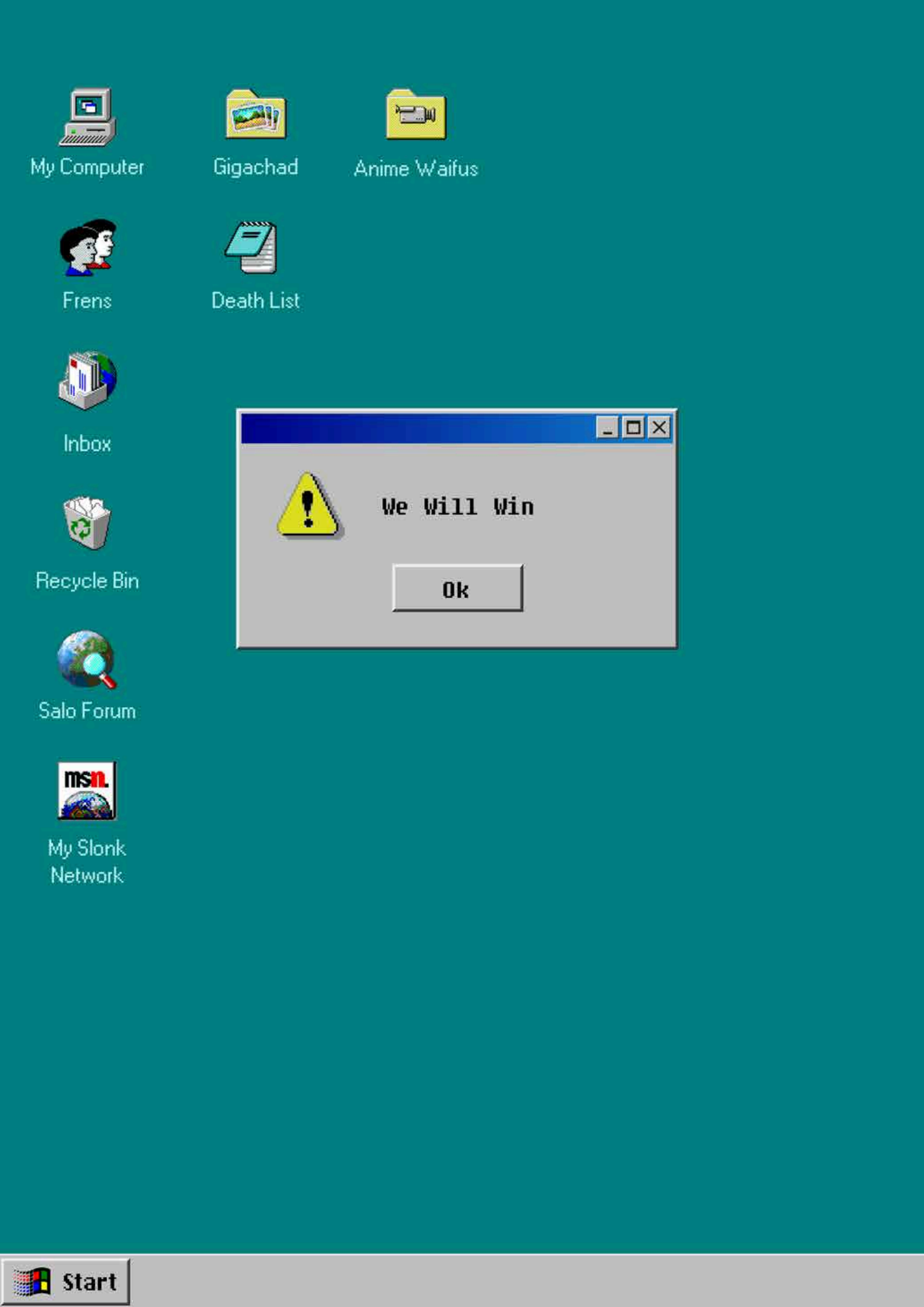
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